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THE FEMALE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

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M,DCC,L.

TO

HER GRACE

The Dutcheſs Dowger of

MANCHESTER,

THIS

FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

FEMALE SPECTATOR

IS

Moſt Humbly Inſcribed,

By

HER GRACE'S

Moſt devoted Servants,

The AUTHORS.

THE

FEMALE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

AS we are deſirous of preventing all ſuſpicion of any partiality in us to one correſpondent more than another, we eſtabliſhed it as a rule at our firſt ſetting out, that whatever we found proper to have a place in theſe eſſays, ſhould be inſerted in the order in which it was received.

THIS method, which we have all along punctually obſerved, we flatter ourſelves will excuſe us to the authors of many excellent pieces, which have lately been communicated to us for the ſervice of the public, that we give the preference to that of *Eumenes*, as being the firſt that came to hand.

NEITHER is it poſſible for any one to be deceived in this point, were we capable of attempting it, becauſe the dates of the epiſtles themſelves would riſe up againſt us.

Thus much we thought it neceſſary to ſay, becauſe we are told ſome whiſpers, of an accuſation of this nature, have been ſpread abroad, to the prejudice of that character of ſincerity we are determined never to forfeit.

To the Female Spectator.

Madam,

'I Have ſo little pretenſions to the title of an 'author, that the vanity which is imputed to 'them would be inſufferably ridiculous in me:— 'I am therefore ſo far from being any way diſ-'guſted at your omitting ſome part of my former 'epiſtle, that I would have readily excuſed your 'curtailing much more, if you had found it pro-'per.

'But how much ſoever I may be ſatisfied as to 'this point, I cannot acknowledge my ſelf ſo in 'another, and more material one. —I hoped to 'have found the *Female Spectator* would have 'improved on the few hints I had given her, and 'exerted the talent ſhe is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of, 'in ſetting before the eyes of my worthy fellow-'citizens of *London*, what beſt becomes both their 'intereſt and reputation in the world.

'The little you have ſaid, notwithſtanding, 'convinces me of the true eſteem and good-will 'you bear to a body of people, who, if they are 'not at preſent the envy of their neighbours, it 'is wholly owing to themſelves, and at the ſame 'time makes me fear you ſaid no more, only be-'cauſe you find too much reaſon to apprehend, 'that they are ſo far ſunk in luxury, and unhappy 'infatuation, as to be ranked among the number 'of the incorrigibles.

'But

'BUT, madam, to do juſtice to them, as well 'as to the force of even that ſhort, though pathe-'tic remonſtrance, you were pleaſed to make, 'I muſt beg leave to acquaint you, that there is 'more than one family, to my knowledge, who 'have had ſenſe enough to be awakened by it 'from their long lethargy, and to perceive the 'precipice they were about unwarily to plunge 'into.

'MANY more, I am apt to flatter myſelf, 'will be aſhamed of their paſt conduct; and as 'I can aſſure you what you have ſaid has been 'in general well received, it is more than barely 'poſſible a much greater ſucceſs will crown your 'labours in the end, than even you yourſelf, with 'all your ſpectatorial capacity, can foreſee, or, 'perhaps, are fearful of being too ſanguine in the 'expectation of.

'TIME has brought greater wonders to per-'fection than this; and would you vouchſafe 'ſometimes to mingle in your lucubrations ſome 'admonitions for ſo deſirable a purpoſe, I do not 'doubt but you will one day ſee the good effects 'of it.

'IN the mean time I think it highly fit I 'ſhould comply with your requeſt, and accor-'dingly ſend you incloſed ſome farther account 'of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland, as I faithfully tran-'ſcribed it from that book of voyages mentioned 'in my laſt.

'IF it will afford any agreeable reflections to 'your ſociety, or entertainment to your readers, 'I ſhall think myſelf happy in the power of con-

'tributing to what I ſo ſincerely wiſh, being,
'with the greateſt reſpect,

'MADAM,

'*Your, and your fair aſſociates,*

'*Moſt humble and moſt devoted ſervant,*

Auſtin-Fryars,
Sept. 12, 1745. EUMENES.

THE following piece is the tranſcript our ingenious correſpondent has obliged us with; which, it is eaſy to ſee, is compoſed of ſeveral ſelect parts of the hiſtory, ſuch as I ſuppoſe he found would be moſt pleaſing, or moſt proper, to be inſerted in a work of this nature.

'THE *Topſy-Turvy* iſland is ſo little known in 'theſe parts of the world, that the adventures I 'am about to relate would ſeem dark and intri-'cate, if not fabulous to my readers, if I did not 'firſt give them ſome idea of the nature of the 'place in which they were tranſacted.

'I SHALL therefore preſent them with a gene-'ral and ſuccinct account of ſuch things as came 'within the reach of my obſervation, and leave 'thoſe which I confeſs myſelf to have been unable 'to fathom, to be ſupplied by imagination, pre-'miſing only thus much, that I will not impoſe 'on the underſtanding of any one, by pretending 'to diſcover more than in effect I was able to 'do.

'As to the geography it matters not, for I be-'lieve few will be ambitious of taking a voyage 'thither; therefore conſequently would be of 'no manner of ſervice: beſides, indeed, I muſt 'confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of relating in

'what

'what degree of latitude this remote country 'lies, arriving there by very extraordinary means, 'and in which the compaſs was intirely uſeleſs; 'ſo I ſhall only ſay, it is ſituated on a branch of 'that wide ocean which divides *America* from the 'reſt of the globe, and paſſing by the elbow, if I 'may ſo call it, of the *pacific* ſea, runs through 'the heart of that great continent, which we, 'not having yet been able to explore, call by no 'other name than that of *Terra Incognita*.

'IT would, doubtleſs, be eaſy for me to ſup-'ply this deficiency by invention, and pretend to 'have ſaid the iſland is north of ſuch a place, 'and ſouth of ſuch a place, being in no danger 'of being confuted by any preſent or future *Co-'lumbus*; but I was bred in a deteſtation of all 'deceit, and though I am yet arrived, after ten 'years travels, at no higher poſt than a midſhip-'man, could not anſwer to my own ſoul the 'meanneſs of a lye in any ſhape, or to anſwer 'any end: —I therefore flatter myſelf, that the 'diſcoveries I have been able to make will more 'than atone for the want of thoſe, which, with 'all my endeavours, I found it impoſſible to 'attain.

'AS to the climate, it is exceeding healthy, 'and thoſe not only of the inhabitants, but alſo 'ſtrangers who happen to come there, and value 'life enough to take a proper care of it, may 'live to an extreme old age: —nor did Heaven 'ever bleſs a ſpot of earth with a greater plenty 'of every thing neceſſary for the ſupport of na-'ture: the meadows are covered with the fineſt 'cattle I ever ſaw, and abound with the moſt ex-'cellent paſturage for their nouriſhment: —their 'fields ſeldom fail to crown the toil of the labo-

'rious huſbandman with a full crop: — rivers, 'which may vie with the moſt celebrated ones in '*Europe*, and afford a vaſt variety of delicious 'fiſh: — their fruits are alſo exquiſite, and the 'juice of ſome of them make a wine not in-'ferior to the beſt *Burgundy*, or *Frontiniac*; and 'the kernels of others yield an oil, at leaſt equal 'to that of *Lucca*: — then they have ſuch a glut 'of all kinds of poultry, both wild and tame, that 'though it is of a more delicate reliſh than any 'I ever taſted in theſe parts of the world, the 'exceſſive cheapneſs renders it food only for the 'common people.

'Their ſeaſons are little different from ours, 'excepting that the days are conſiderably longer, 'and what is very ſtrange, leſs ſultry, even in 'the meridian of the ſun, than we feel in its de-'cline: — the air is wholly free from all ſtorms 'and corruſcations, and whenever any fog ariſes, 'it is always in the night, and conſequently of 'but ſmall annoyance.

'As to their form of government, they tell 'you, it is republican; nor indeed, have they 'any king, matters of ſtate being tranſacted by a 'certain number of men, whom they chuſe a-'mong themſelves, and pay an implicit obedience 'to, during the time prefixed for their rule, 'which is nine years, at the expiration of which, 'they reſign their authority, and others are called 'in.

'This they call a ſtate of perfect freedom, 'yet it is, in effect, the worſt of ſlavery; and 'no man has the command of his own property 'any more than under thoſe governments which

'are

'are looked upon as moſt deſpotic. The reaſon 'of it is this:

'THE iſland, though governed by its own 'laws, is a kind of an appendix to a great mo- 'narch on the continent, by whom it had been 'formerly conquered: this prince, though he 'flatters them with a ſhew of liberty, has it al- 'ways in his power to enforce or ſooth them in- 'to compliance with whatever he deſires; and 'ſhould theſe pretended rulers in the leaſt offer 'to oppoſe his will, he would come down with 'fire and ſword, and lay the whole country waſte: 'ſo that their condition is infinitely worſe, than 'even under the worſt princes of their own.

'BUT there is little occaſion to expatiate on 'this fate, becauſe every one knows the unhappy 'ſituation of a country, which, from being per- 'fectly independent, is reduced to be no more 'than a province to another.

'THE preſent race of the *Topſy-Turvyans* are, 'however, too indolent to reflect on their mis- 'fortunes, and being by degrees ſubjected to the 'yoke, ſeem quite contented under it: they ſee, 'without repining, the richeſt of their produce 'carried every year to the continent; all the beau- 'ties of their fields and gardens ranſacked, what 'for ſo many months they have been cultivating, 'borne away before their eyes, yet are content 'with the gleanings of what ſcattered remnants 'they can pick up for their own uſe.

'I AM ſenſible this will ſcarce gain credit in '*England*, yet it is no more than a truth my 'own eyes have been witneſs of.

'As to their laws, nothing can be better calculated for the happineſs and well ordering of ſociety; but the execution of them is intirely out of uſe, and they hang up, like the ſkin of an Allegator in an apothecary's ſhop, rather for ſhew than ſervice: their cuſtoms, manners, and behaviour are ſo much the reverſe of what they were ſome ages paſt, that one would think it impoſſible the *Topſy-Turvyans* I ſaw ſhould ever be deſcended from perſons capable of framing ſo excellent a conſtitution, and ſtatutes for ſupporting it.

'CERTAIN it is, notwithſtanding, that they were once a wiſe and gallant people; but avarice on the one hand, and luxury on the other, have poiſoned and enervated all their nobler paſſions, and rendered them, both in public and private life, no leſs deſerving of contempt than formerly they were of veneration and eſteem.

'THE iſland, though no more than an hundred and fifty miles in length, and not quite forty in breadth, contains two cities, and ſeveral very populous towns: there is alſo an univerſity or rather an academy; but how much thoſe who are too great to ſubmit to rules, profit by their ſtudies, the reader may gueſs by what I have ſaid in another place of their conduct and behaviour.

'THE youth, however, pride themſelves very much on their return from thence, and look down with a kind of ſcorn on thoſe who have not been allowed this ſeeming advantage.

'As it will doubtleſs be expected I ſhould ſay

'ſome-

'ſomething of their towns and cities, I ſhall give 'as exact an account of theſe alſo as poſſible: — 'their ſtreets are, generally ſpeaking, very nar- 'row, and the buildings irregular, except in the 'capital, where ſomewhat more care and ſkill 'ſeems to have been employed.

'IT is very plain, that architecture is a ſcience 'theſe iſlanders were never practiſed in; for the 'palaces of their greateſt men, and even thoſe 'of the *Theodo*'s, or high prieſts, are extremely 'rude and barbarous, though adorned, after their 'manner, with precious ſtones and gold.

'I MUST obſerve, that gold is not coined here, 'as in other countries, into money, nor will any 'that is ſo paſs among them; but it is uſed in 'furniture, and bought with a kind of mixed 'metal, which we have nothing in *Europe*, nor 'any where elſe in the known world, that ever 'I heard of, that in the leaſt reſembles it.

'THEIR temples are very little ornamented, 'and leſs frequented: they are alſo for the moſt 'part low-roofed, and quite overlooked by the 'palace of the chief *Theodo* of that diſtrict, who 'always lives near, and by his capacious hall 'ſeems to be ſuperior to the deity he pretends to 'ſerve.

'THE houſes of the nobility, and great offi- 'cers of ſtate, are not wanting in richneſs, what- 'ever deficiencies there may be in elegance; but 'thoſe of the inferior gentry and mechanics 'ſhew, by their decay and wretched appearance, 'the hardſhips and miſerable condition their 'owners labour under.

'I HAVE

'I have ſaid there were good laws; but 'what will appear very ſtrange, throughout the 'whole iſland there is not one court of judicature, 'all affairs relating to *meum* and *tuum* being de-'cided by the perſons at the helm; ſo that it often 'happens that the younger branches of a family 'inherit, and the elder are turned out to ſtarve, 'according as intereſt and favour directs.

'But as gaming is the chief buſineſs, as well 'as amuſement of the *Tupſy-Turvyans*, large halls 'are erected for that purpoſe, not only in every 'quarter of the capital, but alſo in every town, 'and even little village.

'The doors of theſe halls being kept conti-'nually open, both night and day, it is amazing 'to ſee what numbers of people are always crowd-'ing in to pay their adoration to the goddeſs *For-'tune*, whoſe image is placed at the upper end, 'under a magnificent canopy. All ages, all de-'grees, all ſects, unite in this univerſal worſhip: '— all reſerve, — all pride of birth, — all dif-'ference in opinion is here intirely laid aſide: — 'the prince and the pedlar, — the lady that keeps 'the chariot, and the drab that trowls the wheel-'barrow, — the prude, and the avowed proſti-'tute, — the eccleſiaſtic and the ballad-ſinger are 'on an equal foot: — nothing but gain, dear gain, 'is regarded, and the lord has as little remorſe for 'winning from the cobler all he is maſter of in 'the whole world, though the wretch hangs him-'ſelf the next morning for the loſs, as he would 'for having got the ſame ſum from him who 'could beſt ſpare it in the company: — but ruin 'and deſtruction are with them more matters of 'mirth and deriſion, than pity or relief.

'These

'THESE are all the edifices of note that I remember, except the theatre, which indeed is tolerable as to the building, were it intended for another uſe, but ridiculous for that to which it is put: — if originally erected for a playhouſe, as they told me it was, never ſure was ſo great a blunderer as the architect; for the ſtage being round in the manner of a cockpit, thoſe of the audience, who ſit in one half of the circle, can only ſee the actors backs.

'I MUST own, indeed, that according to the performances exhibited there, this is little to be regarded, for the perſon who has the management of this very grand affair, as it is accounted, perceiving the audiences begin to ſlacken, and at length become ſo thin, that there was ſeldom ſufficient to defray the expence, in compliance with the fantaſtic humour of the age, and bring more company, introduced a new kind of entertainment; which was to bring twenty or thirty aſſes on the ſtage, dreſſed in ribbands, and hung round with bells.

'THIS, like all other novelties in ſo capricious a nation, afforded infinite ſatisfaction; and when the poor creatures, unuſed to ſuch harneſſing, happened to bray, or to knock their heads one againſt the other, as they often did, the whole houſe ecchoed with acclamations, as if ſome elegant piece of wit had been performed.

'BUT this mode of diverſion was but of a ſhort continuance; for the actors, jealous of theſe new brothers, and fearing they ſhould loſe their ſalaries if the *animal* creation got the better of the *rational* one, in the approbation of the town, ſet themſelves about contriving how they ſhould

'ſup-

'ſupplant them, which they effected by the fol-
'lowing method.

'They procured the ſkins of ſeveral ſorts of
'creatures, ſuch as bears, bulls, babboons, dogs,
'and dragons, and having transformed themſelves
'into the *ſhape*, acted the *manners*, of theſe ani-
'mals ſo much to the life, that they ſoon found
'their labour had not been in vain: — much
'greater applauſe was given to them in their
'brute characters, than they even had received
'in thoſe of heroes and fine gentlemen; perhaps
'too with good reaſon, but of that I do not pre-
'tend to be poſitive.

'They ſtill, however, at leaſt at my leaving
'them they did ſo, continue to act pieces, or in-
'terludes, which they divide into two claſſes, and
'call either the *terrible*, or the *merry*, meaning
'I ſuppoſe what we do by *tragedy* and *comedy*;
'but I think that diſtinction might very well be
'laid aſide in the *Topſy-Turvy* drama, being equal-
'ly prepoſterous, out of nature, and far from
'either wit or humour in the one, or truth, juſ-
'tice, or propriety in the other.

'This indeed muſt be acknowledged, that
'their drama is a true picture of the times, and
'ſo far juſtifiable; but how degenerate, how de-
'praved muſt be the taſte of theſe wretched iſlan-
'ders, to be pleaſed with ſeeing themſelves in
'ſuch a mirror.

'Military diſcipline is much practiſed
'among them: — encampments and reviews are
'frequent, and they make as good a ſhew as any
'nation in the world: — better dreſſed ſoldiers I
'never ſaw, but as to their proweſs, I dare not
'anſwer;

'anſwer; — as far as I could learn, it had not of 'many years been put to any great trial, for tho' 'there were five declarations of war againſt 'ſo many different powers during the ſpace of 'eight months, they were no ſooner made, than 'overtures of peace ſucceeded, and all the mighty 'preparations for war ceaſed, and gave way to 'dancing, and all kinds of revels.

'THIS might be good policy, did it ſerve to 'render them formidable to their neighbours; — 'but, alas, all is no more than a bounce; — they 'menace loud, — they bluſter for a while, then 'meanly ſue, and often purchaſe a peace at a dear 'rate.

'IT is almoſt impoſſible to enumerate the 'many treaties, the alliances, the leagues offen-'ſive and defenſive, they entered into during the 'three years I was ſo unfortunate as to be among 'them; — I ſay unfortunate, becauſe, though, 'this iſland abounds with every thing a man can 'with any ſhadow of reaſon deſire, yet are there 'ſuch perpetual alarms, that no one, who wiſhes 'a ſettled ſtate of life, can be eaſy under: — they 'are always threatening, yet always in apprehen-'ſions of ſomething worſe happening to them-'ſelves than is in their power to inflict on others, 'and frequently reminded me of that paſſage in 'holy writ,

'*The wicked ſhall fear, where no fear is.*

'BUT what is more amazing, if poſſible, than 'all the reſt, is, that they are always under the 'moſt terrors where there is the leaſt probability 'of danger; guarding that place in the ſtrongeſt 'manner which is moſt diſtant from the enemy,

'and

'and leaving that which is moſt likely to be attacked, wholly defenceleſs.

'To add to this, they are certainly the moſt officious buſy people in the world; — they cannot be eaſy without having ſome hand, or being thought to have, in all the tranſactions of the neighbouring nations:—at one time you would imagine they were endeavouring to bring about an univerſal peace; at another that they were ſtirring up all who liſten to them to war.—This meddling humour frequently embroils them in quarrels with thoſe it is moſt their intereſt to be well with, and alſo involves them in wars for the concerns of others, while their own are totally neglected.

'But as they are never long in the ſame mind, one campaign is ſufficient to make them as ſick of war as before it they were of peace; and indeed if any of their inclinations may be ſaid to be guided by reaſon, this is, becauſe their arms are generally very unſucceſsful. — Experience, however, does not make them wiſe enough to avoid engaging afreſh, as ſoon as any opportunity preſents itſelf; and they would long ago have been all cut to pieces, and their iſland reduced to an heap of aſhes, had they not bought off the impending ruin with thoſe treaſures the frugality of their induſtrious anceſtors had left them; and which at my coming away I found were pretty near being wholly exhauſted: ſo that, perhaps, while I am writing this account of their conduct, it may have brought that deſtruction on them, with which they have long ſince been threatened, and it muſt be confeſſed, they but too juſtly merit.

'Yet

'YET notwithſtanding this acting in the gene-
'ral againſt all rules of common ſenſe, I found
'ſome few among them who had a greater ſhare
'of reaſon: — theſe ſaw the approaching miſe-
'ries of their country with ſtreaming eyes, and
'hearts overwhelmed with anguiſh; —they failed
'not to admoniſh, to reprove, and to oppoſe with
'all their might every deſtructive meaſure; but
'all they could do was ineffectual: — their ad-
'vice was only laughed at, and their perſons
'treated with contempt.

'As theſe men were the only converſible ſet of
'mortals I found in the whole iſland, I paſt my
'time chiefly with them, and by that means be-
'came acquainted with many things I could not
'otherwiſe have known.

'SPEAKING one day of the ſtrange irregula-
'rity, and capricious contradictions in conduct
'practiſed by the *Topſy-Turvyans*, one of thoſe
'I juſt mentioned, pretended to account for it
'by the following little piece of hiſtory, which,
'whether fabulous or true, may be an entertain-
'ment to the reader.

'OUR iſland, ſaid he, was formerly governed
'by viceroys, who being veſted with an unlimited
'authority by the crown, we were happy or mi-
'ſerable according to the diſpoſition of this dele-
'gate of power: — all our appeals and complaints
'to the continent were diſregarded, ſo that we
'frequently ſuffered great impoſitions. — At laſt
'being perſecuted by one, who excelled in cru-
'elty and every kind of wickedneſs all his prede-
'ceſſors, the people united in a combination againſt
'him; — his palace was plucked to the ground,
'and himſelf with all his family deſtroyed: —

'others

'others after him, attempting the ſame things, 'were treated in the ſame manner, ſo that for 'ſome time none dared to exceed the bounds a 'good magiſtrate ought to obſerve; and we en-'joyed a perfect freedom and tranquility for many 'years.— O! had it but continued, how happy 'a nation had we been! But, alas! the golden 'days of the *Topſy-Turvyans* paſt away, and a ſad 'change came on. — O æra! fatal to our glory, 'intereſt, virtue, liberty, all that is worth a brave 'man's care, when the deteſted *Hiamack* was ſent 'over to be our viceroy: — ruin, perdition, hor-'ror, madneſs, was then let looſe among us, and 'everlaſting ſhame, with every curſe that thought 'can form, is now entailed upon us.

'Here the good old man was obliged to pauſe 'and give a looſe to that torrent of tears which 'this ſad remembrance extorted from him; and I 'took the opportunity of aſking, wherefore, if '*Hiamack* behaved ſo ill, the people did not, as 'before, exert themſelves to the ruin of their op-'preſſor? To which queſtion, as ſoon as he had 'a little recovered himſelf, he replied:

'*Madack*, ſaid he, (which is the appellation 'they give to all ſtrangers for whom they have 'any eſteem, and comes the neareſt to *my lord* in '*Engliſh* of any title I know of,) *Hiamack* was 'too ſubtle to diſcover himſelf; — he appeared 'at his firſt coming among us to be all courteſy 'and gentleneſs; and as he was the greateſt ma-'gician perhaps that the world ever knew, he 'made uſe of his diabolical art to betray us into 'what he eaſily foreſaw we were not to be forced.

'Under the pretence of his great love and 'reſpect for the people, he ordered banquets to be 'pre-

'prepared one day in a great plain, to which he 'invited all degrees, not excepting the very mean-'eſt of the rabble. — This ſeeming hoſpitality and 'humility charmed the whole iſland; — all crow-'ded to partake of it, and to bleſs the new vice-'roy: — thouſands were ſerved at once, and they 'withdrawn, freſh thouſands came, till all had 'ſwallowed down the worſe than poiſoned vi-'ands: — all but a few, who being either out of 'the iſland at that time, or were detained by ſick-'neſs, or other cauſes from this feaſt, among 'which happy number were my anceſtors and 'ſome others.

'FOR, O my dear *Madack!* purſued he, the 'curſt magician, by ſome infernal recipe, had gi-'ven to this food an infatuating quality of ſo dire 'and miſchievous a nature, that not only thoſe 'who eat of it, but all the poſterity which ſhould 'deſcend from their loins, from generation to ge-'neration, and from age to age, ſhould be depri-'ved of all power of judging for themſelves; of 'diſtinguiſhing between what is their intereſt, and 'what is not; and in fine, from that time for-'ward become dead to all ſenſe of what they 'were, or what they ought to be.

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs the agony this poor 'honeſt *Topſy-Turvyan* fell into, in concluding 'his narrative; which, but for the pity I could 'not help feeling for him, would have made me 'laugh heartily. — I could never have expected 'ſuch a reaſon for the vices, caprices, and follies 'I had ſeen among theſe people; and to hear it 'accounted for in the manner I now did, appeared 'to me little leſs ridiculous than the behaviour he 'aſcribed to ſo out-of-the-way a cauſe.

'I BE-

'I believe he perceived by my countenance 'what my thoughts were on this occaſion, and 'therefore added many obſervations to aſſert the 'truth of what he had been ſaying. — All the 'others alſo of the ancient *Topſy-Turvyans*, as 'they called themſelves, averred the ſame, and I 'found it a tradition, which was the more eſta-'bliſhed, as it ſeemed impoſſible a whole people 'ſhould degenerate, and become ſo directly the 'oppoſite of what they had been, if ſome ſuper-'natural agency had not been employed to work 'the change.

'That there are drugs, which, without the 'help of magic, will work upon the brain, and 'ſo ſtupify the ſenſes, that they have no power 'to operate; there was an inſtance not many 'years paſt in *England*, of a nobleman who had a 'potion given him by his lady, which rendered 'him for many years incapable of tranſacting any 'kind of buſineſs; and it is thought the ideotiſm 'would have laſted as long as his life, had not 'Providence, in a manner almoſt miraculouſly, 'reſtored him to his reaſon.

'It is probable, therefore, that this *Hiamack* 'might know the nature of ſo pernicious a re-'cipe, and apply it to the unfortunate *Topſy-Tur-'vyans*; but then I cannot think the infatuation 'could be of ſuch force as to reach the intellects 'of thoſe who ſhould be begot afterwards; I ra-'ther think, as it had an effect to corrupt the 'manners of the fathers, the ſons as they grew 'followed that example; their poſterity ſtill did 'the ſame, and by this means the curſe which 'they imagined entailed by necromancy, became 'confined from generation to generation.

'But

'BUT to relate matters, not *refine* upon them, 'is, I take it, the only buſineſs of an hiſtorian; 'ſo I ſhall leave it to the reader to judge as he 'thinks moſt reaſonable of the cauſe of this de- 'generacy of a once brave and nice people.

'As to the navigation of the *Topſy-Turvyans*, 'it is no leſs comical than the reſt, though they 'boaſt much of it: — they have indeed a great 'number of veſſels, which are perpetually ſwim- 'ming up and down in the pacific ocean as the 'tide directs, for they have neither ſails nor bal- 'laſt: — it is utterly impoſſible to give any de- 'ſcription of them that would be intelligible to 'an *European* reader, being built after a form 'which there is nothing like in the whole world: '— it muſt be owned there is ſomewhat of ma- 'jeſty and dread in their appearance; — they are 'large and very high, and ornamented on the 'top with a prodigious number of ſtreamers, 'red, yellow, blue, and white, which are fixed on 'poles one above another, and fall down, like the 'curls of a perriwig, to the ſurface of the veſſel, 'the ſides of which are full of long iron ſpikes, 'a little like javelins, the points directed out- 'wards: — theſe are the weapons by which, in 'fight, they think to annoy their enemies; but I 'never ſaw them tried that way, and fancy they 'would be able to do little execution.

'As they know nothing of the compaſs, and 'never travel out of their own ſphere, when they 'would have theſe veſſels move to any particular 'part, they guide them with a ſort of paddles, 'thirty, forty, and ſometimes fifty *Topſy-Turvy- 'ans* on a ſide in one bottom.

'IT is thus that they convey themſelves to 'the

'the continent, whenever they have any buſineſs 'to go there, either to carry the produce of their 'own iſland, or fetch what foreign commodities 'they may have occaſion for.

'When they are not employed in theſe more 'neceſſary avocations, they often form a kind of 'a figure, dance on the waters, making firſt a 'circle, then paſſing between each other, which 'they do with incredible ſwiftneſs, by the help of 'their paddles, the veſſels being extremely light, 'and that ſea never diſturbed either with ſtorms 'from above, or any interior emotion of its 'own.'

This is all *Eumenes* has thought fit to give us of that remote country; and, it muſt be acknowledged, is ſufficient to ſatisfy the curioſity of any one who is not deſirous of taking a voyage thither; as I believe few will who have this idea of their manners and cuſtoms.

There are ſome things ſo infinitely diverting in the deſcription, that we found it utterly impoſſible to forbear laughing, though at the ſame time were filled with the greateſt compaſſion for a people ſo loſt and ſo undone by their own indolence and luxury; for I am altogether of the ſame mind with the writer of the account, that it ſcarcely happened by any ſupernatural means.

When a nation devotes itſelf to ſuch ſtudies and amuſements as can no way contribute to the glory or intereſt of their country, or to their own particular reputation, they will infallibly become by degrees diveſted of all ſenſe of virtue, and, like the *Topſy-Turvyans*, grow the ſlaves of vice and folly.

I be-

I BELIEVE the world could never yet produce one inſtance, where true ſpirit ſubſiſted after honour was no more: — the one, indeed, is the natural conſequence of the other; for a brave and honeſt mind will be ever firm, conſtant, and unſhaken; it will dare all the menaces of unwarrantable power, and deſpiſe all undermining artifices; — equally proof againſt force or flattery: but, when once vice gets poſſeſſion of the ſoul, it becomes mean and abject; it has no longer any will, any inclinations of its own; the ready tool of every ſoothing offer, and lowly ſubmiſſive to every command that ſhall be given.

IT behoves therefore every individual of every country in the world, whatever may be told them, or how much ſeeming cauſe ſoever they may have to flatter themſelves with an aſſurance of freedom, not to neglect ſearching, with the moſt enquiring and impartial eye, into all that paſſes; to examine into the moſt hiden motives; and, diſdaining to be guided by appearances and fair pretences, judge for themſelves, and boldly declare their approbation or diſapprobation of what is doing.

THIS alone is true liberty; for where freedom of judging or ſpeaking is a crime, all other indulgences are but ſo many downy linings, which at firſt may make the yoke of ſlavery ſeem ſoft and eaſy to be borne, which will wear away, when worn for any length of time, and then the rugged galling load be felt with double weight.

I DO not at all wonder that a people, who have no idea of the *Chriſtian* religion, or indeed of any other that is conſiſtent with reaſon, and are equally ſtrangers to every thing civilized and polite, ſhould be ſo ready to aſcribe all extraordinary

revolutions to art-magic; ſince even here in *England*, it was common, a very few years ſince, to imagine ſtorms, ſhipwrecks, and almoſt all manner of ill accidents, were occaſioned by the force of wicked ſpells: and the old *Romans*, who valued themſelves ſo much on their underſtanding, as to look on all other nations as barbarous and ſavage, were ſo addicted to this opinion, that they imputed every thing that befel from the greateſt, down to the moſt minute events, to the power of charms. As witneſs *Virgil:*

Pale Phœbe, *drawn by ſpell, from heaven deſcends,*
And Circe *chang'd by charms* Ulyſſes' *friends;*
Spells break the ground and penetrate the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake;
Spells fire the frozen veins. ———

And again,

By his dread art the necromancer boaſts,
To call forth from their caverns ſtalking ghoſts,
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which whirl'd aloft to diſtant fields is borne:
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells. ———

Our own poets alſo, it is plain, have upheld the ſame tenet: *Shakeſpear* in all his plays is full of it, not even his hiſtorical ones exempt. The great revolution in *Scotland* he aſcribes to the promiſe made by the witches to *Macbeth*; and likewiſe brings that great, though wicked man, to ſhew an intire dependance on them, and to conſult them in every thing, as we ſee by his earneſt adjuring them to ſpeak to him.

If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſee which grain will grow, and which will not,

I con-

I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
To anſwer me.
Tho' you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; tho' the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Tho' caſtles topple on their warders heads;
Tho' palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations,
Even till deſtructions ſicken; anſwer me.

DRYDEN too, of a much later age, was no leſs poſſeſſed of theſe ideas, and in a great many of his dramatic pieces, as well as other writings, ſhews himſelf very fond of giving abundance of power to witches and ſorcerers. See what he ſays in his tragedy of *Tyranic Love.*

Him have I ſeen (on Iſter's *banks he ſtood,*
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong flood
In ſudden ice, and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In chryſtal nets, the wond'ring fiſhes cloſe;
Then, with a moment's thaw the ſtreams enlarge,
And from the maſks the twinkling gueſts diſcharge.
In a deep vale, or near ſome ruin'd wall,
He would the ghoſts of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers call;
Who ſlow to mangled bodies did repair,
And loth to enter ſhiver'd in the air;
Theſe his dread wand did to ſhort life compel,
And forc'd the fate of battles to foretel.
In a lone tent, all hung with black, I ſaw
Where in a ſquare he did a circle draw:
Four angles made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inſcrib'd of myſtic ſenſe:
When firſt a hollow wind began to blow,
The ſky grew black, and belly'd down more low.
Around the fields did nimble light'nings play,
Which offer'd us by fits, then ſnatch'd the day.

'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd ghoſts, that in the ſtorm did fly;
Danc'd too and fro, and ſkimm'd along the ground,
Till to the magic circle they were bound.

In fine, the poets of all ages, but the preſent, by their writings have greatly contributed to the continuance of that ſuperſtition, which prieſts in the more dark and uninformed times for their own intereſt began.

These kingdoms are, however, now intirely freed from their former errors on this ſide; the example of the greater world have put a ſtop to all ſuch follies in their inferiors, which teſtifies the influence they have. If they do not therefore endeavour to give as great a check to propenſities of a yet more dangerous nature, the faults of all thoſe beneath them, may, but with too much juſtice, be laid to their charge.

Let then thoſe of both ſexes, who ſhine in the higher ſphere of life, become models of virtue to the reſt; and I dare anſwer, that in this imitating age, there will be few fond enough of vice to be out of the faſhion.

For, in fine, as I have already taken notice, it is being wicked that renders us weak, and liable to fall into any infatuation whatever; and when once perverted in our principles and underſtanding, what but ruin muſt enſue!

But I fear growing too grave for the generality of my readers, and ſhall therefore cloſe this ſubject with the words of the poet:

Quem

Quem vult Deus perdere prius dementat.

WE muſt not, however, forget to render *Eumenes* our moſt grateful acknowledgments for the favour he has conferred upon us; nor to aſſure him, that ſome time before the concluſion of theſe lucubrations, we ſhall comply with what he ſeems to expect from us, as far as in the power of our capacities; nothing being more dear to us than the honour and intereſt of the city of *London*, and nothing conſequently more afflicting to us, than when we find reaſon to believe any numbers of it act in a manner different from what might be expected of them.

BUT I doubt not by this time the town is ſufficiently impatient for what our learned correſpondent *Philo-Naturæ* has thought fit to convey to them by the *Female Spectator*; and it would be the utmoſt injuſtice to delay the ſatisfaction of a curioſity ſo truly laudable, for any thing we might have to offer of our own.

WITHOUT then any farther prelude, we ſhall give his ſentiments in the exact words we received them.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'THE obliging care you were ſo good to take, 'in ſo early inſerting the former epiſtle I 'did myſelf the honour to ſend you, makes me 'vain enough to imagine a ſecond will find a no 'leſs favourable reception.

'ACCORDING to my promiſe, therefore, I 'now venture to renew the ſubject I before re-

'commended, as the moſt pleaſing as well as uſe-
'ful amuſement the mind can be employed in;
'and which will always afford matter to ſpeak,
'to think, and write upon; ſince in all ſeaſons
'of the year, and in all places, whether abroad or
'at home, we ſhall always find ſomething new
'if we attend to it, which will conſequently fur-
'niſh us with new ideas.

'THE earth, the air, the water, and even the
'common fire we burn upon our hearths will, in
'a thinking mind, produce abundant theme for
'ſpeculation.

'I KNOW not, madam, if it were in your
'time or not, but I remember, when I was a boy
'the good ladies were accuſtomed about this ſea-
'ſon of the year, to be extremely buſy in drying
'and preſerving certain herbs and fruits, and di-
'ſtilling others, according to the nature of the
'plants, and the uſes they were intended for,
'which I found every woman of condition then
'plumed herſelf very much on a perfect under-
'ſtanding in.

'WONDERFUL cures have I ſeen performed
'by the help of ſimples prepared in a proper man-
'ner by theſe good houſewives; and many an
'elegant deſert ſerved up in the midſt of winter,
'without the help of a confectioner: but ſuch
'avocations, in theſe politer days, are beneath the
'attention of a fine lady; and Heaven forbid that,
'old as I am, I ſhould render myſelf ſo obnoxious
'to the moſt charming part of the creation, as to
'adviſe them to return to that old-faſhioned way
'of ſpending time.

'BUT, methinks, it ſhould not be diſagreeable
'to

'to them to enquire a little into the nature of 'thoſe herbs, which are commonly made uſe of 'either in food or medicine. — The cooling 'Plantaine, the cardiac *Angelica*, the reſtoring 'Comfrey, the purifying *Creſſes* and *Trefoil*, and 'the health-giving *Sage*, merit ſome care to be 'taken of them, much more than any foreign 'drugs whatever, which only ſerve to ſwell the 'apothecary's bill: for the reputation of the true 'phyſician is owing merely to *ſimples*, which are 'at laſt called in to rectify the diſorders which 'more expenſive preſcriptions perhaps may have 'occaſioned.

'I would not by this be underſtood to per-'ſwade the ladies to turn phyſicians; they may 'amuſe themſelves with conſidering the nature 'and uſe of thoſe plants which grow every day 'before their eyes the whole year round, without 'entering into any laborious ſtudy about them.

'By obſerving the product of the earth, one 'may ſee, that God has made nothing in vain; 'for even thoſe very weeds which we imagine 'ſhoot up ſpontaneouſly, and whoſe uſes either in 'food or phyſic, if they really are endued with 'any, are not yet diſcovered by us, ſerve, how-'ever, for nouriſhment and ſhelter to many ani-'mals, to whom the human ſyſtem is very much 'indebted. They afford alſo a pleaſing variety 'to the eye, as they grow up and mingle with 'the more valuable plants, and ſometimes extract 'juices from the earth which would be preju-'dicial to thoſe things the gardener makes it moſt 'his care to cultivate.

'And now I have touched upon this head, I 'cannot leave it without taking ſome notice of a

'weed that grows in ſuch plenty, and ſcatters 'ſeed in ſuch abundance, that there is hardly a 'poſſibility of eradicating it totally from any 'ground it once has taken poſſeſſion of.

'Yet does not nature, among all that pro-'fuſion of bleſſings ſhe beſtows, preſent us with 'any one *ſimple* of ſuch univerſal benefit in me-'dicinal preſcriptions, ſince there is ſcarce any 'diſeaſe in which it does not help, and is in moſt 'a ſpecific.

'Nobody, who has the leaſt underſtanding in 'phyſic, but will know I mean the *Nettle:* ſince 'there are many excellent herbs whoſe virtues 'muſt be allowed for the cure of particular diſ-'orders; yet it is generally the caſe, that what 'relieves in one, ſhall be prejudicial to another. 'Whereas the *Nettle*, if taken in time, prevents 'thoſe ailments to which the human ſyſtem is 'moſt incident, and even after a too long neglect 'of it, gives a certain eaſe in what it is intended, 'without the leaſt ill conſequence to any other 'complaint with which the patient may happen 'to be afflicted.

'Of this plant, for I cannot bring myſelf to 'affront it ſo far as to call it a weed, there are 'two known ſorts, the one has the name of *Dead 'Nettle* or *Archangel*, the other is the *Stinging 'Nettle*, to which latter the preference undoubtedly 'is due, as of more general ſervice, tho' the other 'is a ſovereign remedy in many caſes.

'I have often thought the qualities of the '*Stinging Nettle* might be juſtly enough compared 'to thoſe of good advice proceeding from an ho-'neſt heart, but delivered in terms which, at firſt,

'ſeem

'ſeem to have too much aſperity in them, and at 'firſt is not well reliſhed, but when reflected on 'maturely, the merits of it will have their due 'weight, and excite gratitude and love.

'A LITTLE time, therefore, given to conſi-'deration of theſe, which are by a vulgar eye 'loooked upon as the moſt inſignificant works of 'nature, could not fail leading us to contempla-'tions of a more elevated kind, and be one great 'ſtep towards rendering our ideas ſublime, refi-'ned, and pure, and fit to travel through the im-'menſe wonders of thoſe ſtarry heavens, which 'we behold with ſo much admiration.

'I CANNOT, madam, but greatly lament that 'interruption which deprived you and your fair 'friends of a farther proſecution of thoſe enqui-'ries you were about to make of the planetary 'worlds. — There is indeed a theme for the no-'bleſt ſpeculations. — There, may the moſt ex-'tenſive genius be abſorbed and ſwallowed up in 'a ſeraphic contemplation. — How muſt the ſoul 'be diſſolved in humble gratitude, and in aſtoniſh-'ment at the power and wiſdom of the Almighty 'and Incomprehenſible Being, who not only for-'med thoſe glorious orbs, but preſerves them in 'ſuch an exact order, that none of them ſhall 'tranſgreſs their limits, or become prejudicial to 'the others.

'I MUST confeſs myſelf to be intirely of that 'gentleman's opinion, who ſuppoſes all the pla-'nets to be ſo many habitable worlds; and that 'ſhort, but plain reaſon he gives of it, of their 'being all illumined, may, I think, convince any 'one who is not reſolved to adhere to no tenets 'but his own.

'HAD you paſt more time than I perceive you 'did, or at leaſt renewed your viſit to the tele- 'ſcope, when *Saturn* could be ſeen with the grea- 'teſt advantage, you would plainly have diſco- 'vered that ring or circle with which he is in- 'compaſſed, to be of a much greater brightneſs 'than the moon at full appears to us, near as ſhe 'is to the earth.

'BUT I cannot help diſſenting from your inge- 'nious friend in one particular, which is, that the 'diſtance of this planet would involve it in a moſt 'horrible darkneſs for near half the year; and 'this reaſon I give for contradicting what I know 'very well is not only his own, but alſo a received 'opinion with moſt people.

'THE farther this vaſt planet is removed from 'our ſun, the nearer by conſequence he muſt be 'placed to ſome other; for I think it has been 'agreed on by the moſt judicious enquirers into 'the heavens, that the fixed ſtars, as we call them, 'are in reality ſo many ſuns, which give light to 'planets of their own, and to whom that of ours 'appears as they do to us, no more than a fixed 'ſtar, whoſe twinkle is ſcarce perceivable.

'*SATURN*, therefore, having this advantage 'above all other planets of our ſyſtem, inſtead of 'being that dark, gloomy world we have all along 'believed him, muſt be the moſt enlightened of 'any; — ſince one half of the year he has our 'ſun, as all the rules of aſtronomy confeſs, and the 'other half is played upon by another ſun, which 'to us is ſcarce perceptible: — this, together with 'his own gorgeous circle of moons, muſt give him 'in a manner perpetual day.

'THIS

'THIS opinion of plurality of worlds ſeems to 'me ſo far from being inconſiſtent with the prin-'ciples of religion, that it very much enlarges 'our ideas of the Almighty Wiſdom; and I can-'not think but the philoſophers of former ages, 'who imagined the creation terminated with what 'they were able to diſcern, had very confined 'notions of the Great Author of nature, and alſo 'an adequate ſhare of vanity to flatter themſelves 'that all thoſe great orbs, which roll above our 'heads, were made only to delight the eye of 'man.

'BUT every age producing new diſcoveries by 'the continual improvement of that moſt uſeful 'invention the *telleſcope*, have made theſe latter 'times more wiſe; I mean thoſe of us who do 'not wilfully ſhut our eyes to keep the truth from 'gaining entrance, and are afraid of being con-'vinced.

'AMONG the number of theſe, I once was 'acquainted with an eccleſiaſtic, a very good man, 'but of a moderate underſtanding: talking one 'day upon this topic, he ſaid, that to maintain 'there were any more worlds than this we live in, 'was prophane and irreligious, and directly op-'poſite to the *Chriſtian* faith, *for*, cried he, *if* 'Chriſt *died for us alone, what muſt become of all* '*the ſouls in thoſe other worlds you talk of?*

'TO which I anſwered, though not without 'a ſmile, which I found myſelf unable to reſtrain, 'and made, I could perceive, the good clergyman 'entertain yet a worſe opinion of my piety than 'he had before, that it was poſſible thoſe worlds 'might not have had *Adams*, who had ſinned 'like our forefather, and conſequently could not

'ſtand in need of the ſame extraordinary manner
'of redemption.

'This put him out of all patience, and his
'zeal carried him ſuch lengths in the arguments
'he made uſe of, as nothing but a perfect ac-
'quaintance with the integrity of his heart could
'have made me pardon, or indeed have borne with
'any temper.

'It is very ſtrange, methinks, that people
'ſhould be ſo fond of lugging religion into diſ-
'putes where it has no kind of concern.—Whe-
'ther theſe worlds have any occaſion for a ſavi-
'our, or by what ſort of creatures they are in-
'habited, is not the queſtion; — the matter is,
'that it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that they are in-
'habited by ſome ſort or other, either of a ſupe-
'rior or inferior nature to us, and alſo that every
'one of them is different from the other.

'Nature delight in variety; every element
'abounds with ſpecies of a different kind. — A
'thouſand, and ten thouſand ſorts of birds wing
'the regions of the air. — The waters produce
'as great a number of different kinds of finny
'inhabitants: — the earth of reptiles, inſects,
'and beaſts; and even men, when born in dif-
'ferent climates, differ in colour, ſhape, and
'manners from each other, almoſt as much as
'from the brutes.

'Ridiculous, therefore, would it be for us
'to imagine, the people of theſe foreign worlds
'are like any thing we have ever ſeen, or can
'poſſibly have any notion of: — God is infinite
'in all, and we may plainly ſee that no two of his
'works have a perfect reſemblance with each
'other.

'To

'To be too inquiſitive, however, into things 'in which we have no concern, and which, with 'the utmoſt labour, aſſiſted by the greateſt learning and ſtrongeſt capacity, we can never be able 'to penetrate, is doubtleſs both a ſin and a folly. '— Heaven has given us ſufficient matter for contemplation in the world we live in, and we ought 'not to pry into the ſecrets of thoſe hid from us; 'but ſtill the oppoſers of the belief of a plurality 'of worlds are not to infer from thence that we 'ſhould refuſe giving credit to ſo reaſonable a tenet: — we may ſure allow that there are ſuch 'worlds, without waſting our time in vain conjectures by whom peopled, or what employments are in faſhion there.

'Should any one be preſuming enough to 'pretend, that all the wonders of the univerſe had 'been ſhewn to him by revelation, the impoſition would immediately diſcover itſelf to be ſuch; 'ſince no human invention, how prolific ſoever, 'would be able to form any ideas, much leſs to 'bring them into deſcription, of the thouſandth 'or ten thouſandth part of that immenſe number 'of worlds, whoſe ſuns even we diſcover the glimmers of through our telleſcopes: —what then lie 'farther buried in the boſom of infinity! — incomprehenſible! unfathomable, as the Almighty 'Former!

'We are, therefore, in no danger of having 'our underſtanding beguiled by any pretended 'prophet on that ſcore; and to go about to deceive ourſelves, by the formation of imaginary 'ſyſtems, would be an infatuation, even greater 'than any the preſent age is guilty of.

'But the goodneſs of Heaven has put enough

'within

'within our reach to compenſate for the want
'of what is beyond it; and if we neglect, and
'think beneath our notice thoſe things God has
'given us a capacity to comprehend, it is a fault,
'I think, equal to that of endeavouring to ex-
'plore what he has thought fit to conceal from
'us.

'*TAKE care*, ſays the marquis *de St. Clou*,
'in one of his epiſtles to his ſon, *that you do not*
'*loſe the preſent opportunities allowed you for know-*
'*ledge, in idly waiting for thoſe which may never*
'*happen to be preſented to you.*

'You, madam, and thoſe ladies who are your
'aſſociates, are highly to be commended, that in
'a ſeaſon which preſented you no more agreeable
'objects to employ your ſpeculations, you choſe,
'rather than be inactive, to obſerve the progreſs
'of the growth of ſnails, which, indeed to a great
'many in the world, who fancy themſelves very
'diſcerning too, appear too contemptible to merit
'any portion of regard.

'Methinks, I ſee you buſying your fair
'fingers in ſorting and ſprinkling fine clods of
'earth, that your nurſery might be protected by
'them from the too ſevere approaches of the air:
'— I hear the charge you give, that no one might
'diſturb the bed you had ſo carefully prepared for
'them: — with pleaſure I conceive the aſſiduity
'with which you ran every morning to examine
'if your commands had been punctually obeyed,
'and how the little animals throve under your di-
'rection. — Let our polite ladies and gentlemen
'laugh at this amuſement, I admire it, and wiſh it
'may find many imitators.

'I am

'I AM alſo of your opinion, that a ſnail, if 'ſtrictly examined, is not without its beauties, 'eſpecially that ſort of them which feed chiefly 'on flowers; nothing being more certain, than 'that they owe great part of their tincture from 'the colour of what they eat; as we may ſee by 'thoſe who live in cellars, and on old walls, 'which have a dirty muddy hue, conformable to 'the places they inhabit, and from which they 'draw their ſuſtenance.

'BUT I cannot paſs over this ſubject without 'acquainting you with an experiment made by 'a certain virtuoſo, a friend of mine, on one of 'theſe creatures: — having obſerved that their 'colour was in a great meaſure owing to their 'food, he put one of them in a box, and took 'care to ſupply it every day with freſh flowers, 'of the moſt beautiful kind the garden would 'produce; but keeping it in a room, where it 'had not the benefit of the open air, the animal 'improved but little in its beauty: he was at 'length ſenſible of the deficiency, and carried it 'abroad when the ſun ſhone out in the greateſt 'brightneſs, and let it glide at pleaſure over the 'greens, the fruits and flowers, ſtill following 'and keeping it in his eye: — this pains did he 'take for ſeveral weeks together, and had the ſa-'tisfaction to obſerve his labour was not wholly 'loſt: — the creature did really grow more clear 'and tranſparent, and alſo ſeemed ſtronger, and 'more lively, if the motion of a ſnail can pro-'perly be called ſo.

'IT came alſo into his head to make a ſecond 'experiment, which was this: — he had obſer-'ved, that ſeveral ſnails had a kind of ſwelling 'or inequality in their ſhells, and ſome had them

'caſed

'caſed in many places like other little ſhells grow-
'ing out of the former: — he took one of theſe,
'and making a ſmall puncture in it, without
'hurting the body of the ſnail, preſently found a
'froth riſe from it, which in a ſmall time became
'a conſiſtence, and hardened ſo as to ſeem of a
'piece with the main ſhell; — he then broke off
'ſome part of the contour, by which the animal
'appeared as it were half naked, but nature had
'provided her with a ſtore within herſelf to re-
'pair her manſion, and the ſame viſcous juice,
'which he had ſeen fill up the puncture, now roſe
'and tranſpired from every pore, which thicken-
'ing by degrees, became like the reſt of the ſhell,
'and rendered it as large, and as circular as before:
'— he perceived alſo a little ridge between the
'new and old parts, exactly reſembling ſuch as
'were in that part which had not been broke;
'from whence he concluded, that the ſhell was
'not intirely formed at firſt, or had any thing in
'itſelf which could increaſe its dimenſions; but
'that the power was wholly lodged in the body of
'the ſnail, which, as it increaſed in ſtrength and
'bulk, threw out that fluid which formed ſo many
'different contours as there were ridges; and that
'this alſo was the cauſe of that variety of colours
'which we often ſee in the ſame ſhell, but always
'ranged between theſe ridges, or piecings, as one
'may call them, the one never interfering with
'the other.

'But you will ſay, perhaps, that the gentle-
'man I have been ſpeaking of, as well as myſelf
'who relate theſe experiments, might both of us
'have employed our time better. If you do,
'madam, I ſhall readily agree to your opinion,
'becauſe we ought not to be ſo aſſiduous in gra-
'tifying

'tifying a meer curioſity, as to neglect thoſe re-
'ſearches which might be of real utility.

'THESE things, indeed, are amuſements per-
'fectly innocent, and if of no great ſervice to the
'world, or to ourſelves, are far from being of
'any prejudice to either. — It were to be wiſhed
'that others of a more dangerous nature were ex-
'changed for them.

'AS I have already taken notice, a mind eager
'to inquire into the minuteſt works of nature,
'will be inſenſibly led to a contemplation on the
'greateſt; and in all we ſhall find ſufficient for
'our aſtoniſhment, and the exciting in us ſuch
'ideas of the Great Author of nature, as cannot
'fail to fill us with the higheſt ſenſe of the infinity
'of his goodneſs to all his creatures, and to us in
'particular, to whom alone, of all ſublunary
'beings, he has given the power of reaſon and
'reflection.

'THE meaneſt creature, therefore, that the
'air, the earth, or ſea, or any part of this great
'world affords, is not beneath our conſideration;
'we can no where caſt our eyes without behold-
'ing ſomething to admire; and tho' to dwell too
'long on any one, would be an injury to the reſt,
'yet none ſhould be paſſed by without ſome por-
'tion of our notice.

'WHAT I mean is, that I would have every
'gentleman and lady, who have leiſure to gratify
'their curioſity, and at the ſame time improve
'their underſtanding, to take, as it were, a ſuper-
'ficial view of the whole creation, as far as
'lies in their power, or they have opportunities
'for; and though they are not enabled to give
'a par-

'a particular account of the ſtructure of any one 'part, they will, notwithſtanding, have very juſt 'notions of the whole; and alſo be convinced, 'by the *little* they can make familiar to their ob- 'ſervation, what wonders lie beyond the reach 'of it.

'The vaſt, the indeed infinite variety which 'a ſtudy of this kind preſents us with, ſhould, 'methinks, ſtand in need of no other recommend- 'ation: — How do we run madding after novel- 'ties, which are ſo far from giving us either pro- 'fit or improvement, that they ruin our fortunes, 'and corrupt our morals and underſtandings, while 'natural philoſophy, every day, every ſeaſon, and 'in every place, affords us freſh ſubjects to enter- 'tain and to inſtruct.

'All capacities, all degrees of ages may in 'proportion be delighted, and made better by it.

'It is as *Maſſenger*, a very good poet of his 'time, elegantly expreſſes it,

—— '*An univerſal good,*
'*To princes dearer than the crowns they wear,*
'*Yet to the meaneſt peaſant not deny'd.*
'*Nature, impartial, opens all her ſtores*
'*To all alike: — who not partakes the bleſſing*
'*Robs his own ſoul.* ——

'But I am in very great hopes, that as the '*Female Spectator* has led the way, a great many, 'not only of her own, but our ſex likewiſe, will 'follow her in theſe ſo beneficial enquiries.

'I was about to conclude this tedious epiſtle, 'but cannot do it till I have added a word or two 'concerning *Caterpillars*. — I fancy, madam, a-

'mong

'mong the various ſorts you mentioned, you never 'happened to take notice of one, pretty remark-'able in its kind, and is, in my opinion, the moſt 'perfect emblem of gaudy ſlavery the whole brute 'creation preſents us with.

'THE *Caterpillar* I mean, madam, is of a 'dark olive colour, has two golden liſts down its 'back, and is in many places ſprinkled with little 'ſpecks of the ſame gorgeous hue. — It would, 'indeed, be by much the moſt beautiful of the 'whole ſpecies (not excepting thoſe you men-'tioned with the amber heads) were it not, that 'on its neck nature has placed a high ridge, ex-'actly reſembling a yoke. — Of what ſervice this 'is to the inſect I never could find out, nor could 'my ſpeculative friend inform me; but to thoſe 'who look upon it, it appears a heavy burthen, 'which impedes their motion, and often ſtops 'them when in purſuit of any advantage: ſo that 'it anſwers the compariſon I juſt now thought 'on, of a people gay, glittering in all the out-'ward ſhew of magnificence, but, in effect, 'ſlaves, and beaſts tramelled with a load, which 'all the world beſides themſelves behold with pity 'and contempt.

'THE next excurſion you make into the coun-'try, I beg you will beſtow a little examination 'into theſe inſects: to a lady of your way of 'thinking, I imagine it will afford matter for re-'flections that may be uſeful to the public. To ſee 'how theſe poor creatures, after toiling and la-'bouring to reach ſome favourite bough, are ob-'ſtructed by what they carry on their own necks, 'and liable to be thrown down by every little 'twig that hangs cowring from above.

'As

'As all the decrees of Providence are wiſe 'and good, in relation even to the meaneſt ani- 'mal, we muſt ſuppoſe that theſe have not a 'ſenſe of the miſeries entailed upon them, other- 'wiſe it would ſeem as if they were created only 'to be wretched.

'What a degree of inſtinct they have is not, 'however, in our power to comprehend; but 'as they are ordained by nature to wear this mark 'of ſervitude, and never knew a ſtate of liberty, 'nor did, by any inadvertency or folly of their 'own, conſent to put it on, it is not to be doubted 'but that they are entirely eaſy under it.

'But I ſhall leave this point to be diſcuſſed by 'the *Female Spectator*, when ſhe has given herſelf 'the trouble to conſider it; and am, with the 'greateſt good wiſhes for the ſucceſs of your en- 'deavours,

Madam,

'*Your moſt humble Servant,*

'*and admirer,*

Inner-Temple,
Sept. 15. 'PHILO-NATURÆ.

'*P. S.* I remember, madam, your ſeventeenth 'book gave us ſome expectation of a letter from 'that worthy gentleman, from whoſe turret you 'had the pleaſure of beholding the planetary re- 'gions: not only myſelf, but a great many of 'your readers to my knowledge, are impatient 'for it; and I doubt not, but according to your 'promiſe, you will favour us with it, as ſoon as 'it comes to hand.'

Though

THOUGH the ingenious author of this letter can write nothing amiſs, and every thing he has ſaid demands the moſt grateful acknowledgments, yet our ſociety are, above all, charmed with the convincing defence he has made of an opinion ſome zealots and enthuſiaſts ſo much cry down, and endeavour to explode as unchriſtian and fabulous: I mean that of plurality of worlds, which I never yet could hear any one good reaſon to condemn.

TO make it, indeed, one of the articles of our faith would be a fault, becauſe we have no aſſurance given us of it, either in ſacred writ, or by tradition; but in a matter of meer indifference to ſalvation, I think our underſtanding may have liberty to direct our judgment, without any danger of becoming too preſuming.

IT is ſufficient certainly to content the pride of man, that all things in this world were created for his uſe; and it ſeems to be the extremeſt arrogance, as well as vanity, to imagine, that ſo many orbs, vaſtly larger than this we inhabit, ſhould be formed only to delight the wantonneſs of ſight, in looking at them in a clear ſtarry evening, and are in reality of no other benefit to us.

BUT ſuppoſing it were even ſo, and that the Almighty Former of the wide univerſe ſhould have really ordained all that the eye can reach entirely for our pleaſure, the inventions of art have preſented us with objects which nature had concealed. —We ſee, by the help of glaſſes, a multitude of maſſy globes of light, which, by their remoteneſs, are not diſcernable by the naked eye, and could not conſequently be intended for our ſpeculation: — theſe then were not created either

to

to light, to warm, or to chear us with their luſtre, ſince they are not to be felt or ſeen by us, without the pains of examining them through telleſcopes, and then ſo faintly as to be but juſt diſtinguiſhable.

All that can juſtly be objected againſt any arguments made uſe of to prove the reaſonableneſs of the belief of a plurality of worlds, is, that to us who live in this, it is no manner of concern, ſince there is not a poſſibility of our travelling to them, or of ever becoming acquainted with the inhabitants.

I have, indeed, heard ſome people fooliſh enough to maintain, that there will come a time, in which the ingenuity of man will invent machines to carry him through the air with the ſame eaſe as we now paſs the ſeas; which, they cry, ſeemed doubtleſs as impracticable at firſt as this does at preſent.

But thoſe who talk in this manner affect to forget who was the firſt navigator: — that God himſelf directed *Noah* how to build the ark, which was to ſave the remnant of the creation, and alſo how to ſteer it, ſo as not to be ſwallowed up by thoſe waters which laid waſte every thing beſide: — It cannot, nor ought to be denied, that the ſame Almighty Power could not, if he pleaſed, inſtruct us in the art of flying thro' the air, by ſome vehicle proper for our conveyance; but then we are to conſider, that he never works by ſupernatural means, but when ſome extraordinary exigence requires it, and without ſome cauſe therefore, at leaſt adequate to that of the deluge, we are not to expect ſuch miracles.

Could

COULD the regions of air, indeed, afford any ſhelter from that all-devouring fire, which, we are told, ſhall conſume the earth, there might be ſome little ſhadow of a hope, that the race of man might be preſerved a ſecond time by means no leſs ſurprizing than the firſt: But of what advantage would it be for us to fly, even tho' we had the wings of an eagle, or could ſoar with the king of birds, at a time, when the heavens themſelves, at leaſt what we call ſo, ſhall be ſhrivelled up like a parchment, when the ſun, and moon, and ſtars ſhall be diſſolved, and all become one general conflagration.

BUT granting even all their wild imaginations can ſuggeſt:— ſuppoſing that ſome carriage could really be found out to bear us through the air from kingdom to kingdom or to whatever place we pleaſed of the globe, we ſtill ſhould be able to diſcover as little of any other world as we do now ſtanding upon the earth.

EVERY orb has its own impenetrable atmoſphere;—a boundary, which nothing that is mortal can over-leap or paſs through; and whether, even when we have thrown off this clog of fleſh, the ſoul will receive any gratification of its enquiring nature in this point, lies only in the power of Him who gave it to determine.

HERE reaſon is of no farther uſe, it is wholly loſt in the abyſs of eternity, as the poet truly ſays,

Can finite meaſure what is infinite?
Reaſon, alas! is blind even to itſelf:
Yet man, vain man, would with this ſhort-lin'd plummet,
Fathom the vaſt abyſs of heav'nly wiſdom.

PLEASED

Pleased as I am, therefore, in the contemplation of innumerable worlds, all created by one Omnipotent Omnipreſent Power, and conſiſtent with thoſe notions we have, or ought to have of the Deity, as I think the belief of them to be, I dare not preſume to put in my creed. Whether there are, or are not any other habitable ſpheres is, I confeſs, not material; nor do I entertain the leſs regard for thoſe who may happen to differ from me in this opinion: I only ſay, that to indulge it, gives an innate ſatisfaction: and, I think, enlarges thoſe ideas it becomes every one to encourage.

I shall, however, urge the topic no farther; but as to an examination into the nature of thoſe things which are in the compaſs of our comprehenſion, and of which we daily receive the benefit, I think no one can be excuſed who neglects an opportunity of making it.

This is, in effect, the moſt uſeful branch of that ſtudy which the worthy *Philo-Naturæ*, both in his former letter, as well as this, ſo ſtrenuouſly recommends to all degrees of people in proportion to their circumſtances and avocations; for it is not to be ſuppoſed that either he, or any who wiſhes the good of mankind, would adviſe a perſon to paſs that time in inſpecting the root of a vegetable, or the organs of an inſect, which ſhould be employed in getting bread for his family.

Such ſpeculations, it is certain, beſt befit thoſe of the great world, or at leaſt ſuch as have fortunes independant on buſineſs, who have a ſufficiency of leiſure, and will hardly find a more beneficial way of filling up their vacant moments.

Yet

YET tho' theſe happy few have it in their power to make a greater progreſs in learning the beauties of nature, there are ſcarce any who may not find ſome little time, if they would be perſuaded to lay hold of it, in tracing the out-lines, as one may call them, of her perfections: — the meaneſt artificer allows himſelf ſome hollidays in the year; — he walks the fields, perhaps has a little garden himſelf, and in the ſmalleſt ſpot of earth may find enough to afford him ſome degree of improvement and pleaſure.

THE country dame need not neglect her dairy, yet be acquainted with the properties of thoſe ſimples which grow about her very door. — The beaſts themſelves inſtruct us in the virtues of many vegetables, by their making choice of the moſt proper in any diſeaſe, to which their kind is incident: and *Hippocrates* himſelf owed the diſcovery of the wonderful effects of an *Elk*'s hoof, by perceiving that creature, when ſick, always hold his foot for a long time cloſe to his ear.

As moſt of our worſt diſorders ſpring originally from the head, this great philoſopher and phyſician preſently imagined, that the foot of this animal might not only be of ſervice in any obſtruction of the capillary veſſels, but alſo in others, which in fact are occaſioned by the ſame cauſe; and as he knew it could not be of any prejudice to the perſons on whom he made the experiment, tried it with a ſucceſs, which all ſucceeding ages have had reaſon to bleſs him for.

MANY other great and valuable ſecrets have been found out by an obſervation of the animal creation: — For example; the virtues of the plaintan might, perhaps, to this day have been unknown

to us, had we not ſeen the toad, when bloated and almoſt burſting with its own venom, crawl to that healing plant, and immediately regain eaſe and recover vigour.

BUT theſe are reflections which the gay part of my ſex, whether old or young, will tell me are not worth their notice: if the find themſelves any way diſordered, they have their phyſicians to apply to; and have no occaſion to trouble themſelves with any thing relating to medicine.

THIS I readily grant to be true, as to the higher claſs; but for the more inferior part of womankind, I think the world will allow that it would be no diminution to them to know a little of theſe matters.

BUT, however incongruous it may be with the character of a fine lady to buſy herſelf about vegetables, uſed either in the kitchen or diſtillery, it cannot be ſo to have a little concern for thoſe that ſo much gratify her ſmell and ſight; — thoſe which ſhe wears in her boſom, and in her hair, and are her moſt becoming ornaments, even amidſt the blaze of jewels, and the glowing gold of the richeſt and beſt fancied brocade or embroidery.

FLOWERS, and thoſe aromatic greens with which our gardens are covered, may be juſtly called the regale that nature preſents us with; and ſure, of all thoſe innumerable pleaſures ſhe beſtows upon us, none can be ſaid to be more exquiſite.

THE jonquil, the roſe, the jeſſamin, the orange-flower, the auricula, and a thouſand others, raviſh two of our ſenſes with their beauty, and the fragrancy of their odour. — Scarce any perſon ſo ſtupid

ſtupid as not to be charmed with them. — They are, I think, the univerſal taſte; — we not only ſee them in gardens, but preſerved in pots and *China* baſons in ladies chambers; and, when deprived of the originals by the cold blaſts of winter, we have them copied in painting, in japanning, and in embroidery.

HOW then can we forbear viſiting our greenhouſes ſometimes, and obſerving the production, the gradual growth, and the preſervation of thoſe plants and flowers, which afford us ſo much pleaſure.

WHY ſhould our gardeners be wiſer than ourſelves? — Why ſhould we put it in their power to deceive us, and not be able to detect either their negligence or want of ſkill in the cultivating a produce we are ſo proud of, when brought to perfection?

WHAT can be more beautiful than an aſſemblage of various flowers, all growing on the ſame tree; and, while we delight our eyes with beholding it, would not our pleaſure be ſtill more elegant in knowing how it comes to paſs.

WOULD it not furniſh agreeable matter for converſation, both to inform thoſe leſs knowing than ourſelves, and to be able to argue with ſuch as pretend to greater ſkill, on the wonderful progreſs of the diſtinct ſap which feeds every different flower, proceeding from ſo many arms of the ſame ſtem?

AMONG all the occupations of gardening, there is none ſo aſtoniſhing as grafting; and we never can too much admire the force of that genial

juice, which in a ſmall ſprig taken off one tree and grafted into another, ſtill retains its primitive nature; and even tho' twenty various kinds ſhould be inoculated in the ſame manner, all of them would preſerve their native purity without the leaſt confuſion, or blending with each other: — ſo that flowers, ſent forth by theſe grafted ſcions, no way differ in colour, ſcent, or figure, from thoſe of their own ſpecies, which grow naturally from one ſtem.

Methinks it is a moſt becoming amuſement, to perſons of my ſex, to ſit by while the gardener is performing ſo curious an operation, nor in the leaſt beneath the dignity of the greateſt lady to aſſiſt his work: — it requires the utmoſt gentleneſs and delicacy to cut the little ſcion exactly to tally with the cleft made in the bark of that ſtock in which it is intended to be grafted; and alſo afterwards to cloſe and ſwathe up the trunk, that no chilling air or rain may penetrate, and prevent the union of the one with the other, till an outer bark ſhall grow over and cement them.

I know there are a great many people who have an averſion to grafting ſcions of different natures, ſuch as the apple and the plumb, the medlar and the grape, or the roſe and the tulip, the carnation and the lilly, on the ſame tree: — They cry it is an abſurdity, — ſomething of a monſtrous appearance, inſtead of a pleaſing wonder: and that every different fruit and flower looks moſt agreeable, when ſupplied from its own root, as ordained by nature; any innovation, or breaking-in upon, of which, are of all things to be avoided.

But theſe objections ſeem to me as proceeding only from a ſour cinical diſpoſition. The trial how far

far *art* may be reconciled with *nature*, is, in my opinion, perfectly harmleſs; affords an innocent amuſement; ſharpens invention; and, as to its offending the eye inſtead of pleaſing it, one may as well ſay that a noſegay or a bough-pot, does ſo, which are always compoſed of as many different flowers as the ſeaſon will permit.

I WONDER people, who talk in this manner, do not condemn nature herſelf for beſtowing on the orange-tree, fruit in its maturity, quite green, and even in bloſſom, all at the ſame time; or explode the plant, and turn it out of their collections and gardens, as an abſurdity and a monſtrous appearance.

OR rather, Why do theſe enemies to art, in this point, allow of it in others? Why do they form ſo many parterres, arcades, trees cut in ſuch variety of figures, and ſhrubs rounded in ſuch a manner by the gardener's ſciſſars, as not to ſeem they ever had been the productions of nature?— Why do they not ſuffer every thing to grow in that luxuriancy and wildneſs as we ſee in foreſts, and uncultivated deſerts? — The order and regularity of a garden ſeems, methinks, not to be correſpondent with their notions.— Away with all terraſſes, caſcades, paliſadoes, bowers, and thoſe other arrangements, which make the difference between the ground poſſeſſed by a nobleman and that of a peaſant. — Let every thing grow as the ſoil and air directs, and ſavage ſimplicity be the only beauties of a rural ſcene.

To behold the progreſs of a flower from its infant bud, then gradually increaſing, and at laſt opening its long-hid beauties to our view, and charming us at the ſame time with its refreſhing

odour, is certainly well worthy our obſervation. But the *ſenſes*, methinks, ought not to ingroſs ſo glorious a benefit: the *mind* ſhould certainly come in for a much greater part, and explore thoſe wonders in them, which cannot fail of raviſhing all its faculties.

Every tree of the foreſt, and herbage of the field, as well as thoſe nobler plants which gain admiſſion into our gardens, are all crowned with flowers, more or leſs beautiful. Theſe flowers produce a ſeed which perpetuate the ſpecies. — Some ſeeds are incloſed in fruits, others in chives, which, when the flower is withered, and in a manner dying, ſcatter themſelves into the earth, and the next year revive again in plants.

To content ourſelves with taſting the reliſh of more luſcious fruits, which, from month to month, are ſucceſſively preſented to us ;— to ſmell the fragrancy of ſome flowers, and look upon the variegated beauty of others, is beneath the dignity of a rational being. If we go farther than this, the birds of the air, the beaſts of the field, and even every creeping inſect, enjoy the charms of nature in as great perfection as we do.

Perhaps too, even the meaneſt reptile may out-rival us in this point ; for, I think, it is agreed on by the learned, that the animal creation in general have a quicker and more poignant ſenſation than is beſtowed upon us. It is in our reaſon, and the power of contemplating on the bleſſings we receive, that the chief happineſs of poſſeſſing them conſiſts.

It is *that*, more than his outward form, which diſtinguiſhes man from the reſt of ſublunary beings :

it

it is *that* which crowns him lord of all; and if he wilfully degrades himſelf, and puts himſelf on a level with his ſubjects, he is unworthy of the honour conferred upon his ſpecies, and ungrateful to the Divine Beſtower.

Can it be ſuppoſed that the Almighty Wiſdom gave ſuch a profuſion of varieties merely to feaſt the *ſenſes* of mankind! — *Senſes*, which all the different religions in the known world, the *Mahometan* not excepted, agree to teach us that we ought not to indulge an exceſs! — No, certainly; — no one that permits himſelf but a moment's conſideration, will venture to affirm it. — They were, without all queſtion, deſtined for a much nobler and exalted purpoſe; to convey inſtruction through the canal of pleaſure; to inſpire us with the higheſt ideas human nature is capable of conceiving of that Divine Bounty to which we are indebted for them; to harmonize the ſoul, and at the ſame time to enable it to pour forth a due tribute of praiſe and adoration.

How ſtrangely incongruous is it then with reaſon, or even with common ſenſe, to imagine, that all thoſe vaſt bodies we ſee glitter in the firmament, and even thoſe we do not ſee, are made wholly to ſerve us, yet think nothing of thoſe about us, the benefits of which we receive every moment, and of which we have the ſole ſovereignty; ſince we alone enjoy the whole of what all other creatures ſhare but their different parts.

Man, if he ſurveys and reflects as he ought to do, on the innumerable advantages, conveniencies, and pleaſures, which wherever he ſteps or caſts his eyes inceſſantly ſurround him, has ſufficient in this world to gratify his pride, without arro-

gantly pretending a right over thoſe he knows nothing of.

Of this we are certain, that the good things of this world are given us for our uſe and contemplation, and to us alone, as alone capable of enjoying them truly.

But I ſhall now take my leave of this ſubject, which having carried me ſomewhat beyond my intentions, I find it impoſſible to preſent the ladies with the *Mirror for true Beauty* till next month, when they may be certain of its being inſerted; with alſo ſome other very agreeable pieces lately come to hand, calculated for general ſervice, but more particularly for thoſe of my own ſex.

End of the Nineteenth Book.

BOOK XX.

OUR ſex are, for the greateſt part, ſo very fond of ſeeing their own pictures, that I am afraid many of them will be diſobliged with the *Female Spectator*, for having till now withheld from them the *Mirror of true Beauty*, which *Philocletes* was ſo good to prepare for them.

But, notwithſtanding curioſity is a paſſion impatient for gratification, I would adviſe my ſex to moderate it as much as they can, and take the warning *Philocletes* himſelf gives in his letter, which ſerved as a cover to the preſent he makes them, and is equally worthy the attention of all who

who wiſh to find an agreeable repreſentation of themſelves, in a glaſs which has nothing of the properties of thoſe they have been accuſtomed to look in.

To the Female Spectator.

Madam,

'I SHALL make no manner of excuſe for troubling you with the incloſed, ſince it is 'evident by all thoſe writings with which you 'have obliged the public, that you have the ho-'nour and welfare of your ſex too much at heart 'to be offended with any thing that can poſſibly 'tend to their profit, pleaſure, or emolument.

'To lend, therefore, what helping hand I can 'to ſo laudable an endeavour, I take the liberty 'to preſent them, by your canal, with *A Mirror 'for true Beauty*, which to thoſe who are really 'poſſeſſed of ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing, cannot but 'afford an adequate ſatisfaction.

'But, as I would be ſorry to give pain to any, 'even of thoſe leaſt deſerving reſpect, I would 'have all who are conſcious of any ſecret blemiſh, 'beware how they look into it, leaſt, inſtead of 'meeting with an agreeable object, they ſhould 'ſee ſomething which ſhould make them ſtart 'back with horror and amazement.

'It is not a ſet of fine-turned features, a com-'plexion for whiteneſs out-dazling the new fallen 'ſnow, or cheeks of a more beautiful tincture 'than the damaſk roſe; — it is not the coral lip, 'or eyes that equal the ſtars in brightneſs, that 'can aſſure the curious fair ſhe will find herſelf in 'this mirror ſuch as ſhe appears in others.

'ALL theſe, and every other unſpeakable grace 'on which the ſex moſt pride themſelves, are in-'ſufficient to compleat the *true beauty*, which it is 'abſolutely neceſſary to be poſſeſſed of, in order 'to find *here* ſuch a reflection as thoſe who con-'ſult it would deſire.

'NOTHING is in fact *true beauty*, but what is 'univerſally allowed to be ſuch; — what is every 'man's taſte, and enforces love and admiration 'from all who behold it: — Now *beauty*, taken 'in the common acceptation of the word, never 'can be ſo, becauſe there are almoſt as many dif-'ferent opinions concerning the requiſites for that 'character, as there are different fancies to be 'charmed by it.

'OUR famous *Engliſh Pindar*, than whom no 'man ever lived was a greater admirer of it, diſ-'covers, however, with the moſt admirable pro-'priety and juſtice, the impoſſibility of fixing a 'ſtandard for deciding what is, and what is not 'beauty.

'*Beauty, thou wild fantaſtic ape,*
'*Which doſt in every country change thy ſhape;*
'*Here black, there brown, here tawny and there*
'*white:*
'*Who haſt no certain what or where,*
'*But varieſt ſtill, and doſt thyſelf declare*
'*Inconſtant, as thy ſhe-profeſſors are.*

'*DRYDEN* alſo has two excellent lines to the 'ſame purpoſe, in his poem of *Palamon* and '*Arcite.*

'*The cauſe of love can never be aſſign'd,*
'*'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.*

'THEY

'THEY muſt therefore be poſſeſſed of that 'kind of beauty which hits every inclination, who 'can view themſelves in this mirror with any 'ſatisfaction.

'YET let not thoſe leaſt flattered by the world 'be afraid of looking into it, perhaps they will find 'charms they have never before conſidered the 'value of; and though they will not be vain on 'the diſcovery, an innate pleaſure, which no 'words can repreſent, will be the conſequence of it.

'LET not the ſmall-pox, ſickneſs, old age, or 'any other of thoſe infirmities the ſex ſtand in ſo 'much fear of, deter any one from ſeeing her reſem-'blance in the mirror I now ſet before them; for 'I am very well aſſured, that thoſe who expect to 'find the feweſt perfections in themſelves will, on 'looking ſeriouſly into it, confeſs the picture truly 'amiable; and be eaſily reconciled to nature, for 'having beſtowed on them graces, infinitely ſupe-'rior to any ſhe may have happened to deny them, 'be the deficiency ever ſo glaring, or may have 'rendered them ever ſo contemptible in the eyes of 'the ill-judging.

'MY mirror has alſo this peculiar property:— 'It is not like other glaſſes daubed on one ſide with 'quickſilver, but clear, tranſparent as innocence 'and truth:— it not only ſhews the perſon who 'looks into it herſelf, ſuch as ſhe is really; but 'diſplays impartially every charm or imperfection 'to thoſe who ſtand on the other ſide, and even at 'a great diſtance from her.

'EVEN in an age when the fair ſex ſeem to 'ſtudy nothing ſo much as to deſtroy that *true* 'beauty they received from the hands of their all-

'beneficent Creator, I hope there will be found a-'mong the number of your readers ſome who may 'fearleſs appear before this all-betraying glaſs ;— 'at leaſt I might depend upon it, could I but as 'eaſily aſſure myſelf, that what the *Female Spectator* has taken the pains to remonſtrate to them, 'had its due weight.

'BUT be that as it may, it is the duty of all 'thoſe who wiſh well to the moſt lovely part of the 'creation, to neglect nothing that may add to 'their charms.

'IT is on this occaſion, madam, I am proud 'to enter into your labours, and am with the moſt 'unfeigned reſpect and veneration,

'*Yours, and your worthy companions,*

'*very much devoted,*

'*and faithful ſervant,*

Cavendiſh-ſquare, 'PHILOCLETES.
Sept. 16, 1745.

A MIRROR *for* TRUE BEAUTY.

'*Moſt humbly preſented to thoſe, who, on due ex-*
'*amination of themſelves, think proper to look into*
'*it, by their*

'*Moſt humble ſervant,*

'*and ſincere admirer,*

'PHILOCLETES.

'APPROACH, ye charming few ! — ye happy ſelect ! whoſe interior beauty ſhines 'through your outward form, adding new graces 'to what nature gave; approach, and ſee your lovely

'lovely portraitures faithfully diſplayed: —Behold 'perfections in yourſelves which are not in the 'power of the painter's art to copy, nor the moſt 'paſſionate and eloquent of your lovers to de-'ſcribe.

'And firſt, ye ſpotleſs virgins! who having 'never known a married ſtate, are equally igno-'rant of all tumultuous deſires, all impatience for 'entering into it: — You, who conſider the dif-'ference of ſexes no farther than to take care to 'behave in ſuch a manner, as not to encourage any 'preſumption in the one, or provoke the malice 'of the other: — You, who deſpiſe the gay fop-'peries of the times, and find it ſufficient to ap-'pear once at each place of preſent reſort, to be 'able to ſhun them all for ever after:—You, who 'never knew a thought, which to avow would call 'a bluſh into your cheeks:—You, who free from 'pride, affectation, vanity or ill-nature, divide 'your hours between acts of duty and innocent 'recreation,—fearleſs draw near, and behold the 'angelic ſweetneſs that dwells on every feature; '— ſee how the unblemiſhed mind ſhines through 'the eyes, diffuſing chearfulneſs to all around, and 'making a kind of heaven wherever you come.

'Next in *true beauty*, ye chaſte wives draw 'near! — You, whoſe pure hearts never enter-'tained one wandering wiſh: — You, whoſe in-'clinations, in all reſpects in life, have ſtill gone 'hand in hand, if not prevented by the will of him 'on whom heaven has beſtowed you: — You, to 'whom all mankind, beſides him you have ſworn 'to love, are but ſo many pictures: —You, whoſe 'œconomy and prudential care enables you to 'appear ſo as to make your fortune ſeem double 'to what it is, yet whoſe hoſpitality renders all

'eaſy

'eaſy who come near you: — You, who know 'how to repay the endearments of the moſt tender 'huſband with ample intereſt;—and you, in whom 'the greateſt provocations of an ill and cruel one 'cannot excite even the moſt diſtant thought of 'injuring his intereſt, honour, or reputation: — 'You, who either by your wiſdom, and reſerved 'behaviour, have avoided every thing that can 'be called temptation; or by your firm adherence 'to virtue, have known how to teſtify a decent 'abhorrence of them, in all circumſtances and in 'all events: — Ye, glorious patterns of connubial 'fidelity, may approach and view the awful dig-'nity that ſits enthroned upon your brows, and 'ſheds a luſtre over all your perſons, at once 'commanding love from all good men, and ad-'miration even from the worſt.

'Last, but not leaſt in fame, ye venerable 'tribe of widowed matrons! You who have paſt 'with honour your two firſt ſtages of life, and 'ſupport the third with a becoming fortitude and 'patience, behold in me your graceful aſpects: — 'You, over whoſe unvariable affection death has 'no power: — You in whoſe faithful hearts your 'huſband ſtill ſurvives: — You, who continue 'wedded to the memory of your firſt love, and 'fly all ſecond offers, though accompanied with 'titles, wealth, and every gilded proſpect, ſo 'enchanting to the leſs conſtant of your ſex: — 'You, whoſe happy offſpring feel not a father's 'loſs in the rich bleſſings of maternal care and 'doubled tenderneſs: — You, whoſe example and 'whoſe ſage advice preſerves the innocent, and 'reclaims the guilty: — You, whoſe *candid praiſes* 'give new ſtrength to *virtue*, and whoſe *mild re-'proofs* make *vice* abhorrent of itſelf: — You, who 'know how to temper gravity with chearfulneſs,

'and

'and to dreſs all, even the ſtricteſt *duties* of a 'woman and a *chriſtian*, in the garb of *pleaſure*: '— You, who anſwer the character the wiſeſt of 'men gives of a virtuous woman, *that her own 'works ſhall praiſe her in the gates*: that praiſe 'will not only be yours, but you will ſee yourſelf 'in this mirror, and be ſeen by others through it, 'with charms which will well compenſate for 'thoſe which either you have been denied by na-'ture, or which time may have deprived you of. 'There will be ſomething of an unſpeakable ma-'jeſty, whether you look, or ſpeak, or move, 'creating eſteem in every beholder's heart; and 'you, and thoſe of the preceeding claſſes, will 'appear ſuch as our admirable *Milton* deſcribes 'the mother of mankind, while in her ſtate of 'innocence:

'*Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye!*
'*In all her motions dignity and love.*

'THESE are the *true beauties* which alone can 'ſee themſelves with any pleaſure; for as for thoſe 'who have forſaken *wiſdom* and followed *folly*, 'who have devoted themſelves to midnight maſ-'querades, immoderate gaming, forgot the duties 'of their ſex and place, and are in any reſpect the 'reverſe of ſuch as I have deſcribed, they muſt 'not be angry with the mirror, if it preſents them 'with deformities they little expected: — If in-'ſtead of blooming graces, and an attractive air 'in their complection and features, they find 'wrinkles, which no *Coſmetick* or *Italian Fucus* 'can fill up: — dimneſs and ſinking in the eyes, 'contortions in the whole face, ſuch as no ſtudied 'arts can rectify, or bring back to their primitive 'harmony: — let, therefore, thoſe fly hence, leſt 'the too terrifying repreſentation ſhould drive them 'into frenzy; at leaſt let them take this caution,

'to

'to approach with fearfulneſs and by degrees: 'even that may ſerve to render their blemiſhes 'leſs hideous than they would ſeem on a ſurprize, 'and as they grow more ſenſible of themſelves, 'thoſe blemiſhes would doubtleſs, if not quite 'wear off, become not ſo conſpicuous as before.'

WE think ourſelves obliged, in the name of the whole ſex, to thank *Philocletes*, for the amiable pictures he has given us of what is *true beauty* in womankind, through the three material circumſtances in life, and in which, indeed, all the others alſo are included.

FOR this reaſon it is utterly impoſſible to add any thing on a ſubject, which in the moſt brief and conciſe manner he has given the fulleſt idea of, and which to expatiate upon, would be not only needleſs, but inſtead of giving any luſtre, would rather ſerve to take from that it has received from his more maſterly genius, and render it more languid, and conſequently leſs effectual.

BUT, methinks, I hear ſome of our modiſh fine ladies cry out, — *What does the man mean? — Does he think the qualifications he ſets down would get any of us one more lover in our train? — Would they not rather render us the jeſt of all the pretty fellows in town?* — Others again, of a yet ſomewhat more ſerious diſpoſition, will ſay, *That if a woman muſt anſwer in every point to the character he gives of* true beauty, *there would be no ſuch thing to be found among the ſex.*

AS to the firſt, it would be altogether in vain to make them any anſwer, ſince it would doubtleſs

leſs be treated with the ſame contempt as the mirror itſelf; but as to the others, I would beg them to reflect, that it is in the power of every woman to be poſſeſſed of that *true beauty* which *Philocletes* has delineated, and it is only the libertine part of the other ſex who ought to make a queſtion of it.

It is true, that all have not an equal ſhare of the perfections of the *mind*, any more than of the *body*, but all may endeavour to improve thoſe they have; and that very attempt would make them appear not altogether deformed, even in *Philocletes*'s mirror.

But I have already, in a former *Spectator*, taken notice, that if we took but half the care of embelliſhing our intellectual part as we do of ſetting off our perſons, both would appear to much more advantage,

Whether any remonſtrances of mine, or of others who are well-wiſhers to the ſex, have been able to work the effect they aimed at, is uncertain; we ought not, however, to give over, becauſe a moment may bring about what whole ages in vain have toiled for; and ſometimes a ſlight word, which perhaps when ſpoken was unheeded, has afterwards recoiled upon the memory, and made an impreſſion on the mind beyond what the moſt elaborate treatiſes had done.

While therefore I am convinced within myſelf, that what I am doing is not only intended, but alſo may poſſibly make any of my readers either better or wiſer, I ſhall eaſily abſolve myſelf for being leſs entertaining than many of them may deſire to expect from me.

IT has, notwithſtanding, been hitherto the care of the *Female Spectator* to mingle pleaſure with inſtruction; and we are far from diſcontinuing the ſame meaſures, tho' it muſt be confeſſed we have of late purſued ſubjects of a more ſerious nature, than thoſe with which we at firſt ſet out.

BUT I truſt we ſhall eaſily be forgiven even by the gayeſt and moſt volatile, as variety is always agreeable to them, eſpecially as we have now by us ſome letters, which I am pretty ſure will be eſteemed of the amuſing kind, and with which we ſhall lard, as it were, our moſt grave ſpeculations, as often as the order in which we receive them will permit.

THE next, which at preſent demands our attention, is a piece, which, we dare depend upon, will be equally agreeable to the gay and ſerious, as it is of a like concern to both, and done in a manner which cannot but pleaſe all of a polite taſte.

To the ingenious Authors of the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

LADIES,

'AS it is not probable that any new thing, eſpecially ſuch as are allowed worthy of reading, ſhould eſcape the examination of the *Female Spectator*, I take it for granted, you are perfectly acquainted with a celebrated piece, firſt publiſhed about two years ſince, and is entitled, *The pleaſures of the imagination:* — The ſubject is ſo copious, and the ingenious author has treated it in ſo philoſophical a manner, that I have been in continual expectation of ſeeing ſomething from you upon it.

'BUT

'But as you have not thought fit to make 'mention of it in any of thoſe eſſays you have 'hitherto publiſhed, I beg leave to offer you ſome 'few thoughts of my own, not on the poem it-'ſelf, but on the matter it contains, which you 'are at liberty either to publiſh or ſuppreſs, as 'you ſhall find moſt expedient.

'Imagination is, indeed, one of the great 'prerogatives of man; and I know not whether 'there is any other thing which ſo much diſtin-'guiſhes him lord of the whole creation.

'It is this aſſemblage, or aſſociation of ideas, 'which convinces us we have a ſoul, and that 'that ſoul is alſo of divine and immortal exiſt-'ence, by its partaking in a lower degree of the 'nature of omniſcience; for to what elſe can be 'aſcribed that ability we find in ourſelves of ſee-'ing what is beyond the reach of the ſenſes?

'We not only have the power of contempla-'ting all in nature, that is, all we can diſcern of 'nature, but of ſoaring with the wings of fancy 'or imagination to the intellectual world, and of 'converſing, as it were, with beings of a ſuperior 'order, and which meer fleſh and blood could 'never attain to any notion of.

'The enquiring mind is ever ſearching, ever 'prying, ever impatient for objects new, won-'derful, and amiable; and what the ſenſes can-'not penetrate, nor even reaſon fathom, imagi-'nation flatters us with preſenting: — by this the 'pooreſt, and moſt abject in condition, may enjoy 'the grandeur and felicity of the moſt opulent;— 'the ill-treated lover be in full poſſeſſion of the 'charms he languiſhes for, and the captive in his

'dungeon

'dungeon enjoy all the ſweets of liberty.—What,
'in effect, the mind cannot attain, when con-
'ſcious of its power, it preſerves a harmony
'within itſelf, and diſdains to be affected with
'any thing relating to ſenſation!

'O wondrous gift! O favourite bleſſing of
'all-beneficent Heaven, never to be too much
'prized; never to be too much acknowledged
'by the grateful, by the enlivened heart!

'Yet may this excelling benefit, like every
'other good, be perverted; and inſtead of the
'happineſs it was intended to confer upon man-
'kind, involve us in the very worſt of miſeries.

'Let us therefore remember, that thoſe ideas,
'which may be ſaid to compoſe imagination, have
'equally the means of giving pain as pleaſure: —
'that there are no misfortunes, no evils, which
'can come in any degree of competition with
'thoſe horrors the mind is capable of preſenting:
'— it frequently, not only ſhews us adverſe for-
'tune in its worſt form, but alſo images out woes
'which never had a being, even ſo far as to drive
'too many of us into frenzy and deſperation.

'How then is this to be avoided, will the liber-
'tine demand?—The queſtion is eaſily anſwered;
'by accuſtoming ourſelves to reflect, and contem-
'plate only on ſuch things as are worthy the at-
'tention of a rational creature.

'For when we ſet our hearts on the purſuit
'of any thing beneath the dignity of our ſpecies,
'or give way to vain paſſions and inordinate de-
'ſires, though a ſanguine conſtitution may enable
'us to form ideas of the gratification of them,

'perhaps

'perhaps even more pleaſing than the very enjoy-
'ment might prove; yet we are in danger every
'moment of a ſad reverſe: — that ſame power
'of imagination, which filled us ſo lately with
'raptures, may give us adequate horrors in turn:
'— this is a certainty which numbers have expe-
'rienced, and I believe nobody will deny.

'WHEN we delight in, and bend our atten-
'tion to the wonders of the creation, and the
'beautiful produce of nature, then indeed may
'contemplation be raviſhed, even to an extaſy;
'the mind will be elated with the bleſſings it finds
'every where beſtowed upon it, and become all
'diſſolved in joy and humble gratitude.

'WOULD man conſider as he ought the mighty
'privileges of his nature, how, half divine, he
'was not formed to be engroſſed by low and ſen-
'ſual objects; but his faculties, which, if rightly
'applied, enable him to partake the fellowſhip
'of angels, and to converſe even with God him-
'ſelf; how much would he deſpiſe all the gaudy
'trifles, which by their painted ſhew attempt to
'lure him from his real good, and with fictitious
'proſpects of high felicity, betray him into depths
'of woe!

'HENCE it follows, that imagination, as it is
'capable of affording us the moſt exquiſite ſatiſ-
'faction the ſoul can know, while it is linked to
'clay, ſo it inflicts on us the bittereſt of ſorrows,
'and the moſt poignant anguiſh.

'IF we do not early harmonize our minds,
'and accuſtom ourſelves to the contemplation of
'the moral virtues, to ſubdue our paſſions, and
'give reaſon an opportunity to exert itſelf, we
'ſhall

'ſhall naturally be led aſtray by the ſenſes, to 'aims, in which imagination will at moſt afford 'us but a ſhort-lived ſatisfaction.

'To well regulate our thoughts was doubtleſs 'the purpoſe of the ingenious author of the poem 'I mentioned, and which gave occaſion to my 'troubling you with this epiſtle: — I am infi-'nitely charmed with that agreeable epiſode which 'ſo beautifully deſcribes *virtue* always attended 'with *pleaſure*, and ſhews how man, when he 'forſakes the *one*, is ſure of being abandoned by 'the *other*.

'BUT with all due deference to this gentle-'man's judgment, I think he has not ſufficiently 'painted out the horrors which imagination pre-'ſents, when we are deprived of the ſociety of 'theſe two amiable companions: — ſuch a repre-'ſentation would not, indeed, have come pro-'perly in under the title he has given his poem; 'but if, inſtead of *The pleaſures of the imagination*, 'which includes but one part of the queſtion, he 'had called it *The force of the imagination*, he 'would then have had full room to exert the 'great talent he has proved himſelf maſter of, in 'ſhewing us the whole of that extenſive faculty.

'I AM loth to think he ſuffered himſelf to be 'deterred from doing what would have rendered 'his work ſo compleat, by any apprehenſions of 'rendering it too ſerious for ſome of his readers; 'I rather believe that he intends a ſecond part, 'in which all the diſtractions which a diſturbed 'imagination can inflict, will be delineated in 'their proper colours.

'IN the mean time, ladies, I ſhould think it 'well

'well worthy the pen of a *Female Spectator* to lay 'down ſome rules, by which the unwary mind 'might be prevented from falling into any dangers 'of the kind I have mentioned.

'IN my opinion, one of the firſt is, never to 'be too much attached to any one thing in life, 'or even to life itſelf.

'TO baniſh all kind of arrogance from the 'heart, and to fix a reſolution of ſubmitting chear-'fully to what fate ordains, will alſo greatly con-'tribute to render our imaginations pleaſing.

'BUT above all things to avoid anxiety for 'the knowledge of future events: — it is ſcarce 'poſſible, but that though the ideas we at firſt 'may form of them may be agreeable, others of 'a different nature will ſucceed, or at leaſt croud 'in among them, to the confuſion of our peace.

'THESE maxims, difficult as they may ſeem, 'may with a great deal of eaſe be put in prac-'tice, by a mind which begins to make the eſſay, 'before any vehement paſſion gets poſſeſſion of 'it, or ill habits have corrupted it.

'THE advice which you, ladies, have already 'given may go a great way towards accompliſh-'ing a work ſo much to be wiſhed: to keep our-'ſelves always employed in ſome praiſe-worthy, or 'at leaſt innocent ſtudies, will doubtleſs prevent, 'in a great meaſure, all peſtilent fancies from 'getting any entrance into the brain.

'BUT as no buſineſs, no avocation whatever, 'will bar the intruſion of ſome ſorts of paſſion, 'we are not to let any one deſire get the better

of

'of us, but to check in their very infancy all 'emotions, whether of pleaſure in the imagina- 'tion of ſucceeding, or of pain in that of a diſ- 'appointment. — Both are alike pernicious, be- 'cauſe the *one* is almoſt always the certain conſe- 'quence of the *other*.

'EVEN friendſhip, the nobleſt, pureſt, and 'moſt exalted paſſion of the ſoul, ought alſo to 'have its bounds. — To ſpeak in the language of 'divinity, whenever we love the *creature* more 'than the *Creator*, we may expect ſome heavy 'affliction to fall on us, either wounding us in 'our own perſons, or in that of the object of our 'too violent affection: but ſetting aſide the pre- 'cepts of religion, thoſe of common reaſon and 'experience will inform us, that imagination will 'be very buſy in preſenting us with ideas diſturb- 'ing to our peace, whenever we are abſent from 'the perſon who ſo much engroſſes our cares.

'WE ſhould therefore endeavour ſo to regu- 'late all our affections and inclinations, even tho' 'of the moſt laudable kind, that the over aſſi- 'duity for the performance of one duty ſhall not 'occaſion us to neglect the others, as is too fre- 'quently the caſe with the very beſt of people; 'for devotion itſelf may become a fault, when 'carried to a pitch of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm.

'IN fine, whoever gives too great a looſe to 'imagination, will be in danger of feeling its hor- 'rors as well as pleaſures; and though nothing 'affords a ſatisfaction equal to that of contem- 'plation on worthy objects, yet when indulged to 'an exceſs, becomes the very reverſe, and fills us 'with apprehenſions of diſaſters which are with- 'out exiſtence.

'I SHOULD

'I SHOULD, notwithſtanding, be ſorry, that 'what I have ſaid ſhould deprive any one of the 'pleaſures of imagination: — let us, in the name 'of God, enjoy them in as full a manner as the 'beneficent Author intended; but let not the 'power he has given us be abuſed, or proſtituted 'to ends unworthy of it: — let us confine our 'contemplations to ſuch objects as the poem be-'fore me directs; let us ſtudy natural and moral 'philoſophy, we ſhall find enough of them to en-'tertain and charm the moſt extenſive mind, and, 'if we deſcend no lower, can never feel the woes 'of imagination,

'ALL I have offered is only to warn thoſe who 'are addicted to ſolitude and much thinking, how 'they ſuffer fancy to fix itſelf too intenſely on 'ſuch things as can be of no advantage to them, 'but to have always in mind the petition Dr. *Young* makes to Heaven, in the firſt book of his 'excellent poem, intitled *The Complaint*, or *Night Thoughts, on Life, Death, and Immortality*: 'the words are theſe.

'*Teach my beſt reaſon reaſon, to my will*
'*Teach rectitude.*

'IT is certain, that while uncorrupted reaſon 'guides the will, we ſhall have no imaginations 'but ſuch as are ſerene and pleaſing: we ſhall 'make the true uſe of that divine gift which hea-'ven has left intirely to our own management, 'and by that permiſſion, as well as by the gift 'itſelf, renders us little inferior to the angels.

'BUT I fear being too tedious; — if the in-'ſerting this, or any hints taken from it, will be 'of the leaſt ſervice to you, or to your readers, 'you may be aſſured it will afford one pleaſing

'topic for imagination to him, who is with all 'poſſible regard,

'Ladies,

'*Your moſt faithful,*

Oxford, '*and moſt humble ſervant,*
Sept. 20, 1745.

ACASTO.

I believe the greateſt admirers of Mr. *Akinſide*'s poem, will not be offended at any thing *Acaſto* has offered in relation to it:—it is, without doubt, an excellent performance, truly poetic, elegant, full of noble ſentiments, and highly conducive to the end he propoſes by it; to harmonize the mind, and awaken it to a juſt ſenſe of the immenſe obligations conferred on it by the Deity.

Yet I cannot but ſay, that it would have been of more general ſervice, had thoſe miſeries, which the powers of imagination are capable of afflicting, been delineated with the ſame energy and ſpirit, as the *pleaſures* which ariſe from it.

The reaſon is obvious, and needs no explanation; ſince none but minds refined and delicate are qualified to reliſh the *one*, but all may feel the *other* in a more or leſs degree.

A person of weak intellects, in attempting to ſoar too high a flight, not ſeldom ſhares the fate of *Icarus*, and, inſtead of the wonders he is endeavouring to explore, falls at once into an irreconcileable depth of confuſion and perplexity.

Whence is madneſs,—whence is deſpair, with all its train of nameleſs horrors, but from the ideas which imagination forms!

When

WHEN imagination is invigorated by any inordinate paſſion or deſire, as *Acaſto* moſt juſtly obſerves, to what frightful extravagancies may we not be tranſported? — Deeds, which in fact we ſhudder at, we then make no ſcruple to commit in *fancy*; — indulge the guilty wiſh, and ſatiate in theory, love and revenge, till new ideas riſe in the tormented brain, and diſappointment glares us in the face; — then, doubly curſed, we are in that ſtate of mind which *Milton* ſo well deſcribes of our firſt parents after their loſs of innocence:

They ſat them down to weep, not only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but worſe, high winds within
Began to riſe; high paſſions, anger, hate,
Miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
Their inward ſtate of mind, calm region once,
And full of peace, now toſs'd and turbulent;
For underſtanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her love, both in ſubjection now
To ſenſual appetite, who from beneath,
Uſurping over ſovereign reaſon, claim'd
Superior ſway.

BUT however deſtructive the powers of imagination may be to ſome minds, by being perverted, or too far exerted, the poet in repreſenting the pleaſures flowing from them, if rightly applied, cannot be condemned; becauſe, according to my judgment, he confines thoſe pleaſures intirely to the contemplation of the Deity, and the all-wonderful, beauteous, and diverſified charms of nature, and the laudable imitation of every thing ſhe preſents that is great, lovely, or novel, which, as he truly ſays, are the three qualities which chiefly ſtrike upon the mind, and give imagination leave to play.

THAT beautiful allegory in his ſecond book,

where he introduces the genius of the human ſpecies, as chiding the narrow conceptions of his ſons, and their unjuſt repining at Providence for particular woes, gives us an inſtructive leſſon of fortitude, humility, and reſignation to the Divine Will, which conducts every individual for the good of the whole.

HIS quotation from *Plato* in the marginal notes on this paſſage, is alſo admirably adapted, and ſerves not only as an explanation of his meaning in the poem, but very much inforces it; inſomuch, that it were to be wiſhed, many who call themſelves *chriſtians* would conſider ſeriouſly of what this heathen philoſopher has ſaid, and they would then know better how to form both their ſentiments and practice more agreeable to the dignity of their nature, ſetting aſide their profeſſion, than they now ſeem to do.

PHILOSOPHY is indeed our great reſource, when under the apprehenſion of, or really enduring ills; and when we have ravaged all that has been urged in the voluminous tracts of religious ſelf-denial and patient ſuffering, thither we muſt come at laſt; as *Lucretius*, tho' in many things blameable, in this ought to be regarded: Mr. *Dryden*, who certainly has done him juſtice, has, in more than one of his works, taken notice of ſome lines from that great author, which I think it will not be improper here to tranſcribe, as ſome of my readers may poſſibly not have met with them, and ought to be well conſidered by every one.

Oh! if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burthen lodg'd within the breaſt;

Sure

Sure they would change their courſe; nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſy both in country and in town,
They ſearch a place to lay their fardel down:
One, reſtleſs in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to lay behind the load;
But ſtrait returns; for he's as reſtleſs there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire:
No ſooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the city, which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill:
The ſhaking fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill.
No proſpect of repoſe, no hope of eaſe,
The wretch is ignorant of his own diſeaſe;
Which known would all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare,
For he would know the world not worth his care.
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe,
And ſtudy nature well, and nature's laws.

WHOEVER indeed does this, will find the powers of imagination pleaſing to him; but whoever neglects it, will always have ſomething, either real or ideal, to torment him.

EVERY one knows, that it is the property of a ſtrong and lively imagination, to magnify all that is within its reach, which is not only all that is in nature, but even beyond nature: — it contents not itſelf with enhancing the woes it finds, but creates new ones, and ſuch as are even morally impoſſible ſhould ever come to paſs.

It alſo very frequently happens, that in endeavouring to avoid an *imaginary* ill, we run into a *real* one; and ſo ſtrong has this ſelf-deception ſometimes been, that all the remonſtrances made by our friends, or by our own reaſon, have proved ineffectual to eraſe an impreſſion imprinted on our minds meerly by ſome ſudden fancy.

I once heard of a man, who having dreamt his houſe was on fire, could not be perſwaded after he was awake but that it was ſo:—he was certain he ſmelt ſmoke, and the fright depriving him of all conſideration, he threw open the doors, and cried out for help:—the neighbours were inſtantly alarmed,—his houſe full of people,—and among the crowd, a number of thoſe wretches who watch for an opportunity of profiting themſelves in ſuch calamities, under pretence of aſſiſting the perſon in diſtreſs.

Every room was carefully examined, and he was at laſt convinced, that imagination had impoſed on his underſtanding:—there was no fire, nor the leaſt appearance of any; but, poor unhappy man, while he was buſy in ſearching one chamber, the plunderers ſtill ſtript the others, till they had left but little for the flames to deſtroy, if there really had been any; moſt of it being carried off in the confuſion, none knew by whom, and he had ſcarce a bed left to lye upon, or the leaſt conveniency whatever.

On perceiving his misfortune, the ſame force of imagination, which had firſt occaſioned, now repreſented it in more ſhocking colours than it indeed deſerved, becauſe it ſeems he had a competent eſtate in land, which could neither be burned

ed or ſtole away, and afforded more than ſufficiency for his ſupport.

HE thought, however, of nothing but periſhing for want, and all the terrors of ſuch a condition at once aſſailing him, intirely unhinged reaſon and reflection; and hurried by the black idea, he threw himſelf headlong out of a window, two ſtories from the ſtreet, where his brains were daſhed upon the pavement.

SAD inſtance what the force of a perverted imagination can perform! If the ſtory be true, which though I will not pretend to affirm, muſt own, I can find nothing in it that is in the leaſt incompatible with probability.

THE hiſtories of former times preſent us with a cloud of teſtimonies, that not only private men but whole nations have been ſo infatuated by ideas of their own formation, that they have run with the utmoſt zeal and precipitation, nay courted the very greateſt of miſchiefs, on no other motive than to be free from even the bare apprehenſions of the ſmalleſt and moſt inconſiderable, were they in reality to arrive.

LET the ringleaders of the populace but once be fired with a ſtrong imagination of any thing, be it never ſo oppoſite to reaſon, truth, or juſtice, the whole rabble catch immediately the infection, join in full cry, abetting with their whole force the madneſs. As the poet ſays,

Almighty crowd! thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute;
Power is thy eſſence, wit thy attribute;
Nor faith, nor reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal truths in thy pindaric way.

Yet popular applauſe, the noiſy praiſe
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, often without a cauſe:
Servant to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of ſwell'n ſucceſs; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

BUT ſuppoſing that no inconvenience, no diſaſter befalls us, beſides the horrors we ſuſtain by figuring to ourſelves misfortunes, ſure they of themſelves might be ſufficient to deter any reaſonable perſon from giving way to them.

To be plain, I would, methinks, not have contemplation confounded with the powers of imagination, the latter of which borders too much on fancy and fiction, whereas the other is under the government of reaſon, and guided by truth.

THE learned author, whoſe poem gave occaſion both for the letter from *Acaſto*, and our remarks upon it, is very copious in his praiſes on imagination, as it refines the ſublime and polite arts of poetry, muſic, and ſculpture: there is no queſtion to be made but in imitation, is is not only an help but an inſpirer; but then we ought to obſerve, that every ſcience ſeeks to delight, not terrify the mind. — When the famous *Apelles* attempted to draw the picture of a wretch expiring on the rack, that imagination, which he had been accuſtomed to exert in his more delightful repreſentations, ſtood him in no ſtead in this: — often he eſſayed, but eſſayed in vain; till enraged at the diſappointment, he threw his pallat at the picture, part of which, daubed as it was with various colours, glancing on the face of the man he had been drawing, gave an agony to the features

tures which his own fancy was too compoſed to give him any juſt idea of.

LET imagination, however, be allowed to contribute greatly to the works of imitation; where it can poſſibly have no prejudicial effect on the intenſe mind, when once the work is compleated, ſtill it will be found dangerous where no ſuch avocation demands it, becauſe it being ſo active a quality, it muſt have ſome employment of one kind or other, and if great care be not taken to provide ſuch for it as is conducive to happineſs, there is more than a poſſibility it will find ſuch for itſelf as leads to miſery and diſquiet.

THE marquis *du Park*, in his excellent treatiſe entitled, *Rules for the well regulating the mind*, gives us among many others this maxim:

'WHENEVER a receſs from buſineſs, or the 'active pleaſures of the world, invite you to in-'dulge reflection and meditation, chuſe for your 'object only ſuch things as may either improve or 'delight: — endeavour, as much as poſſible, to 'avoid all diſtractions of ideas, — all wandering 'and confuſed images: for on the being able to 'preſerve a clear, unmixed, and chearful imagi-'nation, depends, in a great meaſure, the con-'duct of your future actions.'

IMAGINATION, ſays another great author, is the fountain head, from which all the movements of life are derived: — *imagination* is the ſource of *contemplation*, — *contemplation* produces *deſign*, — and *deſign* breaks forth in *action*; ſo that if the firſt is vitiated and corrupt, all the others will naturally be impure.

Too much, indeed, cannot be ſaid to warn people of the dangers of giving way to any gloomy diſcontented thoughts; for, if in the leaſt indulged, they will infallibly grow upon the mind, and form at laſt the moſt frightful and horrible ideas.

THE *Female Spectator*, therefore, is obliged to join with *Acaſto* in wiſhing, that the ſame kind hand, which has ſo elegantly painted out to us the *pleaſures* reſulting from imagination, had alſo given a picture of the pains to which we may be ſubjected, in caſe the powers of that extenſive quality are not reſtrained within due bounds, and under the guidance of right reaſon.

BUT ſhould that gentleman either not think fit to treat upon the ſubject, or be hindered from obliging the world by his other more profitable avocation, *Mira*, our worthy preſident, informs us, that a friend of her's, who wants no capacity for ſuch an undertaking, is now writing a poem on that ſubject, which ſhe aſſures us there is no room to doubt will be very touching, as the author himſelf has felt, in a very ſevere manner, the anguiſh he attempts to deſcribe.

IF nothing of that kind, which his modeſty may make him think better than his own, appears in print, before he has concluded his poem, we flatter ourſelves we ſhall have the pleaſure to communicate it to the world in one of our future lucubrations.

BUT our correſpondents I am afraid by this time begin to think themſelves neglected: I muſt, therefore, according to my uſual cuſtom, go on with the ſeveral letters I have been favoured with, at leaſt thoſe of them which are not improper to be

be inſerted in a work of this nature, I mean ſuch as to our judgment appears ſo. — If at any time we ſhould happen to be miſtaken, I truſt the public will forgive it, as a fault not proceeding from deſign; and which, on a candid remonſtrance from any of our judicious readers, we ſhould endeavour to rectify by a future and more exact circumſpection.

THE following is a complaint, grounded indeed on too common a foundation, and in which melancholly truth it is not to be doubted, but a great many of our ſex have ſufficient cauſe to join in conſort with the fair author, though they have ſubmitted to their fate in ſilence, perhaps to the ruin of their own future peace.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'THE good advice you have given our ſex, 'and the tenderneſs you have always ex-'preſſed for our well doing in the world, embol-'dens me to become one of your correſpondents, 'though, Heaven knows, little qualified to write 'to a perſon of ſo polite a taſte, much leſs to ap-'pear in print.

'THE matter, however, will, I hope, excuſe 'the manner in which I expreſs myſelf both to 'you and to the world; and as I have no other 'view in publiſhing my unfortunate ſtory, but 'to prevent others from being ſubjected to the 'ſame fate, and giving you an opportunity to ex-'patiate on a cruelty too much practiſed, and too 'little condemned by the generality of people, I 'cannot, I think, be blamed, with any ſhew of 'juſtice, for ſo doing.

'WITHOUT any farther apology then, ma-
'dam, permit me to acquaint you, I am the only
'daughter of a perſon, who, by his own induſtry
'and great ſucceſs in trade, has accumulated a
'very large fortune; my mother dying when I
'was very young, he made up that loſs to me by
'an extraordinary care both of my perſon and
'education; the latter of which was indeed be-
'yond what is ordinarily allowed by perſons of
'his ſtation to their children, eſpecially daughters;
'but as I was his all, and he declared againſt a
'ſecond marriage, therefore was to inherit what-
'ever he ſhould die poſſeſſed of, he told every
'body that he would bring me up ſo as not to
'let me be a diſgrace to my fortune.

'IN this reſolution he perſevered, till I arrived
'at the age of fifteen, or thereabouts, when I firſt
'began to perceive an alteration: — tho' wealth
'continued to flow in upon him, and no diſap-
'pointments happened in any of his undertakings,
'he grew extremely parſimonious, and at laſt quite
'covetous: — he retrenched the number of his
'ſervants, the diſhes on his table, and even de-
'nied himſelf a bottle of wine in an evening, a
'thing he was wont to ſay he could not live
'without.

'AMIDST this new œconomy it is not to be
'doubted but that I had my ſhare: — my uſual
'ſtipend for pocket-money was leſſened, had new
'cloaths but ſeldom, and of a cheaper ſort than
'formerly, and was now never ſuffered to go to
'a play, opera, or any other public diverſion; not
'that he diſliked them on any other account than
'the expence, but every thing that exceeded the
'common neceſſaries of life he now looked upon
'as ſo many extravagancies.

'THIS,

'THIS, madam, you may perhaps imagine 'was a very great mortification to me; and it 'would, indeed, have been ſo, had I not been 'taken up at that time, as it happened, with 'thoughts which left me no room to conſider on 'any thing beſide.

'THE ſon of a *Leiceſterſhire* gentleman, who, 'whenever he came to town, lodged at our 'houſe, found ſomething in me that he thought 'worthy of the moſt ſerious attachment, and I, 'for my part, had never ſeen any man before him 'whoſe idea was capable of giving me either pain 'or pleaſure in the leaſt degree.

'IN fine, having a mutual affection for each 'other, it was eaſy for him to prevail on me to 'permit him to acquaint both our parents with 'it: — the ſuppoſition of my being a great for-'tune made *his* liſten with a very favourable ear 'to the propoſal; and *mine* had no objection to 'make, as the young gentleman was heir to a 'very good eſtate, and had withal a fair charac-'ter from all that knew him.

'THAT love which before we had kept a ſe-'cret from all the world, was now avowed to all 'our friends and acquaintance; and none among 'them but thought the union between us, which 'was ſoon expected, would be extremely agree-'able on all accounts.

'For us, we thought of nothing but indulging 'the gayeſt hopes of future felicity, and had not 'the leaſt notion of any diſappointment in an af-'fair which was ſo well approved of by thoſe who 'had the diſpoſal of us.

'BUT,

'BUT, alaſs! we ſoon found we had but deceived ourſelves, and that the inchanting proſpect before our eyes was no more than an illuſion, which only ſerved to make the coming misfortune leſs eaſy to be borne: — the material point to make us happy was yet wanting, though we had never once conſidered it: — our own wiſhes, our ambition centered only in the poſſeſſion of each other, and we looked no farther.

'As we had converſed together ſome time, the father of my lover thought it proper to aſk mine what portion he intended to beſtow on me, that he might order his lawyer to draw up articles, and make a ſuitable ſettlement on me. To this my father anſwered, that there was no need of being at that trouble; that as I was to have all he had after his deceaſe, he did not think of parting with any ſum of money by way of portion before, which he might have occaſion for in trade, and the other could not want, having ſo good an eſtate.

'How much the gentleman was ſurprized at ſo unexpected a reply, I leave you to gueſs: — they had it ſeems a long debate upon it, however; but the one thinking it unreaſonable his ſon ſhould marry on ſuch terms, and the other being determined not to beſtow any money with me, they broke off the whole affair, both mutually exclaiming againſt the injuſtice of the other.

'MY lover was now forbid by his father, ever to ſee or write to me any more, and I was told I ought to deſpiſe him, for all the paſſion he pretended to have for me, was only for the portion he expected to receive with me.

'I OWN

'I OWN to you, madam, that at firſt this gave 'ſome alarm to my pride, but the dear injured 'youth ſoon convinced me of his fidelity, and diſ-'intereſted tenderneſs he felt for me, by making 'uſe of all the arguments in his power to prevail 'on me to be married in private; and when he 'found I would by no means conſent to that, of-'fered to lead me publickly to the altar, though 'he ſhould, by ſo doing, incur the eternal diſ-'pleaſure of his father, and be deprived of all he 'was born to poſſeſs.

'THIS propoſal ſeemed more extravagant than 'the other, and young as I was, and as much as 'I loved, and ſtill do love, I could not think of 'gratifying that love at the expence of rendering 'myſelf, and the perſon ſo dear to me, unhappy in 'every circumſtance of life, perhaps for ever. — 'I obliged him therefore to be content with ſeeing 'me at a friend's houſe, where we ſometimes met 'by ſtealth, till heaven ſhould be pleaſed to make 'ſome alteration in our fate, by turning one, or 'both our parents hearts.

'A SOLEMN promiſe paſt, however, between 'us, never to liſten with an aſſenting ear to any 'offers of marriage that might be made to either, 'but preſerve, through all temptations whatever, 'both heart and hand for one another.

'THIS is now near three years ſince, in which 'time ſeveral very advantageous matches have 'been propoſed to him, all which he has rejected, 'with a firmneſs which well teſtifies both his ho-'nour and his love.

'BUT now, dear *Female Spectator*, comes the 'ſevereſt and moſt ſhocking part of my misfor-'tune:

'tune: — it was not enough for my cruel father 'to tear me from the only man I ever did, or 'ever can love: — it was not enough that he re-'proached me in the moſt bitter terms for not 'joining with him in railing againſt a perſon, who, 'my ſoul knew, merited the moſt exalted praiſes: '— it was not enough to withdraw all that father-'ly affection he was accuſtomed to treat me with, 'and for theſe three long years treat me rather as 'an alien than a child: — all this, I ſay, was not 'ſufficient, without intailing a miſery upon me, 'which but with my life I never can be eaſed of.

'In a word, madam, he has provided a huſ-'band for me, to whom, if I conſent not to be a 'wife, am to be turned out of doors, without the 'leaſt preſent ſupport, or hopes of any even at 'his death: — that inſtead of the bleſſings of a fa-'ther, I muſt receive only curſes both living and 'dying. — My heart ſhudders while I am writing 'this, at the dreadful remembrance of what he has 'ſaid to me on this occaſion; and at the impoſſi-'bility there ſeems of my any way avoiding doing 'what will render me not only wretched to a de-'gree beyond what any words can repreſent, but 'equally wicked, by becoming perfidious and un-'grateful to the dear and worthy object of my 'firſt vows.

'Several of our relations perceiving my 'averſion to this hateful match, have uſed their 'utmoſt intereſt with my father not to force my 'inclinations; but he continues inflexible, and 'their ſollicitations rather ſerve to make him 'haſten my misfortune, than to ward it off; be-'cauſe, as he ſays, he will not be tiezed on a ſub-'ject he is determined to perſiſt in.

'The

'The grand motive is, that the perſon to 'whom my ill ſtars have rendered me amiable, 'deſires no money with me, and has it beſides 'greatly in his power to be ſerviceable to my fa-'ther in his way of buſineſs.

'These are the merits for which he is pre-'ferred: — theſe make him in the eyes of an ava-'ritious parent appear a ſuitable match; though 'to give his character impartially, and without 'any of the reaſons I have for an averſion, the 'moſt indifferent and diſintereſted perſon muſt 'allow, that his form is very ungraceful, that he 'has the misfortune of being lame in one arm, 'that his countenance is ſour, and that he is al-'moſt three times my age: — I ſay nothing of his 'humour, becauſe I am not ſufficiently acquainted 'with it to be a judge; but the world does not 'ſeem to think very favourable of it.

'I do not mention this, madam, as having any 'ſway over my mind, for were he, inſtead of the 'moſt diſagreeable, the moſt lovely man Heaven 'ever formed, I ſhould deteſt him equally, if at-'tempting to invade that conſtancy I have pro-'miſed to my firſt love.

'Yet, wretch that I am, I am upon the point 'of doing what the moſt falſe and perfidious of 'my ſex could but do; — and in that light ſhall 'I appear to all who know the profeſſions of eter-'nal love I have made to him, whom I am now 'about to render miſerable for ever. — My wed-'ding cloaths are making, (would to God it were 'my winding-ſheet) and I muſt, in a few days, be 'forced into a bridal bed, by far more dreadful to 'me than the grave.

'The

'THE only eaſe under this heavy affliction I 'can enjoy is, in the hope my ſtory will influence 'you to ſay ſomething in your perſuaſive manner 'that may have its due weight with other parents, '(for I deſpair of mine being moved, even with 'an angel's eloquence:) unhappy as I am, I wiſh 'not to have any ſharer in the ſame fate, though 'I am afraid too many have and will: that the 'number may decreaſe, however, is the ſincere 'prayer of,

GOOD MADAM,

Cheapſide, Oct. 2, 1745. *Your moſt unfortunate ſervant,* MONYMA.

P. S. 'Next thurſday is the day appointed for 'my doom, if it be poſſible for me to ſurvive till 'then:—think of me with compaſſion, it is all 'can now be done for me.'

HEARTS the leaſt ſenſible of the woes of others cannot but be touched with the moſt tender commiſeration for *Monyma*'s condition; nor can any reaſonable perſon ſeriouſly reflect on the conduct of her father in this affair without paſſing the ſevereſt cenſure on it.

UNACCOUNTABLE is it, as well as unnatural, that parents, who in general are fond of their children while they are very young, can afterwards reſolve to make them for ever miſerable, only to gratify ſome ſordid intereſt of their own.

MOST indeed of thoſe who thus force the inclinations of their children, being paſt all ſenſe of the ſofter paſſions themſelves, think they are acting for their good, while they oblige them to ſacrifice love

love to ambition; but the father of this young lady carried his avarice to a much higher pitch than one ſhall ordinarily hear of: — it ſeemed not to be ſo much what the world calls intereſt for her ſake, as for his own ſelfiſhneſs in keeping his money, that he forced her from a man ſo dear to her, and compelled her to give herſelf to another equally hateful.

DETESTABLE propenſity, to what does it tranſport us! — every noble, generous, or humane ſentiment is dead within us, when once it takes poſſeſſion of the ſoul: — nay, we ſeem even abandoned by common ſenſe, and act not only in direct oppoſition to our pretences, but likewiſe run counter to what we think or deſire within ourſelves.

WE *throw away* our eſtates, in the vain hope of *doubling* them: — we forfeit our *honeſty*, with a view of acquiring *honour*: — we deſcend to the moſt contemptible and mean actions, in the expectation of becoming *great*: — in a word, a perſon whoſe ſoul is devoted to avarice, or falſe ambition, is guilty of all manner of inconſiſtencies, and while intending to purſue good fortune, blindly puſhes away the goddeſs he adores.

THERE is beſides in this paſſion, above all others, an obſtinacy that ſo far hardens the heart, as to render it impenetrable to all the aſſaults of nature, as well as inflexible to the remonſtrances of reaſon and religion.

JUSTLY does our excellent *Dryden*, in his play *Amphytrion*, make *Jupiter* ſay,

——*When*

———*When I made*
This gold, I made a greater god than Jove,
And gave my own omnipotence away.

AND the more humourous, tho' not leſs witty poet, ſpeaking of gold, tells us, that

Money is ſtill the common ſcale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale:
Ev'n in th' affairs of church and ſtate,
It's both the ballance and the weight.
'Tis beauty too ſtill in the flow'r,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and ſacred call;
For what's the worth of any thing,
But ſo much money as 'twill bring.

IF it were poſſible for a generous mind to be diverted with the depravities of human nature, how would it make one laugh to ſee a wretch hug himſelf for his cunning, and perfect knowledge of the world, as he imagines, while perhaps he is the dupe of thoſe who extol his good ſenſe, and a prey even to the very worſt of ſharpers!

THERE is not, in fine, a more high road to beggary than avarice, yet will not the fate of thouſands warn others from falling into the ſame ſnare. —They ſee a few have had the good luck to amaſs great ſums, and every one fancies himſelf capable of managing ſo as to have the ſame acceſſion.

WRETCHED ſtupidity! where to one that ſucceeds, a thouſand are undone.

BUT to return to the unhappy *Monyma*. The *Female Spectator* ſincerely wiſhes her caſe had been

been ſooner communicated: all remonſtrances on one ſide, or advice on the other, would now come too late, if her fate was really decided at the time ſhe mentions in her letter.

OTHERWISE there is no one member of our club, not even *Euphroſine* herſelf, who is the moſt perfect pattern of an implicit obedience I ever knew, but is of opinion, that *Monyma*, circumſtanced as ſhe was, and under a former engagement, might have refuſed entering into a ſecond, without incurring any juſt cenſure from the world.

WE ſhould not have adviſed ſo far indeed as for her to marry her young lover; for that would have been to have flown directly in the face of paternal authority, and a breach of duty which no exigence could have rendered excuſable; but we think, at the ſame time, that ſhe might eaſily have been abſolved for perſiſting in her refuſal of the other.

BY debarring herſelf from purſuing her inclinations, ſhe would ſufficiently have diſcharged all that filial duty demanded from her; and by continuing reſolute, to ſuffer any thing, rather than yield herſelf to one for whom ſhe could have no inclination, ſhe would have given a ſhining teſtimony of love and conſtancy to him who ſeems ſo well to deſerve it from her:—whereas, by acting in the manner ſhe has done, ſhe has not only involved herſelf, but the object of her affection, in miſeries, which, in all probability, will be as laſting as their lives.

I KNOW very well it may be ſaid, by ſome over-

over-diſcreet perſons, that ſhe had no other courſe to take; and doubtleſs ſhe was of that opinion herſelf, that if her father had made good his menace, and turned her out of doors, ſhe muſt have been expoſed to inſults, reproaches, and all the ills that poverty brings with it.—But I can ſcarce think her condition would have been ſo deſperate, even had her Father in reality abandoned her; ſhe has doubtleſs relations and friends, ſome of whom certainly would have taken pity of a young creature that ſtood in need of their aſſiſtance, by no other crime than her ſtrict adherence to love and honour: or if, as indeed there are not many inſtances of natural affection in this iron-hearted age, all hopes of this kind had failed, that education ſhe confeſſes to have had, might certainly have furniſhed her with ſome means or other of ſupport.

Neither can we believe, without being uncharitable, that her father would not in time have relented, at leaſt ſo far as to take her home again, if not been brought to conſent to the terms required of him for her more perfect happineſs.

But when the indiſſoluble union of marriage is once formed, how diſagreeable ſoever it may be at firſt, it is the buſineſs and the duty of each, thus joined, to render themſelves, and partner for life, as eaſy as poſſible:—all after-reflections,—all ſtruggles, ſerve only to render the misfortune more grievous, and add new weights to a load already but too galling.

We therefore hope *Monyma*'s good ſenſe will enable her to endeavour a forgetfulneſs of every thing that may occaſion a melancholly in herſelf, or

or a diſſatisfaction to her huſband:—virtue, religion, reputation, reaſon, and intereſt, all concur to exact it from her; and in fulfilling their dictates, ſhe can only expect to find any true eaſe or conſolation.

AND this is all we have in our power to offer on her account.

WE ſhall now preſent our readers with a piece which we may juſtly ſay is very curious, ſince we have received it from one of the beſt judges the preſent age affords; though, perhaps, to avoid the many compliments might be made him on the occaſion, he conceals himſelf from the public under a feigned name.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'THIS brings you a piece of antiquity, which, 'I believe, you will think worthy a place 'in your agreeable miſcellany of beneficial and 'entertaining topics:—it can indeed be called no 'other than a fragment, but ſuppoſed to be wrote 'by the famous *Ovid* in his baniſhment:—it cer-'tainly has a good deal of the ſtyle of that tender 'poet, and in the original diſcovers the utmoſt 'purity of the *Latin*, as ſpoken at that time, 'which, perhaps, was the moſt flouriſhing æra 'for polite literature the world has ever yet 'known.

'I DARE anſwer you will not think it has loſt 'much by the tranſlation, when I ſhall tell you it 'was put into *Engliſh* by Dr. *Atterbury*, late lord 'biſhop of *Rocheſter*, as a certain noble earl,

'from

'from whom I received it, did me the honour to
'aſſure me. I am,

MADAM,

With the greateſt reſpect,

Your very humble,

October 29, 1745. *And moſt obedient ſervant,*
Giles's Coffee-houſe.

ANTIQUARIUS.

HERE follow the papers this obliging correſpondent has favoured us with, and for which he has our moſt grateful acknowledgments.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, *to* LIVIA DRUSILLA.

EPISTLE the Firſt.

'WONDER not, O too lovely wife of *Tiberius!* at receiving an epiſtle from *Auguſtus:* — a power, ſuperior to my own, conſtrains 'me to implore from you that pity and protection for which ſo many millions are indebted to 'me. — The preſent ſituation of my heart deprives me of all my former dignity: I no longer 'glory in being maſter of the world, unleſs I 'could boaſt at the ſame time of being the maſter 'of your heart. — I have ſeen you, moſt adorable 'Livia, and if you either know yourſelf, or have 'in the leaſt conſidered the confuſion of my looks 'in that dear fatal interview, there is no need to 'tell you that I *love*; — love, with a paſſion worthy of your charms, and of the breaſt that harbours it: — a paſſion ſuch as *Livia* only can inſpire, — *Auguſtus* only feel. — The inventor of

'the

'the *Brazen Bull** juſtly experienced thoſe tor-
'tures his cruel wit prepared for others; but I,
'in inſtituting an entertainment † which ſhould
'at once pleaſe and inſtruct my people, found a
'deſtiny § no leſs ſevere than his.

'It is in your boſom alone to reverſe the ſen-
'tence paſt on me by that God whoſe laws per-
'haps I have hitherto too much contemned, and
'render me as happy as I am now the contrary.

'Think, therefore, think, divineſt *Livia!*
'that ſomething is due to my ſufferings, and yet
'much more to my character, and you will then
'do all you can for your lover, and your emperor,

'AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Livia Druſilla, *to* Auguſtus Cæsar, her Lord and Emperor.

EPISTLE the Second.

'YOU command me, O mighty *Cæſar!* to
'receive without ſurprize the honour of your
'epiſtle:—how impoſſible is it for me to obey
'you!—I would fain perſuade myſelf, that the
'race from which I ſprung,—the innocence of all
'my actions,—my huſband's ſervices and charac-
'ter, and my own yet unſullied fame, had ſet
'me above theſe pleaſantries practiſed upon wo-
'men of a different ſtamp; and the duty I owe
'my emperor forbids me to believe the little beau-

* Perillus, who was the inventor of the Brazen Bull, was the firſt incloſed in it, by order of Phalaris, a Sicilian tyrant.

† Stage-plays, of which, according to Heylen and other authors, he was the firſt inſtitutor.

‡ The firſt time Auguſtus ſaw Livia was at the threatre.

'ty Heaven has beſtowed upon me capable of 'making any ſerious impreſſion on a heart, where 'glory and * *Scribonia* claim the ſole dominion. '—When I go about, therefore, to reconcile 'this declaration, either with *your* character or '*mine*, I am equally at a loſs; and the more I con-'ſider what *you* are, or what *I am*, the more I be-'come confounded:—O then, moſt ſacred Sir, 'have pity on my weakneſs, and ceaſe to perplex, 'with vain ideas, a mind, which has hitherto 'found its felicity in content, and wiſhes no more 'than to preſerve a due medium between the two 'extremes of ambition, and a too abject humility.

Livia Druſilla.

Augustus Cæsar, *to* Livia Druſilla.

EPISTLE the Third.

'IS it then poſſible that you, whom it moſt con-'cerns, ſhould be blind to the ſymptoms of a 'paſſion, which all my care cannot conceal from 'the obſervation of my whole court:—*Marcellus*, '*Agrippa*,—*Mecænas*,—*Druſus*, all ſee their em-'peror is not what he was:—Can *Livia* alone 'want penetration?—No, no, fair hypocrite! 'thoſe eyes that pierced my ſoul muſt look through 'it at the ſame time: you are not leſs ſenſible of 'the havock made by your charms, than I am of 'the force of them; and but counterfeit an ig-'norance of thoſe ills you are determined not to 'pity.—I flattered myſelf, however, that you 'would have made ſome difference between me 'and other men, and have anſwered with the 'ſame plainneſs and ſincerity I wrote.—Remember, '*Livia*, that I am *Auguſtus*, and in that name

* The wife of Auguſtus.

'have

'have a right to expect obedience from even *you*; 'and if I lay aside the authority of my place, the 'requests I make, ought, notwithstanding, to 'have all the force of *commands*: I shall, how-'ever, exact no more from you, than the con-'fession of a truth, which you cannot but be as-'sured of, not only from a consciousness of your 'own charms, but from the professions of him, 'who would ill become the dignity he wears, could 'he be capable of deceit; and in the next place, 'that you will seriously examine your own heart, 'and let me know what recompence you think is 'owing to the sentiments you have inspired in 'mine.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

LIVIA DRUSILLA, *to* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, her Lord and Emperor.

EPISTLE the Fourth.

'SINCE then my emperor insists I should look 'upon myself as something worthy his regard, 'I dare no longer presume to doubt the honour 'he confers upon me; and it is, perhaps, not the 'least among the many wonders of his power, that 'it obliges me to break through all those rules of 'modesty and humility I have hitherto observed, 'and not only acknowledge, that I think on the 'consideration he vouchsafes to have for me, as the 'supremest glory a mortal can receive; but like-'wise that I feel a pleasure in the conviction, 'which no words are able to express. — Yes, 'mighty *Cæsar*, as the belief of your affection 'spreads itself through my imagination, my whole 'soul enlarges to entertain the rapturous idea. — 'That beauty, which before I thought but meanly 'of, is now conspicuous to myself, and I bless

'nature for thoſe charms which are happy enough 'to pleaſe the maſter of the world. — Does then 'my imperial lord demand what recompence is 'due from me for ſo immenſe a condeſcenſion? — 'Sure there can be nothing I either ought or 'would refuſe! — Shall not the love and duty 'owing from every ſubject be ever paid by me, 'accompanied with a warmth and zeal proporti- 'oned to the vaſtneſs of my obligation? — Shall 'I ever bend my knees, or lift my eyes to hea- 'ven, without invoking every god for endleſs 'bleſſings on your life and reign? — Shall not 'my hopes, my fears, my wiſhes, my devotions, 'be all centered in *Auguſtus?* — Will not that 'ſacred name be ever in my lips, and dwell 'within my heart? — Theſe indeed are but ſmall 'demonſtrations of that gratitude which ſwells 'my boſom; but, alaſs! they are all fate puts it 'in my power to give, and therefore will, I hope, 'be acceptable from

LIVIA DRUSILLA.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, *to* LIVIA DRUSILLA.

EPISTLE the Fifth.

'WHEN I compare the former part of your 'epiſtle with the latter, I find an incon- 'ſiſtency between them, which I am wholly at a 'loſs to reconcile, and is far from that plainneſs 'and ſincerity I both deſired and expected from '*Livia*. — If to be beloved by me affords you 'any real pleaſure, would you be ſo ſelfiſh as to 'engroſs it all, and leave me nothing but the 'pains of an ever-longing, ever-hopeleſs paſſion? '— And do you call it gratitude to turn me over 'to other hands for that recompence I ought to 'receive from your own? — What occaſion have

'you

'you, O beautiful *Livia!* to trouble the gods 'with petitions for me, when they have con-'ſigned to you the ſole power of making me hap-'py? — No, ſweet evader, no; ſuch oraiſons 'would be a mockery both of Heaven and me:— 'I aſk no more than what you can beſtow; and 'if, as you ſay, you neither ought or can refuſe 'me any thing, why are my joys immediately 'after bounded to the half of what I aim to ob-'tain, — and that too, I fear, but in imagination 'only: for had I that influence in your *ſoul*, you 'ſeem to flatter me with, ſure I am it would work 'too powerfully on the lovely *body* to leave me 'long unbleſt: in fine, my *Livia*, the paſſion I 'have for you is not of that airy nature to be fed 'with ſhadows: — I muſt poſſeſs you all; for if 'you know your emperor, you alſo know it is 'not with imperfect conqueſts he is accuſtomed to 'content himſelf.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

LIVIA DRUSILLA, *to* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR. her Lord and Emperor.

EPISTLE the Sixth.

'WHY, O cruel *Cæſar!* if it may be per-'mitted me to refuſe my emperor, why do 'you take delight in reducing your ſlave to a di-'lemma, from which ſhe ſees no way to extricate 'herſelf! — *Auguſtus* was not wont to tax his 'ſubjects beyond their power:—O wherefore does 'he from *Livia* alone demand impoſſibilities! — 'My ſoul, and all its faculties, are wholly devoted 'to my emperor; what elſe remains of me is the 'property of another: — Am I not the wife of '*Tiberius?* — Can I call back the time that made 'me his? — Or will that breath return, with

'which I ſwore inviolable love, inviolable duty! '— Are not my vows regiſtered in the lap of * '*Juno?* — And does not the ſacred *Tabula* ‡ bear 'witneſs of them? — O well does my lord and 'emperor know, that there is nothing left for 'me to beſtow, and all I can do is to lament in 'ſecret my incapacity of receiving an honour, 'which would otherwiſe have rendered me the 'moſt happy, as well as moſt envied of my ſex.

Livia Druſilla.

Auguſtus Cæſar, *to* Livia Druſilla.

EPISTLE the Seventh.

'IT is well, fair creature, it is well: —the fire 'of *Cæſar* then is to be combated by the froſt 'of *Livia:* — you are reſolved to hold out againſt 'me, and to that end have armed yourſelf with 'all the weapons your icy virtue can ſupply you 'with. —But do you not remember, that the god, 'under whoſe banners I am liſted, is invincible? '—You have indeed ſubdued *Auguſtus*, but can-'not the deity which animates him. — Ceaſe, 'therefore, ſo unequal a war, and be convinced 'that to yield in this cauſe will be your greateſt 'glory.—The proconſul of *Gallia* is indeed your 'huſband, but he is ſenſible of what is owing to 'his emperor, and if you reflect ſeriouſly on what '*Cæſar* is, you will confeſs he has the power to 'diſpenſe with forms.

'*MÆCENAS*, who is the bearer of this, 'will tell you more than time now permits me to 'write, and has my commands not to leave you 'till you have aſſured him you will favour, with

* The goddeſs of marriage.

‡ A ſcroll of parchment, in which all marriages of note were recorded.

'your

'your preſence, an * entertainment I have pre-
'pared on the *Tiber*, in honour of the day that
'gave you to the world, for a bleſſing to all be-
'holders eyes, but moſt to

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.'

THIS it ſeems was the whole of what the noble earl put into the hands of *Antiquarius*, or at leaſt all he has obliged us with: — the world is too well acquainted with the hiſtory of thoſe illuſtrious lovers for us to add any thing on the ſubject; neither is there any occaſion for giving our opinion on the elegance and ſpirit of the letters: — all our readers of taſte muſt be charmed with the love and dignity which thoſe of *Auguſtus* teſtify, and confeſs that thoſe of *Livia* are perfectly agreeable to the character of that lady, artful and polite.

IT is not to be doubted, but that many of our readers would have been glad to have had a farther continuance of correſpondence between two perſons, who make ſo conſiderable a figure in the *Roman* hiſtory, and to have ſeen by what arts *Livia*, after being the miſtreſs of *Auguſtus*, prevailed on him to repudiate *Scribonia*, to whom he had been married ſeveral years, and not only to ſeat her on the imperial throne, but alſo, perceiving he was not likely to have any children by her, to adopt the young *Tiberius*, a ſon ſhe had by her

* Hiſtory informs us, this was the moſt ſplendid one was ever ſeen: — there were a thouſand barges, gilt, illuminated with lamps, and magnificently adorned with ſtreamers, on which were many curious devices, repreſenting the power of love and beauty: —all the great perſons at that time in Rome were preſent at it, the feaſt laſted the whole night, — muſic playing all the while from the banks of the river.

husband, to be his ſucceſſor, in prejudice of his own and more worthy kindred.

OTHERS, on the contrary, may think it better I had ſuppreſſed the whole piece: — they will ſay, perhaps, that when an unwarrantable aim happens to be crowned with ſucceſs, the whole event ought rather to be concealed than publiſhed, leſt it ſhould give encouragement to others to attempt the like, and that above all things, the *Female Spectator*, who ſets up for a regulator of her ſex's conduct, ſhould not have exhibited a character ſo fortunately vicious as was that of this *Roman* empreſs.

THERE are men (will they ſay) who may pretend as violent a paſſion as *Auguſtus*, without feeling it, or having any ſhare of his ſincerity; and it is not to be contradicted, but that there are women who may imagine their charms of no leſs force to retain a heart they are deſirous of engaging, than thoſe of *Livia* could poſſibly be: —And then will they cry, how little likelihood is there that any conſiderations, when prompted either by love or ambition, will deter them from taking the ſame ſteps ſhe did?

I HEARTILY wiſh, indeed, that the vanity which, I confeſs, is but too inherent to our ſex, did not give ſome countenance to an objection of this nature; for though one ſhould tell a young lady never ſo often, that her favoured lover had not all the real tenderneſs, eſteem for her, and conſtancy of *Auguſtus*, or that her own beauty, wit, and capacity, in every point fell ſhort of what *Livia* was poſſeſſed of, it would be ſcarce poſſible to convince her of a truth ſo diſpleaſing to thoſe two favourite and indulged paſſions of the ſoul.

HISTORY,

HISTORY, however, muſt not be ſilenced, becauſe matters of fact, which ought not to be imitated, are therein related; nor ſhould the elegant part of mankind be deprived of ſo agreeable an entertainment as the writings of the ancients afford, becauſe ſome of them have introduced characters we could wiſh had never been in the world.

A WOMAN, whoſe heart is truly guarded by virtue and religion, will never ſuffer a vicious example to have any influence over her; and ſhe who thruſts from her thoſe divine aſſiſtants, need not be told there was a *Livia* that proſpered and grew great by yielding to an unlawful flame.

WHEN theſe are once gone, a ſmall temptation, alaſs! ſuffices; as our inimitable *Shakeſpear* truly ſays,

——— *As virtue never will be mov'd,*
Tho' lewdneſs court it in the ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, tho' to a radiant angel join'd,
Will ſly the charms of a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.

IT would be a happy thing if there were no precedents of a much later date than thoſe of *Auguſtus* and *Livia*, to juſtify the frailties of both ſexes.—*Theirs*, I hope, will be of no ill conſequence to the *preſent age*; and as the *virtues* of the old *Romans* are pretty much exploded on the account of their being old-faſhioned, their *vices* ſure will be rejected for the ſame, if no other, reaſon.

AMONG our letters we find one from a former correſpondent, on the preſent hurry of the times; but as impatient as he ſeems for ſome notice to be taken of it, we muſt beg to be excuſed till the order of the date becomes conformable to our rules;

and then, notwithſtanding the averſion we have for meddling with politics, he may depend on their being inſerted, with alſo ſome remarks of our own on what he has advanced.

LINDAMIRA too may expect the ſame indulgence, though I know not whether, all things conſidered, her letter merits the proof of our complaiſance; but we ſhall always ſubmit private pique to public ſervice.

Therefore, as the matter which has employed her pen may be of uſe to ſome, as doubtleſs ſome there are under the ſame circumſtances, tho' I hope not many, her ſentiments on the occaſion ſhall not fail of having a place at a convenient time: as for the accuſations ſhe has been pleaſed to throw out againſt the *Female Spectator*, it is our buſineſs to anſwer them as well as we can, and leave the deciſion to that awful tribunal the public.

End of the Twentieth Book.

BOOK XXI.

AMONG the various kinds of errors into which human nature is liable to fall, there are ſome, which people of a true underſtanding are perfectly ſenſible of in themſelves, yet either wanting a ſtrength of reſolution to break through what by long cuſtom is become habitual, or by being of too indolent a temper to endeavour an alteration, ſtill perſiſt to act in contradiction to the dictates of even their own reaſon and judgment.

What

WHAT we call prejudice or prepoſſeſſion, is certainly that which ſtands foremoſt in the rank of frailties: — it is the great ringleader of almoſt all the miſtakes we are guilty of, whether in the ſentiments of our hearts, or the conduct of our actions.

As milk is the firſt aliment of the body, ſo prejudice is the firſt thing given to the mind to feed upon:—no ſooner does the thinking faculty begin to ſhew itſelf, than prejudice mingles with it, and ſpoils its operations: — whatever we are then either taught, or happen of ourſelves to like or diſlike, we, for the moſt part, continue to like or diſlike to our life's end; ſo difficult is it to eradicate in age that tendency we have imbibed in youth.

IT is this fatal propenſity which binds, as it were, our reaſon in chains, and will not ſuffer it to look abroad, or exert any of its powers: — hence are our conceptions bounded; — our notions meanly narrow; — our ideas, for the moſt part, unjuſt; — and our judgment ſhamefully led aſtray.

THE brighteſt rays of truth in vain ſhine out upon us, when prejudice has ſhut our eyes againſt it: — we are rendered by it wholly incapable of examining any thing, and take all upon truſt that it repreſents to us.

THIS not only makes us liable to be guilty of injuſtice, ill-nature, and ill-manners to others, but alſo inſenſible of what is owing to ourſelves: we run with all our might from a real and ſubſtantial good, and court a phantom, a name, a nothing: — we miſtake infamy for renown, and ruin for advantage: — in fine, wherever a ſtrong prejudice prevails, all is ſure to go amiſs.

WHAT I would be underſtood to mean by the word *prejudice*, is not that liking or diſliking, which naturally ariſes on the ſight of any new object preſented to us. — As for example, one may happen to fall into the company of two perſons equally deſerving, and equally ſtrangers to us, and with neither of whom we either have, or expect to have, the leaſt concern; yet ſhall we have, in ſpite of us, and without being able to give any reaſon for it, greater good wiſhes for the one than the other. — But this is occaſioned by that ſympathy and antipathy, which, I think, it is very plain, nature has implanted in all created beings whatſoever.

THIS, therefore, is what we call fancy, and far different from that prejudice I am ſpeaking of, and which, indeed, enters chiefly through the ears. — When our notions of perſons and things, which of ourſelves we know nothing of, are guided, and our approbation or diſapprobation of them excited meerly by what we are told of them, and which afterwards we can never be convinced is unjuſt, and perſevere in an opinion, which no proofs of merit, or demerit, can change; then it is that we may be ſaid to be governed by that ſettled prepoſſeſſion ſo dangerous to the world, and to our own characters, intereſt, and happineſs; for the other is light, volatile, and of little conſequence.

A VERY learned author calls this unhappy impulſe *The Jaundice of the Mind*, and I think there cannot be a more juſt compariſon; for, as the poet ſays,

As all ſeems yellow to the jaundic'd eye,
So one may truly add,
All takes from prejudice's taint its dye.

COULD

COULD we once diveſt ourſelves of the preposſeſſions we have received, — forget all the ſtories we have been told, and examine all things with the unbiaſſed eye of reaſon, how widely different from what they at preſent ſeem, would moſt of them be found!

I AM very ſenſible, that this is a taſk extremely difficult, becauſe the greateſt miſtake of all that prejudice makes us guilty of is, that of miſtaking that enemy to reaſon for reaſon: — we look on its dictates as the dictates of truth, and think we ſhould ſin againſt both reaſon and truth, if we were not ſtrenuous in adhering to what we imagine is right.

WE are all of us too apt to imagine we know ourſelves, when, in fact, there is nothing in the whole world to which we are greater ſtrangers: hard as it is to be perfectly acquainted with the heart of a perſon we converſe with, we can yet form by his actions, his words, or even his looks, a more true judgment of it than of our own.

AND how, indeed, ſhould it be otherwiſe! prejudice begets paſſion, and paſſion infallibly blinds our eyes, and ſhuts our ears againſt every thing that offers to contradict it.

THAT paſſion eſpecially which is excited this way, is infinitely of the worſt ſort, becauſe all others, be they never ſo headſtrong and tenacious for a time, will at length grow cool, and by degrees ſubſide; but prejudice keeps the fire of obſtinacy eternally alive, and ſtill finding freſh fuel for its ſupport, renders it rather more ſtrong, than any way diminiſhed, or leſs fierce by age.

YET,

YET, blind as we are to this error in ourſelves, how quick-ſighted are we to diſcover, and how ready to laugh at it in other people! Applauding our own ſtrength of reaſon, and vain of a ſuperior ſenſe of things, a perſon who is prejudiced, tho' he ſhould happen to be on the ſide of truth, is the perpetual ſubject of our ridicule; and often it proves, that he who thinks himſelf moſt free from it, is in reality more guilty than the very man he condemns for it.

To be plain, the world is wholly governed by prejudice, and I think it ſcarce poſſible to find any one perſon, whoſe better judgment is not in a more or leſs degree perverted by it.

How vain then, and impertinent, will ſome of my readers ſay are any animadverſions on it! Why any pains taken to decry and rail againſt an emotion, which is inherent to our nature, and therefore not to be avoided!

To which I beg leave to anſwer, that it is only inherent to our nature, as cuſtom, which, indeed, is ſecond nature, has made it ſo; but not born with us, nor are we ſubjected to it by any laws of fatality.

IT is only to the firſt impreſſions the ſoul receives, that thoſe indelible marks of partiality I have mentioned, and which we ſee every where, are intirely owing: the unhappy tendency is not, therefore, properly ſpeaking, *our own*, but infuſed into us by *others*; and though, notwithſtanding it afterwards becomes ſo powerful as to put into ſubjection all thoſe nobler faculties, which are, indeed, the gift of Heaven, yet is it ſtill but the depravity of human nature, not nature itſelf.

PARENTS,

Parents, who are poſſeſſed with a ſtrong opinion of any thing themſelves, are ſure to inſtil it into the minds of their children, and ſo render prejudice hereditary: whereas, if the young mind were left to itſelf, reaſon would have room to operate: — we ſhould examine before we judged, and not condemn, or applaud, but as the cauſe deſerved.

Whoever is entruſted with the care of youth, as parents are by *nature*, and governors, tutors, and preceptors by *commiſſion* from them, ſhould, methinks, endeavour rather to calm than excite any violent emotions in their pupils: — they ſhould convince them that nothing but *virtue* was truly worthy of an ardency of love or ambition, and that *vice* alone ought to be held in abhorrence.

This would be a laudable prejudice! — A prejudice which would go hand in hand with reaſon, and ſecure to us that peace and happineſs which all other prejudices are ſure to deſtroy.

What ſad effects have not many kingdoms experienced by the hereditary prejudice between two powerful families; who have hated each other meerly becauſe their forefathers did ſo? As for example; the *Guelphs* and *Gibelines* of *Italy*; — the *Marius* and *Metelli* of old *Rome*; and the barons wars of *England*.

National prejudices are yet more dangerous, and indeed much more ridiculous: — What can be a greater abſurdity than for one whole people to hate another, only for being born in a different climate, and which they are taught to believe, inſpires them with ſome ſentiments or inclinations oppugnant

oppugnant to their own, though, perhaps, all this may be without foundation!

WHOEVER, therefore, by his example or precept, labours to keep theſe fooliſh animoſities alive, in my opinion deſerves little thanks from the world, either for his wit, or good-will to mankind: and as wiſe and great a man as the great earl of *Rocheſter* was in other things, in this he teſtified a partiality unworthy his character.

IN his poem on *Nothing*, which, it muſt be confeſſed, is a maſterpiece, and wants nothing but juſtice in ſome of the alluſions to be eſteemed, not only the beſt he ever wrote, but even ſuperior to all others of the kind, he has theſe lines,

> French *truth*, Dutch *proweſs*, Britiſh *policy*,
> Hibernian *learning*, Scotch *civility*,
> Spaniards *diſpatch*, Danes *wit*, *are chiefly ſeen in thee*,

Now theſe reflections, however juſt as to the general, are certainly the contrary as to particulars: — I never can believe, that meerly being born in this or that kingdom has any influence over the diſpoſition of the natives. — It is certainly a very narrow way of judging. — In ſpite of the little faith there is to be given to *French* promiſes, or even treaties, I cannot be ſo uncharitable as to believe there is no ſincere or honeſt people among that populous nation; much leſs can I be brought to think, that every man born in *Holland* would prefer eaſe to glory.—The *Britiſh* policy may indeed ſometimes have been ſaid to nod, but then it has awaked, and rouſed itſelf again, to the confuſion of all thoſe who thought to take advantage of its ſupineneſs.—As to the learning of *Hibernia*, many

many of her ſons have given evident proofs that blunders are not entailed upon that nation any more than others. — Then as to the *Scots*, none can diſpute a poſſibility of their equalling in politeneſs any nation in the world, who remembers the late dukes of *Argyle* and *Hamilton*, or has the honour of knowing his grace of *Buccleugh*, the earl of *Marchmont*, and many others now living ornaments of their country, and the delight of all who ſee them, aud who have no need of being named to be diſtinguiſhed. — The *Spaniards*, it muſt be confeſſed, move ſlow for the moſt part, yet there have been inſtances of their being more alert. — Nor ought we to ſuppoſe the *Danes* are all inſipid clods, becauſe our libraries give no proofs to the contrary.

BUT were what this noble lord has here advanced ſtrictly true, yet as it helps to preſerve national prejudice, and conſequently national ridicule, he had much better have employed that prodigious talent he was maſter of another way.

MANY others beſide his lordſhip, have, with leſs abilities, and more ill-nature, done all in their power to divide *England* againſt itſelf, and render county and county obnoxious to each other. — The ſtage, which was deſigned the ſchool of morality, and by mingling pleaſure with improvement, to harmonize the mind, and inſpire amity among men, has, in ſome theatrical repreſentations, been moſt ſhamefully proſtituted to ends the very reverſe; and not only gentlemen who happen to live out of *London*, but the moſt eminent citizens who live within the ſound of *Bow* bell, made a public ridicule. A country 'ſquire and an alderman of *London* are ſure to be the characters to excite laughter. — Our modern writers are more polite than

than *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, and their cotemporaries, who always made the fools in their plays court-paraſites, or at leaſt jeſters. but the city and country are now the only places from which a buffoon is to be picked.

THE ſarcaſms vented here and elſewhere have often a poignancy in them, which cannot but be reſented by thoſe who have underſtanding enough to perceive when they are affronted, and ſometimes occaſion heart-burnings againſt thoſe who encourage, and ſeem to be pleaſed with the ridicule; which are no way agreeable to that cordiality and good-will which ought to ſubſiſt between every community of a nation, in order to render the whole a truly happy people.

ALL this, and innumerable other ills, are the effects of that prejudice I mean; but I was led into a reflection on it by a late inſtance, which, though in private life, deſerves the attention of the public, as it may be a warning againſt inſtilling into youth principles which are not to be eraſed in maturity.

A GENTLEMAN, who had acquired a conſiderable fortune in the mercantile way, left at his deceaſe a ſon of about twelve years of age, and a daughter of five. As the mother was dead ſome time before, the one was continued at *Weſtminſter* ſchool, by the perſons appointed for his guardians, and the other committed to the care of a ſiſter of her mother's.

THIS good lady was extremely fond of her young charge, and, as ſhe grew up, neglected nothing that might render her perfectly accompliſhed: — the means allowed her for improvement were not

not thrown away; ſhe had a very good capacity, and took ſuch a pleaſure in learning whatever ſhe was taught, that the progreſs ſhe made was infinitely beyond the expectations of thoſe appointed for her inſtructors.

To add to this, her perſon was very lovely; nature had beſtowed on her a thouſand charms, and without being what one may call an exquiſite beauty, there was ſomething in her yet more agreeable, and more formed to attract, than we often find in thoſe who are accounted ſo.

BEING ſuch as I have deſcribed, it is not to be wondered at, that there were many who thought her worthy of their ſerious addreſſes; but though ſhe began early to have admirers, ſhe ſeemed utterly inſenſible of any tender emotions, and all the fine things ſaid, and wrote to her, had no other effect than to give her diverſion.

HER brother, after having perfected himſelf in every thing that was thought neceſſary for his education at home, was ſent abroad to make himſelf acquainted with the cuſtoms and manners of other countries; and after having paſſed ſome time in *France*, and ſeen all *Italy*, returned a very accompliſhed and compleat gentleman.

SABINA, for ſo I ſhall call this young lady, was but between the years of nineteen and twenty when he came back to *England*: — As they had not ſeen each other for above four years, each found ſo many new embelliſhments in the other, as rendered both extremely ſatisfied; few brothers and ſiſters ever loved with a more ſincere affection, or would have gone greater lengths to have obliged each other.

THEY

THEY were always proud of being ſeen together, — in the *Mall*, or at any place of public reſort, they were conſtant companions. — They had been one night at the opera, when, as he was ſeeing her ſafe home, as was always his cuſtom, he ſaid, laughing to her, *I believe, ſiſter, you have made a conqueſt to night: — I perceived a certain friend of mine in the pit, who ſeemed more engroſſed by you than any thing on the ſtage. — I ſhould be ſorry*, anſwered ſhe, in the ſame gay tone, *that any friend of yours ſhould have ſo bad a taſte as to let any thing draw off his attention from thoſe delightful ſounds we have been hearing.*

O, reſumed he, *muſick is an incentive to love, and as he did not hear that of your voice, he might not loſe what iſſued from the orcheſtra, by having his eyes fixed upon your charms, which they really were ſo ſtrongly, during the whole entertainment, that I am ſure you muſt have taken notice of it yourſelf, if you would confeſs the truth.*

IT is ſo common, ſaid ſhe, *for thoſe in the pit to ſtare into the boxes, that I ſhould have found nothing particular in what you tell me, had I really obſerved it, which I aſſure you, without any affectation, I did not.*

ON this he rallied her a little on pretending to be abſolutely free from the vanity, which the men will have it is ſo inherent to our ſex, that none of us are without ſome ſhare; which ſhe returned, with equal pleaſantry, on the foibles of the other; and this kind of chit-chat brought them to her door, where he took leave of her, being engaged to ſup with ſome gentlemen at a tavern; and ſhe went in, and it is likely thought no more of what had paſſed between them.

IT

IT is poſſible alſo, that the young gentleman himſelf had not been much in earneſt in what he ſaid, but if he was not at that time, he certainly was very much ſo afterwards.

THE friend he had mentioned to his ſiſter happened to be one of the company with whom he was engaged that night.—He was a gentleman of fine parts and education, had a very graceful perſon, and was in poſſeſſion of a large eſtate in the principality of *Wales*, of which he was a native, and deſcended from an ancient and worthy family.

THIS gentleman, whoſe real name I beg leave to conceal under that of *Luellin*, was, in effect, very much charmed with *Sabina*, and not knowing who ſhe was, told her brother he was an extreme happy man, to have the pleaſure of entertaining in ſo free a manner, as he perceived he did, ſo fine a woman.

TO which the other replied in terms which made him know the young perſon he had ſo good an opinion of was his ſiſter; and what he ſaid being confirmed by another of the company, who was alſo at the opera, and had ſeen *Sabina* before, *Luellin* reſumed that gaiety which was natural to him, but had been a little interrupted, while he knew not but in the perſon of an intimate friend he might find an impediment to thoſe deſires, which young as they were had already made a very great progreſs in his heart.

HE made no farther diſcovery of them that night, however, but early the next morning went in ſearch of the brother of his adorable; and having found him, after a very ſhort prelude, acquainted him, that the buſineſs he came upon was love; that though

though he had ſeen his charming ſiſter but once, he had for her all the paſſion a man could be poſſeſſed of; — that his life would henceforward be a burthen to him, if not bleſſed with the hopes of paſſing it with her; and concluded with conjuring him by all their friendſhip to introduce him to her, if her heart was not already engaged, and to favour his pretenſions with all the intereſt nearneſs of blood gave him in her.

THE propoſal was too advantageous for *Sabina* not to make her brother highly ſatisfied with it, and he told her lover with the ſame frankneſs as he had declared himſelf, that nothing in the world he then knew of would be capable of affording him ſo perfect a joy as to ſee a union between two perſons ſo dear to him.

HE alſo aſſured him, that he had ſeveral times talked to his ſiſter on the ſubject of marriage, and ſhe had always anſwered him in ſuch a manner, as knowing her ſincerity, and the confidence ſhe had in him, made him poſitive ſhe had not yet entertained any thoughts of it, or given any man the leaſt room to flatter himſelf ſhe preferred him above others.

To this he added, that he would go directly to her lodgings, and prepare her to receive the honour of a viſit from him that very afternoon.

LUELLIN embraced, and thanked him in terms which teſtified the fervency of his paſſion; and after having, according to the cuſtom of lovers, a thouſand times over renewed his intreaties that he would be zealous in his cauſe, and appointed the place where he ſhould meet about the hour of tea-drinking,

drinking, took his leave with a heart full of the moſt flattering ideas of a ſpeedy ſucceſs in his deſires.

THE brother of *Sabina*, on the other hand, had never undertaken an office more pleaſing to him; and not doubting but the affair would be eaſily accompliſhed, as there was not the leaſt exception could be made, either as to the family, fortune, character, or perſonal accompliſhments of *Luellin*, gave himſelf not much trouble to furniſh himſelf previouſly with arguments to convince her of what he imagined ſhe would have ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh without the help of perſuaſion.

IN this opinion he went to her apartment, where finding her at breakfaſt, in a looſe diſhabille, *I am glad*, ſaid he, *I am come before you are dreſt, for I expect you will equip yourſelf in the moſt becoming manner you can, in order to rivet more ſtrongly thoſe charms you have already thrown over a heart I take upon me to recommend to your acceptance.*

SHE looked earneſtly at him as he finiſhed theſe words, and finding a mixture of ſerioufneſs and gaiety in his countenance, knew not well how to underſtand the meaning of what he ſaid, or in what manner to anſwer, but after a ſhort pauſe, *You are either in a very merry humour this morning*, replied ſhe, *and talk in this faſhon meerly to divert yourſelf, or elſe you want to prove that vanity in me of which laſt night you accuſed our whole ſex: —if it be the former, I ſhall be ready to join in any thing that gives you pleaſure, but if the latter, muſt aſſure you, I ſhall never think that heart worthy of my acceptance that is to be gained or preſerved by outward ſhew.*

PERFECTLY

PERFECTLY well judged indeed, my dear ſiſter, replied he; *but I expected no leſs from you, and ſpoke as I did only to give you an opportunity of teſtifying that good ſenſe, which can never fail both of engaging and making happy whoever you deſire to make ſo. — I hope alſo*, continued he, growing yet more grave, *it will ſo direct your choice as to eſtabliſh a laſting felicity for yourſelf.*

AFTER ſhe had anſwered this compliment in terms ſuitable to the occaſion, he told her, he thought it was now time to think on marriage, and that the perſon he ſhould introduce that afternoon, had all the qualifications that a woman could wiſh to find in a partner for life. — He proceeded to inform her, that he had begun an acquaintance with him in *Italy*, that they had lived in the greateſt intimacy ever ſince, *Not a ſecret in either of our hearts*, ſaid he, *but what each communicated to the other: I muſt therefore be allowed to be a competent judge of his principles, honour, fortune, and every thing belonging to him, and can venture to aſſure you, all are ſuch as merit the love and eſteem of as many as have the pleaſure of knowing him.*

SUCH a character from a mouth which ſhe knew was incapable of deceiving her, rendered her more ſerious than ſhe would otherwiſe have been at a propoſal of this nature, and ſhe ſeemed to reliſh it with as much ſatisfaction as was becoming of her, or could be hoped for from a young lady of her ſtrict modeſty.

IN fine, the brother had all the reaſon in the world to believe his negotiation would be crowned with the ſucceſs he wiſhed, and that he had inſpired her with a prepoſſeſſion in favour of this new

new lover, which wanted nothing but the ſight of him to be ripened into paſſion.

IT is probable indeed his conjectures would not have deceived him, had he not unhappily deſtroyed all he had been doing, by mentioning the name and country of the Perſon he recommended; an error he could not be aware of, as he was wholly ignorant of that only weakneſs which his ſiſter had the misfortune to be guilty of.

THAT aunt, with whom ſhe had been educated from her moſt tender years, had, I know not on what account, a ſtrong hatred to every one that came out of *Wales*, which ſhe was continually teſtifying, in ſpeaking of that whole people in moſt contemptible, opprobrious, and even ſcurrilous terms; by this means *Sabina* imbibed a prejudice againſt them, which would not ſuffer her to think there could poſſibly be any ſuch thing as merit among them; and ſhe no ſooner heard her brother ſay he was of that country, than all her late ſweetneſs of behaviour was converted into ſourneſs and diſdain, and ſhe cried out in a tone full of ſcorn and deriſion,—*Heavens! is it a* Welchman *of whom who have been ſaying all theſe fine things!*

THE brother was ſtrangely ſurpriſed, as well he might, at a turn ſo ſudden, and which he was ſo little able to comprehend; but ſhe ſoon unravelled the myſtery, by railling, in the ſame manner ſhe had been accuſtomed to hear her aunt do, againſt that country, and all the natives of it.

IT was in vain he repreſented to her the injuſtice of having an averſion to the people of any particular country; — in vain he recited many examples of great and worthy perſons, who were born

even in climates where they could leaſt have been expected, or that he endeavoured with all his might to convince her, that *Wales* had many things to boaſt of beyond any other part of his majeſty's dominions; — the prejudice was fixed and inexorably rooted in her heart, nor could any thing he alledged, make the leaſt change in her ſentiments.

Well, ſiſter, ſaid he at laſt, *ſince I find my arguments have ſo little weight with you, I ſhall leave you to be convinced by your own judgment, which I am very certain will direct you better when once you are acquainted with* Luellin, *whom, notwithſtanding all your prejudice, I ſhall bring this afternoon, and inſiſt on your receiving him as my friend at leaſt.*

Since you will oblige me to ſee him, anſwered ſhe, *decency compels me to treat him with civility, if you had leſs regard for him; but this you may expect, nor ought to take it ill of me, that if he makes any declaration to me of the kind you mention, I ſhall give him ſuch a reply as will put a ſtop to any future thoughts of me, and convince him, that I am determined, whatever be my fate, never to wear a lock in my boſom.*

IT is utterly impoſſible to deſcribe how much the young gentleman was aſtoniſhed and troubled to perceive ſo obſtinate a folly had dominion over a ſiſter, whoſe underſtanding till now he had a high idea of: — he doubted not, however, but the ſight of *Luellin*, who is deſervedly accounted one of the moſt handſome and beſt-bred men of the age, would have the ſame influence over her, as it had on all others who converſed with him.

HE therefore offered no more in oppoſition to her humour, but flattering himſelf with the pleaſure he

he ſhould afterwards have in rallying her on the change in her ſentiments, took his leave, with thanking her in an ironical way, though gravely, for the conſideration ſhe teſtified to have for him, in reſolving to uſe a *Welchman* well, becauſe he had a value for him.

THE full belief he had, that an acquaintance with *Luellin* would make her of a quite different way of thinking, and intirely extirpate that ridiculous prejudice which had been inſtilled into her againſt all of his country, prevented him from acquainting *Luellin* with any thing that had paſſed between them on that ſcore, and indeed gave him rather hopes of ſucceſs than the contrary; a thing he afterwards very much repented of: but as he was deceived himſelf by a too good opinion of his ſiſter's underſtanding and penetration, he could not be blamed for deceiving his friend.

HE only told him, that in caſe he found *Sabina* at the ſecond ſight of her worthy of thoſe tender inclinations the firſt had inſpired him with, he thought it would not be proper for him, as ſhe was of a temper extremely reſerved, to make any declaration of his ſentiments on that head, till, by a repetition of his viſit, they ſhould become better acquainted.

THIS ſeemed ſo reſonable, that, all-impatient as the lover was, he could not but approve of it, eſpecially as the other aſſured him, that in the mean time he would labour for his intereſt.

IT is certain, that the brother of *Sabina* adviſed him to proceed in this manner, as he thought it would be the moſt effectual way of ſucceeding in his wiſhes, becauſe as he found the averſion ſhe

had conceived againſt all thoſe of that country *Luellin* was, he imagined it muſt be ſome little time before it could wear off; or even in caſe ſhe ſhould be convinced of her error at firſt ſight of him, ſhe would then be aſhamed to confeſs it, and rather chuſe to do a violence to her own heart, then ſuffer it to be ſaid ſhe could ſo eaſily paſs from one extreme to another.

WHAT he thought on this ſcore was truly nature; people do not care to acknowledge they have been to blame, and when they have appeared very tenacious in any point, ſometimes are apt to perſiſt in it, after their reaſon gives the lye to their tongue.

HE therefore acted for his friend in the moſt prudent manner imaginable; but, alas! what wiſdom is ſufficient to combat againſt prejudice! *Sabina* could not but confeſs her lover was a very handſome and accompliſhed perſon, yet the thoughts of his being *Welch*, prevented any good quality ſhe found in him from making an impreſſion in her mind in favour of his hopes.

SHE performed her promiſe to her brother indeed, and received him with civility; but her behaviour was ſo diſtant, and all ſhe ſaid accompanied with ſuch a gloomy reſerve, as might eaſily ſhew any one, who was the leaſt acquainted with her temper, how little ſhe was pleaſed with his company.

LUELLIN, however, was not unhappy enough to diſcover it; and imputing that extraordinary ſhyneſs he could not help obſerving in her merely to her modeſty, propoſed to her brother ſeveral parties of pleaſure for them there; but ſhe

ſhe abſolutely declined making one in any of them. — When he mentioned *Ombre*, ſhe ſaid ſhe hated cards; — if taking a little excurſion out of town, a country ramble was her averſion; — *Ranelagh* gave her the vapours; — *Vauxhall-gardens*, were too cold; — the fireworks at *Cuper*'s were ſhocking; the ſeaſon for plays was over for polite people; — and a concert always made her melancholly.

BESIDES all this, her refuſals were given in a manner, which had ſo much of diſdain in it, as made her brother bite his lips with vexation, and occaſioned him to ſhorten his viſit, very much to the diſſatisfaction of the other, who in ſpite of the coldneſs, and indeed ill-nature of *Sabina*, thought her more charming at this ſecond interview, than he had done at the firſt, and conſequently, was more in love than ever.

THE brother, to avoid entring into any diſcourſe with him on a topic which he could not anſwer to, without either deceiving or giving pain to his friend, pretended an engagement, and parted from him the moment they left *Sabina*'s lodgings.

As he had a very ſincere friendſhip for *Luellin*, and the moſt tender regard for the welfare of his ſiſter, to find ſhe was likely to continue refractory to what afforded ſo great a proſpect of happineſs to her, rendered him extremely uneaſy and perplexed. — Early the next morning he went to her again, and after having taken the privilege of a brother in condemning her conduct, and the fooliſh prepoſſeſſion which had occaſioned it, the little efficacy he found that had on her, made him once more have recourſe to the arguments he before had urged, and endeavour to reaſon her out

of a prejudice, which had not the leaſt foundation in truth, or common ſenſe.

BUT had this gentleman been endued with the eloquence of an angel, all he had ſaid would have been loſt on the perverſe, the obſtinate *Sabina*. — Equally deaf to his remonſtrances or perſuaſions, all he could get from her was, an intreaty to perſecute her no more with any diſcourſe on ſo diſagreeable a ſubject, and to beg he would not take it ill, that, in this, ſhe never could be brought to acquieſce with his opinion.

ON his asking her, if ſhe found any thing diſagreeable, either in the perſon or converſation of *Luellin*, ſhe replied, that ſhe could not but allow he was handſome, genteel, had both wit and good breeding; but, notwithſtanding all this, as he was *Welch*, he was her averſion.

IN fine, there was no prevailing on her to receive a ſecond viſit; and ſhe proteſted ſolemnly that ſhe would never be troubled with him any more; adding, *If you had that real affection for me you pretend, and as I might expect from a brother, you would be far from deſiring I ſhould put ſo great a conſtraint upon myſelf, as to treat civilly, or even to ſit in company with, a man of his country.*

IN anſwer to this peremptory refuſal, he could not help telling her, that he was ſorry he had been deceived in the good opinion he had of her underſtanding: — that he bluſhed for her folly, and that from this time forward, he ſhould look upon her as utterly unworthy of the happineſs ſhe rejected.

SUCH cruel words from a brother ſhe tenderly loved, made her burſt into tears; but he was in reality

reality too angry with her to be at all moved by them, and flung out of the room, without even turning his eyes on her.

LUELLIN, who little ſuſpected his misfortune, had been in ſearch of this dear friend and confident, while he was with his ſiſter, and not finding him at home, went to every place where they had been uſed to meet; but the other not knowing what to ſay to him, ſo induſtriouſly avoided him, that it was three or four days before he could ſee him.

THIS made him imagine, that all was not ſo right as he at firſt had flattered himſelf with; that either the brother did not ſincerely approve of his alliance, or that *Sabina* herſelf was againſt it. —Impatient to be convinced, he went to his lodgings, and waited their till he came home, though it was late at night.

THE brother of *Sabina* was a little ſurpriſed to find him there, and, not very well prepared how to behave on this occaſion, could neither deny that he had purpoſely ſhunned him, nor the motive of his doing ſo.

HE let him into part of the averſion his ſiſter had conceived againſt *Wales*, and owned he feared his being of that country would be an objection not eaſy to be removed; but as he did not let him into the whole of the contempt ſhe was poſſeſſed of, nor all the diſcourſe they had together on that ſubject, the lover ſtill retained ſome hopes of getting over the difficulty.

AFTER a great deal of talk on the affair, it was agreed between them, that *Luellin* ſhould write to her; and, at the ſame time that he de-

clared his paſſion, give a hint that he was not ignorant his country was ſo unhappy as to be diſliked by her; and an aſſurance, that if he ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to ſucceed in his pretenſions, he never would deſire her to ſet a foot in *Wales*, nor would be there himſelf, but live with her either in *London*, or in any other place ſhe ſhould make choice of.

THIS being reſolved upon, the brother took upon him to be the bearer, and alſo once more to exert all the intereſt he had with her, in the behalf of the author, the truly devoted *Luellin*, as he ſubſcribed himſelf at the bottom of his amorous epiſtle.

So faithful was he in the cauſe of his friend, that he not only performed the promiſe he had made him, but alſo gave ſo high a character of him, and the advantages would accrue to their family by an alliance with him, to all their kindred, that *Salina* could ſee none of them, without hearing ſomething of the merits of *Luellin*, and how happy ſhe might be with him: to all which ſhe returned much the ſame anſwers ſhe had given her brother, and ſometimes with more ſharpneſs.

THAT gentleman, however, had the hardeſt task to prevail with her to hear him read the letter he brought to her; for all he could ſay was ineffectual to make her look upon it herſelf. And what in the end did all his endeavours avail? Before he had well concluded, ſhe ſnatched the paper out of his hand, tore it, and ſtamped it on the floor.

A SECOND quarrel now aroſe between them on this ſcore; — he left her in a very great paſſion, and went no more to viſit her; but her other relations

lations ſtill continued to argue with her in favour of *Luellin*, though to no manner of purpoſe, unleſs it were to give her greater opportunities of diſcovering her obſtinacy in this point.

LUELLIN in the mean time, to whom the brother was now obliged to relate the whole truth, in order to cure him of a paſſion which he was now convinced would never be returned, could not be perſuaded to deſiſt; and as there was no poſſibility of bringing her to receive another viſit from him, purſued her to church, watched her where-ever ſhe went, and would not be hindred from ſpeaking to her in what place ſoever he ſaw her, or whatever company was with her, though the reſpectful compliments he made her were never anſwered but with ſlights, and frequently with affronts.

AT laſt, quite tired out with the perſecutions ſhe received on all ſides, ſhe went privately into the country, acquainting no one perſon in the world, but a ſervant who attended her, with the place of her retirement.

HER brother and all her friends were very much troubled at her abſconding in this manner; but the paſſionate *Luellin* was inconſolable: — ſo truly did his faithful heart reſent this uſage, that it threw him into a high fever, out of which he was not without great difficulty recovered.

IT is not to be doubted, but that great inquiries were made after the fair fugitive; but ſhe had taken ſuch precautions as to render fruitleſs all endeavours for that purpoſe, nor did any body hear the leaſt word from her, till they had intelligence

from herſelf, of what at firſt filled them with aſtoniſhment, and very ſoon afterwards with grief.

THIS young lady, to amuſe herſelf as well as ſhe could in an abſence from all her kindred, and thoſe others ſhe had been accuſtomed to converſe with, went to all the little diverſions the place ſhe was in afforded: at one of theſe rural entertainments, ſhe happened to fall into the company of a young gentleman, who told her he had left *London* for a time, merely to ſhun the ſollicitations he was plagued with, to marry a perſon for whom he could have no inclination.

THIS parity, as ſhe thought, of circumſtances, made her conceive a kind of good-will for him, which, on his addreſſing her, as he ſoon did, on a more tender ſcore, grew up into a kind of an affection.

SHE was ſo free as to tell him ſhe came into the country on the ſame account he did; and alſo to acquaint him with her real name and family, which till then ſhe had diſguiſed under a fictitious one.

WHETHER he at firſt intended this as a ſerious affair, or only to divert himſelf, is uncertain; but it is not ſo that after he knew who ſhe was, he left nothing unſaid, or undone, that he thought might engage her.

NOT that, as ſhe has ſince declared, ſhe was abſolutely in love with him; but ſhe ſaw nothing where ſhe was, beſide himſelf, that ſeemed a fit companion for her: — he pretended an extremity of paſſion for her, and that he had an eſtate ſuperior to what her fortune could expect; and all this joined with the conſideration of ſilencing any overtures

overtures that might be made by her friends in the behalf of *Luellin*, or any other ſhe might happen equally to diſlike, prevailed on her to liſten to the propoſals of this new lover with a favourable ear, and at length to give herſelf and fortune intirely to him.

IN fine, without conſulting one friend, without the leaſt inquiry into his character and circumſtances, or without any ſettlement or proviſion, ſhe married him, and in a few days after came up a bride to *London*, to the ſurprize, as I have already ſaid, of all that knew her.

AS her husband's affairs were not immediately diſcovered, the diſintereſted part of her acquiantance paid their compliments of congratulation; but thoſe of her kindred and intimate friends, eſpecially her brother, could not approve of her having taken ſo precipitate a ſtep, and were very fearful of the event

BUT, not to prolong the narrative beyond what is neceſſary, the unhappy *Sabina* had not been married a month before ſhe found her whole fortune was obliged to go for the payment of her husband's debts; — that it had been really to avoid his creditors, not a diſagreeable match, as he had pretended to her, that brought him to that part of the country, where it was her ill fortune to become his prey; — and that he neither was in poſſeſſion of, ever had been, or was born to inherit a ſingle foot of land, but had always lived a looſe, idle life, and in fine, was looked upon, and in effect was no other, than a common ſharper of the town.

DIFFICULT

DIFFICULT would it be for me to repreſent the miſeries of her condition, which were rendered yet more ſevere by the conſciouſneſs of having, in ſome meaſure, merited them by a folly which ſhe could now find no excuſe for.

AFTER having lived for about half a year with a husband whom ſhe could no longer have the leaſt regard for, and from whom, beſides the deception he had been guilty of to her, ſhe received only ill uſuage, and experiencing all the vexations of reproaches from abroad, and want at home, ſhe at laſt got rid of him: — he quitted her, and went to *France*, in queſt, as it is ſuppoſed, of new adventures.

THIS fine, gay, obſtinate lady, now is glad to accept of a contribution made by her friends for ſupporting her in a mean, plain way, viſited by few, reſpected yet by fewer, and careſſed by none; ſhe has leiſure to reflect upon and regret the unhappy prepoſſeſſion which made her ſo induſtriouſly fly the good Haven profered, in a wealthy, generous, and accompliſhed man, and throw herſelf into the arms of an abandoned villain and impoſtor.

HAD that aunt being living, who had inſpired her with ſo fatal a prepoſſeſſion, ſhe would doubtleſs have repented her of it; but death, ſome time before *Luellin* had commenced his ſuit, prevented her ſuffering any thing, either from remorſe within herſelf, or from the reproaches of others.

BUT while I truly commiſerate the fate of *Sabina*, I cannot forbear accuſing *Luellin* of want of judgment, in perſiſting in his ſuit, after being acquainted with the obſtinate prepoſſeſſion of his miſtreſs,

miſtreſs. — In my mind, it is a kind of *Quixotiſm*, for merit to combat againſt prejudice. — In vain does beauty, wit, bravery, virtue, courage, or every other excelling qualification, that nature, joined with education, can beſtow, oppoſe itſelf againſt the ſails of that ſtupid windmill in the brain; and though the poet ſays,

The brave and virtuous conquer difficulties,
By daring to oppoſe them;

Yet I am of opinion, that great author thought not of prejudice when he wrote theſe lines, ſince that is a difficulty not to be ſurmounted by any ſervices, any deſervings, nor even any conſiderations of ſelf-intereſt whatſoever; but is, at the ſame time, an enemy to the happineſs of the perſon who harbours it, as much, if not more, than to thoſe who vainly endeavour to overcome it.

As for *Luellin*, however, he recovered of his fever, and his paſſion at the ſame time; and ſoon after had the good fortune to be married to a young lady of great merit herſelf, and truly ſenſible of his, with whom he now lives in all the happineſs the world can give.

I heartily wiſh that examples of the ill conſequences attending an unreaſonable prejudice were leſs frequent; but I fear there are few into whoſe hands this piece may fall, who will not rather think it too common a caſe to be inſerted, than too extraordinary to be believed.

Many, indeed, may laugh at the unfortunate *Sabina*, and plume themſelves on a ſuperior underſtanding, which enables them to avoid either a too great attachment, or too great an averſion for any particular place, or the natives of it, and cry,

They

They wonder the woman could be ſo infatuated! — *There certainly are worthy and unworthy perſons born in all climates!* And yet theſe very perſons, who talk in this manner, are, perhaps, no leſs biaſſed, than the lady they condemn, though on different ſubjects.

IF we could be ſenſible that ſtrong liking or diſliking we feel within ourſelves was prejudice, that very ſenſibility would go a great way towards curing us of it; but the miſchief, as I have already obſerved, but cannot too often repeat, is, that we miſtake the moſt blind partiality for the moſt quick-eyed judgment, and think every body in the wrong, who does not ſee as we do.

IT is therefore the buſineſs of all who could wiſh to think or act like rational creatures, on the firſt emotions of an inclination to favour or diſfavour any particular perſon or thing, to ask themſelves the queſtion, Why they do ſo? — To examine nicely into the merits of the cauſe, and weigh them in the ſcale of reaſon. — How would then what ſeems moſt ponderous often be found light as air, and that which appears but of a feathery ſubſtance, prove of more weight than gold!

WITHOUT this we never can be ſure of forming a right judgment, or be capable of acting with even common juſtice.

Juſtice, *the queen of virtues!*

(ſays our excellent *Waller*, in one of his moral and inſtructive poems,)

From our complexion *we are* chaſte *or* brave;
But this *from* reaſon, *and from* Heav'n *we have.*

All

All other *virtues dwell but in the* blood;
This *in the* ſoul, *and gives the name of* good!

WOULD not one think that man was mad, who ſhould go all his life in leading-ſtrings; yet what is it elſe to adhere to any thing in age, merely becauſe we were taught it in our youth?

I AM very ſenſible, however, that all that can be ſaid by me, or any one elſe, on this ſubject, would have as little efficacy, as preaching to the winds and waves. — There is no turning the impetuous tide of prejudice. — It bears down every thing before it, and overflows all the boundaries of reaſon.

BUT wherefore has it this mighty force? — Why, by giving way to it at firſt. — By ſuffering our nobler faculties to be immerged in its bottomleſs depth, for want of taking a little pains in the exertion of them.

DIFFICULT it is to prevail on young perſons to apply themſelves ſeriouſly to an examination of themſelves, I mean, their paſſions and inclinations: they are, for the moſt part, too volatile to fix the mind in that ſtate of reflection which is abſolutely neceſſary to accompliſh ſo great a work; and thoſe who are arrived at a more advanced age, are generally too obſtinate and too proud, to recede from an opinion they have for a long time entertained.

IT is not, therefore, ſo much the perſons who are prejudiced, as thoſe who, like the aunt of *Sabina*, inſpire that prejudice, on whom the blame lies of all the ills ariſing from it.

I WOULD therefore, methinks, fain prevail on thoſe who unhappily are governed by prejudice, to keep it ſo far to themſelves, as not by example, or precept, to render others guilty of the ſame.—To let the young and unbiaſſed mind take its own bent (excepting always in matters of religion and morality) and let reaſon freely operate.—The Almighty has given every one a ſufficient ſhare of that divine emanation to direct them to ſome true judgment of the things of this world, or at leaſt ſo far as relates to their own affairs, or the good of ſociety in general.

As theſe lucubrations are intended for the good of the public, and the advice contained in them flows from a ſince heart, and the warmeſt wiſhes for the true happineſs and innate peace of all my fellow-creatures, I flatter myſelf there is nothing I have urged on this head will give offence to any.

AND now having ſaid as much as I think proper, or can venture to do, tho' infinitely ſhort of ſo copious a ſubject, I ſhall take my leave of it at preſent, and proceed to another too predominant, though a leſs univerſal error, and which has been, and ever will be, the occaſion of much diſquiet to thoſe guilty of it, as well as thoſe who may happen to be piqued by it.

THERE is nothing requires a greater delicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion, than what we call *raillery*; and a perſon muſt be very polite indeed, who knows how to practiſe it, ſo as not to give offence.

THE difference between *ridicule* and *raillery* is ſo very ſmall, that the one is often miſtaken for the other—The latter, therefore, ought never to be

be attempted but by people of fine taſte, nor played off but on thoſe equally qualified to return it; and as it has alſo ſome diſtant affinity with *ſatire*, ſhould never have for its ſubject matters of too ſerious nature. — What expoſes any thing we wiſh to have concealed, though it may be done with an air of pleaſantry, leaves a ſting behind it which is not eaſily forgiven, and will be taken for *ridicule*, whether meant as ſuch, or not.

Raillery is always perſonal, — *ridicule* ought never to be ſo; and whenever the *former* is ſevere enough to have any tincture of the *latter*, it becomes groſs, and deſerves being reſented as an affront.

As ſo few, therefore, are capable of giving or receiving it in a proper manner, and ſo many precautions are neceſſary to be taken concerning it, it would be well if the humour were baniſhed out of converſation intirely.

I KNOW it is generally looked upon as an agreeable method both of wheting and ſhewing wit; and for that reaſon, all who either have, or imagine they have, a talent that way, are extremely fond of exerting it.—There is a ſaying much in the mouths of the vulgar, which is, *ſuch a one had rather loſe his friend than his jeſt*, and I am afraid too many, indeed, are of that mind; but how conſonant ſuch a diſpoſition is, either with prudence or good-nature, I leave the moſt reaſonable part of the world to determine.

To be merry ourſelves, or make ſport for others, on the errors or miſtakes of our friend or companion, is certainly very unkind: — but if our jeſt is on the defects or infirmities of his perſon,

it

it is cruel to the laſt degree; —and if on his miſfortunes, monſtrouſly ungenerous and baſe.— Yet theſe are the topics which ſome *would-be* wits make choice of for the entertainment of the company they are in, who, perhaps, are diverted at the expence of one, who has it not in his power to return the inſult, though he is ſenſibly affected with it.

None but thoſe who feel the ſtab a piquant reflection ſometimes gives, can know to pity the pain of it; — yet if you reproach the perſon who inflicts it; he will tell you, he was only in jeſt, and ſpoke as he did to excite a little laughter; ſo that the moſt cruel treatment that can be, paſſes for innocent chearfulneſs and good-humour, forgeting what *Cowley* ſays,

There is a ſort of ſmile,
Which worſe than anger does revile.

I know nothing in effect that ſticks longer on the mind than a bitter ſarcaſm, eſpecially when conſcious of its having ſome foundation in truth. —But you will ſay this is not *raillery*. — I grant it is *ridicule*, — it is *invective*; yet it is that which, with people of narrow underſtandings, paſſes for *raillery*, and as ſuch is excuſed, if not applauded.

I believe nobody will deny, but that the *French* excel in this branch of the art of converſation all the nations in the world; yet the abbé *de Bellegarde* adviſes his pupil to be very ſparing of his wit that way.

'Nothing, ſays that excellent inſtructor of 'youth, more ſhews the quickneſs of the genius 'than a genteel raillrey; yet if it be not directed 'with great judgment, it degenerates into groſſneſs

'neſs, and turns the ridicule, not ſo much in-
'deed on the perſon levelled at in it, as on him
'that practiſes it.

'WHEN you would give a looſe to pleaſantry
'of this ſort, the character of the perſon you
'would railly, as well as the topic for raillery,
'ought to be well conſulted:—to take this li-
'berty with one who is your ſuperior, is inſolence:
'with one too much beneath you, demeans your-
'ſelf:—with perſons far advanced in years, or
'with thoſe of a melancholly conſtitution, it is
'abſurd; and with ladies, a freedom which ſa-
'vours too much of indecency.

'As your ſentiments are gay, to railly well,
'your expreſſions muſt be ſo too, yet accom-
'panied with a certain ſoftneſs, which will render
'what you ſay tickling, not wounding, to the
'heart.

'IT is a happy talent, to know how to railly
'in ſuch a manner, as while you divert the com-
'pany with affecting a ſeverity on ſome particular
'action or humour of any one, what has the ap-
'pearance of a ſarcaſm at firſt hearing, ſhall be
'found, when conſidered, the higheſt praiſe could
'egi ven.

'MONSIEUR *de Saintonge* excels this way as
'much as any man I know.—He was one day in
'company with the count *de Buſy*, and ſome
'others, when on ſome occaſion that nobleman
'ſaid, he wondred any one could be covetous.
—*How, my Lord*, cried *Saintonge* immediately,
'*can you be ſurpriſed at that in others, when you*
'*are ſo notoriouſly guilty of it yourſelf?—Is not*
'*your lordſhip the moſt covetous man in the world,*
'*who, not content with all the fine eſtates you have*

'*in*

'*in* France, *are continually purchaſing more in the* 'Blue Plains? — *Do not you lend your money at* '*more than* cent. per cent. *intereſt above, and* '*are not your* levees *every day crouded with the* '*lame and the blind, and all kind of miſerable* '*people for that purpoſe?*

'This was a kind of raillery which delighted 'all that heard it, and was the greateſt compli-'ment could be paid to the count, who, every 'one knows, is an almoſt inimitable pattern of 'charity and beneficence.

'BUT few there are who have a genius and 'happy turn of thought and expreſſion adapted 'to give all the pleaſures of raillery, and at the 'ſame time avoid any of its inconveniencies; and 'even thoſe who have, ſhould take care not to uſe 'it too frequently, leſt they ſhould be ſuſpected 'as in capable of being ſerious.'

THE ſame author alſo, in another celebrated piece of his, intitled, *The Government of the Tongue*, has this maxim:

'NEVER begin to ſpeak without firſt conſider-'ing to whom you ſpeak, in what manner you 'will ſpeak, and wherefore you are to ſpeak; 'for words, like arrows, ſhould never be thrown 'out, unleſs directed to the mark propoſed by 'them.

'WHOEVER has fire and vivacity without 'judgment, rides a young horſe without a bridle, 'and is ſure of being plunged into innumerable 'difficulties and dangers: correct therefore the 'one, till your having attained the other is un-'queſtionably confirmed; and chuſe rather to be

'taken

'taken for a man too dull and phlegmatic, than 'for a vain trifler, who talks of things he knows 'not the conſequeuce of'

I WOULD not have any one imagine, that I have quoted the above author, becauſe I think there are none of our *Engliſh* ones have ſaid as good things on the occaſion: I have only done it to ſhew, that though raillery is ſo much in vogue among the *French*, that no one is accounted qualified for polite converſation without it; yet the wiſe and thinking part of that nation are for preſcribing ſo many limits to it, as if obſerved, muſt of neceſſity render it leſs practiſed even there.

THE true genius of the *Engliſh* nation is of a quite different turn; — deliberate and ſedate, — rather *wiſe* than witty, and naturally more *ſerious* than *gay*: — Raillery, therefore, is not our province, and the affectation of it ſits but aukwardly upon us.

A CERTAIN noble duke, now deceaſed, had, perhap, as great a talent for genteel railliery as any man that lived; yet a lady of the court, at that time a celebrated beauty, could never be prevailed upon to forgive his writing theſe lines upon her.

Belinda's *ſparkling wit and eyes*
United caſt ſo fierce a light,
As quickly flaſhes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the heart, *but burns the* ſight.
Love *is all gentleneſs, all joy;*
Smooth are his looks, and ſoft his pace:
Her Cupid *is a blackguard boy,*
That runs his link full in your face.

WE women do not like the impreſſion we make ſhould be eaſily eraſed; and therefore I cannot think

think it ſtrange this lady ſhould conceive a laſting reſentment againſt a nobleman, whoſe reputation for wit made every thing he advanced paſs for orthodox with all he converſed with, or who knew any thing of him.

IT is certain her charms had no effect on him, or that the deſire he had of mortifying her vanity overcame all the admiration he might have of her other good qualifications. — I do not pretend to be enough miſtreſs of that ſecret hiſtory to relate the motives of his writing that poem; I can only ſay, that whatever was the occaſion, it was more ſarcaſtic than could be expected from a perſon of his grace's known good-nature; and that when he could put pen to paper on ſuch a ſubject, his ſatirical humour prevailed over that reſpect and ſoftneſs with which at other times he was accuſtomed to treat the ladies.

BUT when people, without one grain of wit, humour, or even common ſenſe, ſhall pretend to ſay ſmart things, and vent their little malice, or perhaps envy, of ſome ſuperior qualification, and call it raillery, I would fain have thoſe who are witneſſes of ſuch a behaviour examine ſtrictly into it; and then, I am very certain, a great many of thoſe inſidious reflections, which are thrown out with an air of pleaſantry, and afford mirth to the hearers, would be found ſuch as demand the utmoſt contempt and indignation from all who have in reality any underſtanding or ſoftneſs of temper.

I DO not ſay, that all the inſinuations thrown out, proceed from any latent view of doing miſchief to the perſon they are levelled at, under the ſhew of raillery: there are ſome people, who in their hearts wiſh no hurt to any body, yet do a great

great deal without knowing it, merely to acquire the reputation of being very *arch*, as they call it; which is, by a great many in the world, looked upon as the ſame thing as being very *witty*,

I WOULD therefore have every one who are innocent of this crime in the *intention*, beware how they become guilty of it through *inadvertency*:— The want of thought creates many miſchiefs among mankind, and this is the reaſon that none ought to ſpeak, till they have firſt reflected on every thing that may poſſibly be the conſequence of what they ſpeak.

THE ſcripture tells us, that the tongue is an unruly member, and common experience may convince us, that there is nothing which is more capable of bringing on all kinds of evils, diſturbances, and heart-burnings among ſociety.

To this, the advocates for *raillery* may poſſibly alledge, that as the perſon levelled at, is always preſent, they may have an opportunity of returning it in kind, if *true*, or vindicating themſelves, if the contrary.

THEY muſt, however, either know, or conſider, human nature very little, who argue in ſuch a manner.— Some indeed will, doubtleſs, behave according to this ſuppoſition: but there are others again, who when pertly attacked, may want ſufficient ſpirit, or preſence of mind, in that inſtant, to make a proper reply; and ſo ſuffer themſelves to be laughed out of countenance.— Nor is this the worſt of it; by this baſhfulneſs, which, as I ſaid before, all people cannot avoid, the jeſt upon them is very likely to be believed to have ſomewhat more in it than it has in reality, and does a miſchief

miſchief perhaps, without the author intending or deſiring it ſhould.

THE greateſt evils often ſpring from the moſt minute beginnings, and it would be a laſting trouble on the mind of any perſon, who has the leaſt ſenſe of juſtice or good-nature to find, that by having let fall ſome inadvertent expreſſion, and utterly without deſign, he had been the occaſion of deſtroying the happineſs, or good fame, of another.

THAT this has been the caſe, I could produce many inſtances, which have happened in the compaſs of my own knowledge and obſervation, as a meer citizen of the world, excluſive of my ſpectatorial capacity; but I think it would be altogether needleſs to recite any of them, becauſe it is a truth which every one's experience may demonſtrate, without the aid or argument, or other proof, than what they may furniſh to themſelves.

BUT, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid againſt *raillery*, I am heartily vexed when I ſee people behave ſo as to render themſelves fit ſubjects, not only for that, but for the ſevereſt *ſatire* that can be thrown againſt them. — I mean, when they pretend to make a ſerious matter of reſentment of things intended only for ſport. — But it is even more ridiculous, as well as unjuſt, when thoſe who lay hold of every occaſion to laugh at their neighbours, are not able to ſupport, with any degree of moderation, the leaſt liberty of that kind taken with any thing belonging to themſelves.

YET there are ſuch unreaſonable mortals in the world; but as I judge them too incorrigible, and too proud to regard any admonitions from a *Female* cenſor, I ſhall leave them to be corrected by the perpetual

perpetual broils and diſquiets, ſuch a diſpoſition of mind muſt of courſe involve them in, while they continue to be of it.

As to thoſe whoſe more reſerved temper keep them from ever deſcending to any diſcourſe which ſeems to them light and trifling, though it muſt be owned, that nothing can be more ill-judged, than to treat them with it; yet, when I ſee them inflamed with paſſion, and ready to quarrel with the perſon that offers it, I always think there is more reaſon to bluſh for the extravagant *auſterity* of the *one*, than the *imprudence* of the *other*.

OF this unhappy temper was the late Mr. *Dennis*, who, though a good poet, a much better critic, and a man of great learning, and excellent ſenſe in other things, was ſo weak, as not to endure any converſation that was not ſtrictly ſerious. A *pun*, a *quibble*, or *conundrum*, were more terrible to him than a cannon-ball: — the leaſt attempt toward *raillery*, though not aimed at himſelf, was ready to throw him into a fever, and he could not reſtrain himſelf even from abuſing thoſe who diſcovered a propenſity that way.

THIS rendered him a companion but for a very few; — greatly leſſened that love and reſpect which were due to his good qualities, and occaſioned many ſarcaſms upon him. — Mr. *Pope*, among others, exerciſed his ſatiric talent in theſe lines which, being acounted very picturesque, I ſhall tranſcribe:

—— Appius *reddens at each word you ſpeak,*
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

IT was certainly a humour in him very unworthy of his character; for tho' one cannot really

approve of a thouſand impertinencies one ſometimes hears in company, it would be particularizing one's ſelf too much, to diſcover any uneaſineſs at them.

NAY, tho' one ſhould find one's ſelf ſingled out to be the *butt* of the moſt groſs, and even impudent of all that can bear the name of *raillery*, it would be ſtill the greateſt mark of diſcretion, not to appear offended at it. — The *Italians* have a proverb, that *the more you laugh, the leſs you will be laughed at.*

BESIDES, to ſeem to take no notice of an inſult this way, is the ſure means of being revenged without either pain or trouble to one's ſelf: whoever is brutal enough to offer it, and finds it paſſes with impunity, will imagine that every thing is permitted to him, and that he may ſay and do as he pleaſes, and in that preſumption give himſelf ſuch a latitude, as without being a prophet one may foretell, will ſooner or later meet with its due correction from ſome one, or other, who has as little prudence as himſelf.

SINCE then, to reſent where there is the greateſt cauſe for it, is not to be permitted, how ſhall we excuſe thoſe to whom every little pleaſantry, every *bon mot*, as the *French* term it, ſhall give offence? — Certainly, there is nothing can be ſaid in behalf of ſuch a behaviour, and the perſon guilty of it, merits the keeneſt *ridicule* in the room of *raillery*.

BUT, after all, is it not better to avoid ſhewing one's wit, in a way which, with all the precautions we can take, will be the occaſion of diſquiet to ſome weak minds, and create us enemies of others?

I ALLOW,

I ALLOW, indeed, that where a ſelect company are met, — where all are of the ſame way of thinking, — all harmony, vivacity, good ſenſe, and good humour, a round of wit played off from one to another, will very agreeably paſs away an hour, and be a delightful relaxation from more ſerious avocations.

BUT I need not ſay, how difficult ſuch a congreſs is to be found among us; — were it leſs ſo, the ſubject would probably not have been taken notice of in theſe lucubrations.

WE have the authority of one of the very beſt and moſt knowing among our ancient poets, to aſſure us of this truth. Theſe are his words:

Men's tempers more than faces differ;
Even a brother is not like a brother:
One ſhall be haughty, ſullen, and ſevere,
The other all complaiſance, and good will.
Strange is it the ſame ſtem, ſame juice, ſame ſeed,
Fruit of ſuch various natures ſhould produce;
Yet true, moſt true, experience daily ſhews.
How cou'dſt thou then, deluded heart, e'er hope
A ſympathetic influence in a ſtranger!

MR. *Dryden* tell us, in one of his excellent poems,

'Tis a meer madneſs to expect to find
In diff'rent men, one and the ſelf ſame mind.

How, indeed, can we imagine we can find that unanimity with any other perſon, which we cannot retain within ourſelves; as Dr. *Garth* juſtly expreſſes this inequality of the heart:

Mankind one day ſerene and free appear,
The next they're cloudy, ſullen and ſevere,
New paſſions, new opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at noon, deſpiſe at night:

They gain with labour, what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, grows a diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.

I HAVE now but one thing more to add on this occaſion, and that is a word or two of advice to thoſe who are, and reſolve to continue, lovers of *raillery*.

IN the firſt place, I would fain prevail on them never to make religion, in what form ſoever practiſed, the ſubject of it. — In the next, the character of the perſon they are about to railly, ought to be well conſidered. — It would ill become a gay young perſon to exert his talent this way on a clergyman, or a judge, becauſe the goſpel and the law demand our reverence. — Next to theſe, our governors, preceptors, or whoever has had the care of our education, would be exempt from hearing any marks of our levity.

BUT to a parent above all, we ſhould never forget that awful diſtance, which the laws of God and man have ſet between us, — whatever fondneſs they may have for us, — whatever liberties their good-nature may permit, the indulgences we receive ſhould only increaſe our love to them, not diminiſh our reſpect.

IT is too much if we are remiſs in their preſence, in the concealment of thoſe things in our ſelves, which we are conſcious they will not, nor can approve, becauſe it diſcovers a careleſsneſs inconſiſtent with the homage due from us to the

authors of our being; but when we take upon us to be merry at any little paſſion or humour we may happen to obſerve in them, there is ſomething ſo monſtrous in it, as muſt be ſhocking to every reaſonable by-ſtander.

YET this is but too common among the gay young gentlemen of our times; and there are a great many who can be witty on no other occaſion than the failings of their old dad, or the good old gentlewoman, their mother. — The veneration which a great length of days was accuſtomed to excite in all civilized nations, ſeems now wholly loſt among us, and it is enough to be of an advanced age, without any other failing, to be look-on as a proper object for *raillery*, if no worſe.

FEW ſons behave like a young gentleman, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Belfont*. — This worthy example of filial duty, was heir to a very large eſtate; yet by the extreme parſimony of his father, denied many things befitting his age, rank, and fortune. He was obliged to avoid company very much; and refuſe making one in many a party of pleaſure he would have been glad to have enjoyed; yet did he take care, that all the *raillery* on this inforced frugality, ſhould fall rather on himſelf than him who was the cauſe of it.

NEVER did any ſon ſeem more contented with a father: — never had any father more reaſon to think himſelf happy in a ſon.

THEY lived intirely free from any reproaches on the one ſide, or repinings on the other, till young *Belfont* had attained to the age of five-and-twenty, at which time he thought to reap the reward of his

obedience: —his father having always aſſured him, that he ſhould then be married to a young lady whom from his childhood he had tenderly loved, and by whom he was no leſs beloved. — Part of the eſtate was to be ſettled on them, and he now flattered himſelf with having it ſoon in his power to live in a manner more agreeable to his inclinations, than he could do while under the direction of a father, who looked on every thing beyond the neceſſities of nature, as luxury and prodigality.

BUT it often happens, that when we imagine ourſelves moſt near the attainment of our wiſhes, ſome ſudden and unlooked-for accident carries us fartheſt off: even ſo it proved with our young lovers: the beautiful *Sophia* (for ſo I ſhall call the lady) was to give further teſtimonies of her love and conſtancy, by continuing to refuſe yet a longer time, all other offers for the ſake of *Belfont*, and *Belfont* to exerciſe his patience, ſubmiſſion, and obedience, in a trial infinitely more ſevere, than any he had before experienced.

EVERY thing having been agreed between both their fathers, the marriage-articles were ordered to be drawn; and being brought by the lawyer in order to be approved and ſigned by the reſpective parties, and no objection being made by either of them, the father of the young lady aſked old *Belfont* to ſet his hand, on which he fell into a cough, ſaid he was not well, that another time would do, and went out of the houſe in the moſt abrupt manner that can be imagined, leaving *Sophia*, her father, and the lawyer, in the utmoſt ſurprize, as not being able to penetrate into the meaning of ſo odd a behaviour.

EARLY the next morning the old gentleman received a letter from him, containing theſe lines.

SIR,

SIR,

'MARRIAGE being a thing of ſo much conſequence to the happineſs or miſery of thoſe who enter into it, you cannot blame me for being more than ordinarily cautious on the ſcore of a moſt obedient and only ſon: — and hope alſo you will agree with me, that they are both young enough to wait a little longer, till time and more experience ſhall qualify them better, than we can yet ſupoſe them to be, for the management of a family: — I do not doubt but it will ſeem ſtrange to you, that I ſuffered things to proceed ſo far between them, as I am of this way of thinking; but you know a moment will ſometimes produce reflections which have lain dormant in the mind for whole years. — This is the caſe with me, and I am now determined that *Ned* ſhall continue a batchelor, till a more proper ſeaſon arrives for making him change his condition. — If your daughter lives ſingle till then, as I always intended it ſhould be a match, and I believe they love one another, I ſhall be ready to perform my part towards ſettling them together; if not, I wiſh her much happineſs with whoever ſhe ſhall make choice of, and am, with a great deal of ſincerity,

SIR,

Your moſt humble, and
moſt obedient ſervant,
BELFONT.

NEVER did any conſternation exceed that which both father and daughter were in at the receipt of this letter: — they knew not what to think, nor how to fix on the motive which had occaſioned ſo

ſudden an alteration. — At one time they imputed it to ſome caprice come into his own head. — At others, they imagined it owing to ſome fault in the young gentleman; that either a new attachment had made him deſirous of breaking off, or that he was guilty of ſome ſecret vice, which the father having juſt diſcovered, could not in conſcience conſent to his marriage, till he ſhould be reclaimed from it.

THEY read the letter over and over, examined with the utmoſt nicety every word, and the more they endeavoured to find the meaning, the more they were at a loſs, and confounded at the intricacy. — *Sophia*, however, who could not be perſwaded that her lover had any hand in it, flattered herſelf that ſhe ſhould ſoon ſee him, and then the myſtery would be unravelled.

BUT how much that poor young gentleman ſuffered when he was told by his father, that he muſt think no more of *Sophia* as a perſon who was likely to be his wife, is not to be deſcribed by any words I am able to make uſe of.

AT firſt a jealous pang came over him; — he imagined his father had diſcovered ſomething in the behaviour of that young lady inconſiſtent with the profeſſions ſhe had made him; but the old gentleman ſoon eaſed him of thoſe apprehenſions, by allowing her all the good qualities he could wiſh in a daughter-in-law, except *one*.

And what, ſir, is that, cried young *Belfont*, with ſomewhat of an impatience in his voice and looks? *Frugality*, replied his father gravely, *and I can never conſent that an eſtate, which I have ſpent*

ſpent my whole life in the ſtudy of improving, ſhall be ſquandred away by the wife of my heir.

It was in vain that the ſon aſſured him that he had never ſeen the leaſt token of an extravagant temper in *Sophia* : — that ſhe never frequented any expenſive places of diverſion, dreſſed not in the leaſt above her ſtation in the world, but rather beneath it, and deteſted gaming. The old man interrupted him by ſaying, *All theſe things I know as well as you ; but it may be perhaps more owing to her father's good oeconomy in debarring her, than her own natural diſpoſition : — I would not have you*, continued he, *imagine yourſelf wiſer than your father : — I tell you the ſeeds of profuſeneſs are in her nature, and want but opportunity to ſhoot in all the modiſh luxuries of the age : — I have obſerved* that *in her, which convinces me of it, nor ſhould the whole world perſwade me to the contrary : — no, no, it is not in her power to deceive my penetration ; — therefore, I once more command you to think no more of her.*

YOUNG *Belſont* liſtened attentively while he ſpoke, but perceiving he did not mention the proof he had received of her being of a humour ſo different from what he approved, took the liberty of intreating he would let him know what it was that had made him all at once entertain ſuch an opinion of a young lady, whom he had heard him ſo lately praiſe for her modeſty, diſcretion, and good management of her father's houſe.

Aye, aye, cried he, *I then went with the current of the world : people may impoſe on me for a time, but thank Heaven, my eyes are now opened : ſo, ſon, conquer this fooliſh paſſion you have for her,*

and aſſure yourſelf, that nothing can make you ſo miſerable as the indulging it.

ON this the young gentleman told him, that his commands were ever ſacred to him; but once more beſeeched him to let him into the reaſons which induced him to lay this upon him, which, he acknowledged, was the moſt difficult to be obeyed of any he had yet enjoined.

THE reſpect and humility with which he ſpoke made his father think he ought not to deny him this requeſt; ſo after a little farther converſation, acquainted him with the mighty diſcovery he had made of her unworthineſs to come into their family, which, as I doubt not but my readers are as impatient for as I myſelf was on the firſt hearing the ſtory, I ſhall relate it with as much exactneſs as I can.

IT being winter, the two old gentlemen, with *Sophia*, were ſitting near the fire, while the lawyer was at a deſk at the other end of the room, correcting ſome error he had made in the marriage-articles. — The fire beginning to decay, the young lady took the poker and ſtirred it up; but, unfortunately for the intereſt of her love, turned one of the cakes of coals upſide down, ſo that the freſh part fell into the middle of the grate, and by that means became a bright blaze, gave a great heat, but was ſooner burned out than it would have been, if in its former poſition.

THIS appeared to old *Belfont* ſuch an act of extravagancy, or careleſsneſs, that from that inſtant he reſolved to break the match: certain within himſelf, that ſhe who was ſo little ſaving in firing, would be no more ſo in other things.

THE

THE ſon could not hear a reaſon of this ſort aſſigned for the alteration in his fortune, without bluſhing, with ſurprize and ſhame, at the ſordid meanneſs of it; but, containing himſelf within thoſe bounds of reſpect he had always obſerved, and thought his duty, to the author of his being, he only remonſtrated, that *Sophia* might nor, juſt in that moment, conſidered the value of coals; or that, perhaps, the cinder might fall in that manner by meer accident, without her intending it ſhould do ſo.

BUT he had little time for any arguments of that nature; the father cried out, there was no excuſe to be made for her; — that the very thing he urged in her defence, was the fault he accuſed her of; — that to want conſideration, was to want every thing a wife ought to be endued with; — and, at laſt, went ſo far as to menace his withdrawing all that paternal affection he had hitherto treated him with, if he either viſited, or held any correſpondence with her.

HE too well knew the obſtinacy of his father, to offer any thing in contradiction to what he ſaid; and, with a low bow, promiſed an implicit obedience to his will, which ſo well pleaſed the old gentleman, that he gave him his promiſe, never to go about to compel him to marry any woman he did not like, in return for his renouncing the woman he did like, in obedience to his will.

YOUNG *Belfont* was not ſo little ſincere in his affection to his dear *Sophia*, as to refrain ſeeing her; though he ſtill preſerved all the duty and reſpected he owed his father; for neither he thought obliged him to falſify his vows, and at the ſame

time do a violence to his inclinations, on ſo frivolous a pretence.

HE wrote to her, bewailing their mutual ill fortune, and conjured her to meet him at the houſe of a perſon he knew he could confide in; ſhe complied with the ſummons, and never was there a more melancholly meeting than this firſt. — On her expreſſing her aſtoniſhment at ſo ſtrange a turn in his father's ſentiments, and deſiring he would acquaint her with what he knew concerning it, he looked down and ſighted, but made no reply, though ſhe often renewed the queſtion.

THIS made her imagine there was ſomething in it, which he feared to relate, as knowing it would give her pain, and doubted not but it was on the ſcore of getting a larger fortune with ſome other, that his father, who all the world knew was avaritious, had endeavoured to make him forego his pretenſions to her.

As ſhe expreſſed her belief of this, and would not be prevailed upon to think the contrary, he, at laſt, after having obliged her to a vow of ſecreſy, revealed to her the whole truth, and the converſation he had with his father upon it.

THIS he was obliged to repeat ſeveral times, before ſhe could be brought to give credit; but when at laſt ſhe did, the thing appeared to her ſo very ridiculous, that in ſpite of the trouble ſhe was in, ſhe could not forbear burſting into a loud laughter, and cried out, *Well, ſure I am the firſt that ever loſt a husband for the turning of a cinder!*

HE then told her that it was the oddneſs of it, and the fears he had of expoſing his father to the ridicule

ridicule of the world, which rendered him ſo unwilling to reveal it; but that he depended on her promiſe of never divulging it; which ſhe readily renewed: after which they fell into more ſerious converſation, the reſult of which was, a ſolemn proteſtation to preſerve themſelves each for the other, till fortune ſhould more diſpoſe itſelf in favour of their loves.

IN fine, old *Belfont* died in a ſhort time after, leaving his ſon at liberty to purſue his inclinations. — The father of *Sophia* at firſt was ſomething averſe to his daughter's receiving the addreſſes of a man who had once fallen off; but, on his being made acquainted with the whole ſtory, rather applauded the filial piety of young *Belfont*, than condemned him for it.

THESE faithful lovers have now been married near three years, and reap the reward of their mutual fidelity, and invariable affection.

BUT as the reaſon of my relating this little adventure, was to ſhew the amiableneſs of a reſpectful behaviour to parents, I wiſh the example of *Belfont* may have its due influence on all young perſons, particularly thoſe of my own ſex, in whom the contrary appears more ſhocking than in the other, as the characteriſtic of womanhood will not allow of many liberties, which paſs uncenſured in the men.

End of the TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK XXII.

IT has been ſo much our cuſtom, during the courſe of theſe eſſays, to poſtpone whatever offerings we had of our own to make the public, in order to inſert thoſe of our correſpondents, that it may perhaps ſeem ſtrange no letter appeared in the ſpeculations of laſt month, eſpecially as we had acknowledged the receipt of ſeveral in the foregoing.

THE delay, however, was not occaſioned by our becoming either leſs grateful, or leſs complaiſant than heretofore, to thoſe who are pleaſed to favour us with ſuch of their productions as are proper to find a place in a work of this nature; but in reality, becauſe the topics we happened to fall upon, and which ſeemed to us very neceſſary to be mentioned, branched out to a much greater length than we at firſt intended they ſhould.

BUT as reparation is the beſt apology for any thing that may be taken amiſs, we ſhall now give that ſatisfaction which is expected from us.

To the Authors of the Female Spectator.

LADIES,

'THE obliging reception you were pleaſed to give to a former narrative I ſent you, encourages me to approach you a ſecond time with ſomething, which, if the moral be rightly conſidered, cannot, I think, but afford very inſtructive leſſons to the old as well as young of both ſexes.

'I SHALL

'I SHALL, therefore, make no apology for the 'ſubject, but am ſenſible it may have ſuffered by 'my manner of handling it; and ſhall be proud 'to ſee it appear in your corrections and emenda-'tions more worthy the attention of the town, 'and a place in your agreeable lucubrations.

'BUT as I am apprehenſive that thoſe ſurpriz-'ing adventures, which befel the heroine of the 'ſtory, may give it rather the air of *romance* than 'a genuine account; and, conſequently, have 'leſs effect on the minds of the readers than is 'requiſite, to make them avoid the errors of ſome 'of the perſons concerned, and imitate the virtues 'of the others; permit me, ladies, to aſſure the 'public, that there is not one incident inſerted 'which owes any thing to fiction, but the whole 'is related with all the exactitude and ſimplicity of 'truth.

'I HAVE ventured to call it, *The triumph of* '*fortitude and patience over barbarity and deceit.* '—If you think it an improper title, after having 'weighed the circumſtances and event, I flatter 'myſelf you will change it for one more applicable 'to both. —Whatever other alterations you ſhall 'be pleaſed to make, will rather be an obligation, 'than otherwiſe, to me, as well as to the world. 'I am, with the beſt wiſhes to yourſelves and moſt 'laudable undertaking,

'LADIES,

'*Your very humble,*

'*and obedient ſervant,*

ELISMONDA.

P. S.

P. S. 'ON my looking over the incloſed a ſecond time, I find reaſon to apprehend I have been ſomewhat too tedious in my reflections on the different occurences, as they preſented themſelves to me: — I beg therefore you will be ſo good as to curtail ſuch of them as would loſe their merit (if they have any) by being too much ſpun out, and totally eraſe thoſe which are not to the purpoſe.'

I AM very certain, that thoſe of my readers, who remember that entertaining little hiſtory, entitled, *The Lady's Revenge*, inſerted in the fourteenth book of the *Female Spectator*, will be convinced, that what this lady has requeſted in her poſtſcript is only owing to an exceſs of modeſty, and that diffidence, which is inſeparable from good ſenſe, before a long experience of the moſt confirmed and general approbation wears it off.

IT befits me therefore to do her the juſtice to ſay, that as I could find nothing in the former to correct, ſo in this am not miſtreſs of any expreſſions or ſentiments which could add in any meaſure to that pathetic energy, which ſhines in ſo agreeable a manner throughout the whole piece, eſpecially in thoſe parts of it which ought moſt to affect the heart, where, indeed, the diſtreſſes ſhe deſcribes touch the very ſtrings of life, and compel the reader to *feel* the woes he is told another has endured.

BUT I ſhall not poſtpone the curioſity I have excited; I do not doubt but the public, by whom ſhe and I, and all who venture to appear in print, are to be judged, will give an approbation to her work which it deſerves.

The

The Triumph of FORTITUDE *and* PALIENCE *over* BARBARITY *and* DECEIT, A TRUE HISTORY.

'OF all the acts of injuſtice which the depra-
'vity of human nature can commit, there
'are none certainly deſerving to be more ſeverely
'cenſured, than that of parents ſquandering away
'their ſubſtance, and leaving their children ex-
'poſed to beggary and contempt. — To render
'miſerable by our neglect any thing whoſe ſole
'dependance is upon us is highly ungenerous; but
'to rob thoſe of their birth-right who but for us
'had not exiſted; — to make wretched what
'owes its being to us, for the gratification of ſome
'darling paſſion in ourſelves, is ſuch a piece of
'cruelty, as one would not believe, if daily ob-
'ſervation did not convince us of it, any think-
'ing being could be guilty of.

'A GENTLEMAN, to whom I ſhall give the
'name of *Extrodius*, was left by the good ma-
'nagement and frugality of his anceſtors, in poſ-
'ſeſſion of a very conſiderable fortune. — He
'married a virtuous young lady, by whom he had
'a very numerous offspring; every year bringing
'an increaſe to his family, one would imagine
'ſhould have made him induſtrious for the im-
'provement of a patrimony, out of which, ſo
'many had a claim for proviſion: But, alaſs!
'the immoderate love of pleaſure prevailed above
'paternal affection; — he was ſo paſſionately de-
'voted to all the luxuries of life, that he ſeemed
'not content with thoſe he ſaw enjoyed by others,
'but was continually inventing new modes of in-
'dulging

'dulging every inordinate inclination; and ſtill 'the more expenſive they proved, the more he 'hugged himſelf with having it in his power to 'put them in practice.

'BUT it was not long this worſt of husbands, 'and of fathers, had the means of rioting in ſuch 'voluptuouſneſs: — A few years waſted all he 'had been maſter of in the world, and he fell 'into the extremeſt poverty: — his wife, who 'for ſome time had languiſhed under the appre-'henſions of what was to come upon them, could 'not ſupport the ills ſhe had foreſeen, and died 'of a broken heart: — all their children, except 'one, were ſeized with various diſtempers, and 'bore their mother company in the grave.

'*JEMIMA*, a girl of about twelve years of 'age, was left alone to feel the miſeries thoſe dear 'relations were exempted from by death, while 'he, who had brought them on all, who ought to 'have been dear to him, ſeemed inſenſible of his 'errors, and continued diſpoſing of every thing 'of value, either about his houſe and perſon, till 'there was nothing left to ſell. He then tried 'his credit with kindred, acquaintance, and trade-'men, but they all knew too much of his cir-'cumſtances to comply with any requeſts he made 'them of that nature.

'SOME perſons, whom he had not dealt with 'before, indeed ſupplied him for a little while; 'but were no ſooner informed of the truth of his 'affairs, than they withdrew their hands; and on 'his behaving toward them with more haughti-'neſs than they thought befitting a perſon by 'whom they were likely to be loſers, threw him

'into

'into priſon, whence not one friend made any 'efforts to redeem him, and he died in a ſhort time.

'EVEN the young *Jemima* might have been 'obliged to have recourſe to public charity for a 'wretched ſuſtenance, had not *Dalinda* admitted 'her into her family.— This lady was own ſiſter 'to *Extrodius*, was a widow, had a large join-'ture, and no child; yet did ſhe not take her little 'niece through any motive of compaſſion or 'affection; for, like her brother, ſhe was too 'great a lover of herſelf, and the pleaſures of the 'world, to have the leaſt true regard for any 'thing beſide, but merely to avoid the ſhame of 'having it ſaid, that one ſo near to her in blood 'ſhould wear the livery of the pariſh.

'THE treatment, however, which the poor 'creature received, was little better than what 'ſhe would have met with in any of thoſe places 'from which her aunt made a mighty merit of 'preſerving her.

'THE education allowed her would not have 'been ſufficient to have enabled her to ſupport 'thoſe ſhocks of fate which afterward befel her, 'had ſhe not been endued by nature with all thoſe 'qualifications, which moſt others acquire but 'with labour and difficulty.

'WITHOUT the help of precept ſhe was bleſt 'with an innate piety and reſignation to the Di-'vine Will: — without any of thoſe inſtructions, 'which are looked upon as neceſſary to good 'breeding, ſhe had a native affability and ſweet-'neſs of deportment, which ſhamed all the for-'mal rules of politeneſs and decorum; and with-'out the leaſt advantage from example, but far 'the contrary, could eaſily diſtinguiſh what a-

muſement

'muſements became a woman of honour to give 'into, and what did not.

'As ſhe knew very well the misfortunes to 'which ſhe was reduced by her father's ill ma-'nagement, and the little proſpect ſhe had of 'living in the world according to her birth, ſhe 'reflected, that all that could make her eaſy un-'der her preſent or future ſufferings, was patience 'and humility, and therefore endeavoured, as 'much as poſſible, not to think on the pleaſures 'which thoſe of great fortunes were in poſſeſſion 'of, but on the little wants and exigencies of thoſe 'who either were born to nothing, or like her-'ſelf, were deprived of their firſt hopes. — She 'obſerved, that to be poor, was not always to be 'miſerable; and that riches were frequently not 'accompained with happineſs.— This enabled her 'to know, that content was ſufficient to render 'any ſtation comfortable, and that without it all 'was wretchedneſs.

'In fine, without any aid from books ſhe was 'a philoſopher in her way of thinking at fifteen. 'and perhaps, more truly ſo than the moſt ce-'lebrated of thoſe, whoſe morals and maxims are 'laid down before us, as the beſt guides of our 'ſentiments and actions.

'As to her perſon, ſhe was of a middle ſtature, 'perfectly well turned, eaſy and genteel in all her 'motions: — if the features of her face could 'not be ſaid to be caſt in the mould of beauty, 'there was yet a great deal of regularity and har-'mony in them; which joined with a very de-'licate complexion, fine hair and teeth, and a 'certain ſweetneſs, with the happy compoſure of

'her

'her mind, diffuſed through all her air, made 'her appear extremely lovely.

'MANY there were who thought her ſo; but 'the misfortunes of her family prevented them 'from making their addreſſes on an honourable 'ſcore, as did the modeſty of her behaviour from 'approaching her on any other; and ſhe lived till 'the age of eighteen, without being able to ſay 'ſhe had any one man who had declared himſelf 'her lover.

'BUT among the number of thoſe who had 'long in ſecret admired her, there was one, 'whom I ſhall call *Lothario*, who preſuming on 'his great eſtate, fine perſon, and former ſucceſſes 'with our ſex, at laſt ventured to tell her what 'none before him had ever done.

'THIS gentleman had been a frequent viſiter 'of *Dalinda*, and the charms he found in her 'young niece made him more ſo: — he had many 'opportunities of entertaining the object of his 'paſſion without any notice being taken of it by 'the other, who, as has been already obſerved, 'was not very aſſiduous concerning her; and he 'had the artifice to contrive it ſo, as to be there 'as much as poſſible, when either by her being 'not up, or gone abroad, he ſhould have no in-'truption from that quarter.

'*JEMIMA* thought it was her duty in the 'abſence of her aunt, to entertain him with all 'imaginable reſpect, before he diſcovered the ſen-'timents he was poſſeſſed of in favour of herſelf; 'and ſhe afterwards, at leaſt for a good while, 'was not ſenſible ſhe ought to change her man-'ner of behaviour in regard to him.

'WHETHER

'WHETHER it were that he had the advantage by being the firſt that had diſcovered a ſenſibility of her charms, or whether it were that there was really ſomewhat more engaging in him than ſhe had ſeen in any other man, is altogether uncertain; but it is not ſo that her young heart was inſenſibly caught with the fine things he ſaid to her, and ſhe could not help feeling that pleaſure wnich none but thoſe who love are capable of, whenever ſhe either ſaw or heard him.

'GREAT was the progreſs he had made in her affection, before ſhe ſuſpected he had any other deſign upon her than ſuch as her prudence, as well as inclination, would permit her to encourage; but happening to be alone with him one evening, he began to take ſome liberties with her which very much alarmed her modeſty, and puſhing him from her with all her might, *How*, Lothario, cried ſhe, *is this treatment befitting you to give a woman of virtue? Or could you think me worthy of an honourable paſſion, if I would ſubmit to bear it?*

'THESE words, and the looks and geſtures with which they were accompanied, ſoon made him deſiſt; but he knew ſo well how to excuſe the boldneſs he had been guilty of by the exceſs of his paſſion, that the woman in her ſoul prevailed in his favour, and ſhe conſented to a reconciliation.

'How many are there of our too unwary ſex who would have thought no more of this affair, but have received the pardoned lover in the ſame manner as though he never had offended, and by ſuch a conduct emboldened him to tranſgreſs

'again

'again, perhaps to the utter undoing of the be-'lieving maid.

'BUT it was not ſo with *Jemima:* he had no 'ſooner taken his leave of her, and ſhe had leiſure 'to reflect on what had paſſed between them, 'than all thoſe apprehenſions, which are the ſureſt 'guardians of virgin innocence, roſe in their full 'force upon her troubled mind. — On recollect-'ing the many paſſionate and tender declarations 'he had made to her, ſhe found there was not one 'that gave her any aſſurance that he intended to 'paſs his life with her; no mention had ever been 'made of marriage, and though he profeſſed to 'have for her the extremeſt love that ever man 'was poſſeſſed of, yet her own good ſenſe, as 'well as the report of the world, convinced her, 'that there requires more art in the proſecution 'of a lawleſs flame, than in one whoſe end is 'honour.

'SHE trembled, therefore, leſt in all he had 'ſaid to her he had no other aim in view than her 'ruin; and the ſecret inclinations ſhe found to-'wards him in her own heart, heightened her 'terrors on this ſcore: — ſhe knew ſhe loved, and 'dreading, that in ſome ungarded moment that 'love might prove the deſtruction of her virtue, 'reſolved to ſound the bottom of his deſign, which 'if ſhe perceived was not conformable to thoſe 'rules ſhe wiſhed it might be, to tear herſelf from 'his converſation, dear as it was to her, and never 'ſee him more.

'LET any woman, who has ever known the 'force of that paſſion with which *Jemima* was 'actuated, well weigh the ſtruggles of a ſoul thus 'divided between love and honour, and give her

the

'the applauſe ſhe merits for ſo ſtrict an adherence 'to the latter.

'SHE was, however, in ſome debate within 'herſelf in what manner ſhe ſhould break the mat- 'ter to him. — Her native modeſty would not 'ſuffer her to be the firſt that propoſed marriage, 'which ſhe thought ſhould always be the province 'of the man, and knew not how to frame her 'mouth to utter what ſhe would have bluſhed to 'have heard from that of her lover, much as ſhe 'in ſecret wiſhed it.

'To write her mind alſo on this affair ſeemed 'little leſs bold, but ſhe found an abſolute ne- 'ceſſity of knowing what ſhe had to expect from 'him and this was the method ſhe at laſt made 'choice of.

'BUT how often did this innocent young crea- 'ture begin, and leave off, — examine what ſhe 'had ſaid, — then tear the paper, as thinking it 'confeſſed too much. — Long it was before ſhe 'could find any words which would not ſhock her 'timidity, and at the ſame time expreſs her mean- 'ing. However, after various efforts, that reſo- 'lution which ſhe ſtill perſiſted in, enabled her 'to complete a letter in theſe terms:

To LOTHARIO.

SIR,

"THE little experience I have in writing let- "ters, eſpecially to your ſex, renders this a "preſumption, which can be excuſed by nothing "but the cauſe than enforces me to it. You "know, ſir, the misfortunes of my family, and "that I have nothing but my virtue and reputa- "tion

" tion that I can call my own: the firſt will doubt-
" leſs call in queſtion the two others, ſhould I
" continue to liſten to the addreſſes of a gentleman
" of your fortune: —Permit me, therefore, for
" the future to deny myſelf the honour of your
" viſits; the diſparity between us will not allow
" me to think you condeſcend to make them for
" any other end than your amuſements, and how
" low ſoever I am reduced, have too much pride
" to be the property of it.

" Were it poſſible, which I am far from the
" vanity of imagining, that you really found any
" thing in me worthy of a ſerious attachment, you
" are very ſenſible I am under the care of a re-
" lation, who ought to be made acquainted with
" it, and whom you cannot ſuppoſe will make
" any objections to what ſhe finds is for the true
" intereſt of one who ſhares ſo much of her own
" blood.

" In conſulting her on this affair, you will
" give the beſt proof of your ſincerity, and is the
" only means to ſatisfy the ſcruples of

JEMIMA."

' This ſhe ſent to him by a chairman, not
' caring to entruſt it to any of *Dalinda*'s ſervants,
' leſt they ſhould diſcover it to their lady, whom
' ſhe was unwilling ſhould be let into any part of
' the ſecret, till *Lothario* himſelf ſhould reveal it,
' which ſhe was ſometimes ready to flatter herſelf
' he would do; — ſo eaſily are we led to believe
' what we wiſh.

' Satisfied, notwithſtanding, ſhe was with-
' in herſelf, that ſhe had by this means diſcharged
' what her virtue and her prudence demanded

'from her; and for the reſt, ſhe had piety enough
'to leave the event to the ſupreme diſpoſer of all
'things, and who, ſhe was well convinced, knew
'what was beſt for her.

'As for *Lothario*, it is certain that the thoughts
'of making her his wife had never once entered
'his head; nor, it is probable, had he fore-
'ſeen the difficulties he now found in gaining his
'point, he never had attempted to addreſs her
'at all; but the humour of mankind is ſuch, as
'not to endure being overcome, and to deſiſt af-
'ter having proceeded ſo far, ſeemed to him a
'meanneſs of ſpirit, and he thought would ar-
'gue a puſilanimity and diffidence in himſelf,
'which his pride could by no means ſubmit to.

'Her letter, however, both aſtoniſhed, and
'gave him an infinite vexation. — He eaſily per-
'ceived by it, that ſhe had more reſolution and
'ſtrength of mind than he could have poſſibly
'expected to find from a perſon of her years and
'experience of the world, and how to anſwer it
'in ſuch a manner as might effectally deceive her,
'and at the ſame time not prove himſelf a deceiver
'ſhould the affair ever become public, ook him
'up a long conſideration.

'Puzzled as the innocent *Jemima* had been
'in dictating her epiſtle, *Lothario*, though an
'adept in all the arts of intrigues, was not leſs ſo
'to make a proper reply to it; nor, perhaps,
'would have been able to do it in ſuch terms as
'would have been ſatisfactory to her, and yet a-
'greeable to his own deſigns, had not an inven-
'tion come ſuddenly into his head, perfectly,
'conformable to the baſeneſs of his heart, and, I
'believe, the only one that could have been

'found

'found out to enſnare the perſon, whoſe undoing 'he thought nothing too much to accompliſh. 'But as the old poet juſtly enough obſerves,

'————*What cannot wicked will effect,*
'*When bound by no reſtrictions but its own,*
'*And bent to act whatever it inclines?*

'THUS *Lothario* having formed his ſcheme, 'returned, to the plain ſincerity of *Jemima*, this 'ambiguous, but deluſive anſwer.

To the beautiful JEMIMA.

"*Sweeteſt of Creatures,*

"IT were to attempt an impoſſibility to go a-"bout to deſcribe that unſpeakable rapture 'which overwhelmed my heart at the receipt of "your dear letter. — A thouſand and a thouſand "times I kiſſed the charming name, before I had "power to examine the contents to which it was "ſubſcribed; — but when I had gained power "enough over myſelf to do it, good Heaven! how "much was I ſurprized, not, my lovely maid, "at the proof you ſeem to require of my affection, "but that there was a poſſibility for you to doubt "if any thing in my power would be refuſed: "—every requeſt, every wiſh of yours ſhall al-"ways have with me the force of commands, and "it would be the greateſt joy Heaven could confer "upon me, to anticipate all you can have to de-"ſire. — I have much to ſay to you on that "head, and therefore intreat you will give me "an opportunity of revealing to you a ſecret, "which indeed I intended ſhould have died with "me, but now find an abſolute neceſſity of en-"truſting to you.

" *DALINDA* is this evening, I know, en-
" gaged at lady *Rounciful*'s, I will therefore come
" as if deſigning my viſit to her, but beſeech you
" to be at home, that I may offer you a more
" convincing teſtimony of the validity of my
" flame, than that inſufficient one mentioned in
" yours.

" In the mean time, my angel, be careful how
" your too ſcrupulous thoughts may wrong a
" heart wholly devoted to you, and which will
" ever be ſo while life remains in

" *Your moſt paſſionate*

" *and faithful admirer*,

" Lothario.

P. S. " The caution you obſerved in ſend-
" ing to me, gives me the higheſt idea of your
" prudence and good ſenſe; but you will find,
" when I have had the pleaſure of imparting
" ſomething to you, that your good angel had a
" hand in inſpiring you with it on this occaſion,
" and that there was an aſtoniſhing neceſſity for
" the happineſs of us both, that you ſhould act
" in the manner you did.'

' This letter had all the effect it was intended
' to have, in exciting the moſt impatient curioſity
' in *Jemima*, and engaging her to allow him a-
' nother private converſation: — ſhe longed with
' no leſs earneſtneſs than himſelf for the appointed
' time of her aunt to go abroad, and his approach,
' that ſhe might have the myſtery unravelled, and
' alſo hear what teſtimony it was that her lover
' intended to offer of the ſincerity of his paſſion.

' Instigated

'INSTIGATED by motives in which the moſt 'rigid virtue can find nothing to condemn, ſhe 'received him with an obliging ſoftneſs, which 'he knowing her too well to ſuſpect of affectation, 'looked on as a propitious omen to his wiſhes: but 'having before well weighed that ſhe wanted not 'penetration, he had prepared and ſtudied over 'the part he was to act, to the end, that no un-'guarded geſture or expreſſion ſhould open a way 'for the leaſt ſuſpicion to gain entrance.

'His firſt ſalutation to her had a more grave 'air than ſhe had ever ſeen in him; and when 'they were ſeated, though he began to thank her 'for the favour of her letter, yet he ſeemed not 'in a hurry to explain the meaning of his reply to 'it, and pretended a kind of an inward agitation; 'when perceiving he was ſilent on that ſubject, 'ſhe let fall ſome words, as if ſhe was a little 'impatient for it.

'*HOW ſevere is my deſtiny, lovely* Jemima! '*How difficult is it for me to behave in ſo critical 'a conjuncture!* ſaid he with a deep ſigh.— *How 'were the tranſports your dear letter raiſed in me, 'allayed by the command it contained! How ter-'rible was it to me to find you exacted from me, as 'a proof of my love, what would be the ruin of my 'love to comply with, yet have it not in my power 'to convince you it would be ſo without forfeiting 'my honour: a jewel ever ſacred to me;— dearer 'than my life, and next in value to my love!*

'THESE words, inſtead of unfolding, rather 'heightened the myſtery, and *Jemima* not being 'able to conceive any part of their meaning, de-'ſired he would be more plain,

'ON which, *Did not you inſiſt*, anſwered he, 'that I ſhould reveal the ſecret of my paſſion for 'you to Dalinda? *And was not the injunction en-* 'forced by the cruel menace of ſeeing me no more, 'in caſe of a refuſal?

'*I know not, ſir*, reſumed ſhe, bluſhing be- 'tween ſurprize and ſhame, *whether I might ex-* 'preſs myſelf properly on that occaſion; *but cer-* 'tainly there was nothing ſo very difficult in ac- 'quainting an aunt with the ſentiments you are 'poſſeſſed of for her niece; —provided*, continued 'ſhe, with a half frown, *they are of a nature* 'you are not aſhamed to own.

'*BELIEVE then*, purſued he, after ſome mo- 'ments of a well counterfeited diſturbance of 'mind, *that I had not waited for the commands of* 'Jemima *to diſcover to her aunt all I felt for her* 'dear kinſwoman, *had not that aunt given me too* 'plain, too long, *and too continued proofs, that ſhe* 'thinks more favourably of me than I ever wiſhed.

'*HOW*, ſaid *Jemima*, aſtoniſhed beyond mea- 'ſure, *can ſuch a thing be poſſible!*—Then pauſed, 'and reflecting on many paſſages ſhe had obſerved 'in the conduct of her aunt in regard to other 'gentlemen, heſitated but a very little, before ſhe 'yielded all her faith to what *Lothario* alledged.

'THE truth is, that *Dalinda*, to ſay no worſe 'of her, was one of the greateſt coquets of the 'age; vain, gay, and extravagantly envious and 'malicious againſt thoſe charms ſhe ſaw preferred 'to her own; and this perfect knowledge of her 'diſpoſition made *Jemima* now reflect, which 'before ſhe had not done, that ſhe was not a very 'proper perſon for a confidant, even though ſhe 'had been leſs intereſted than *Lothario* pretended.

'SHE

'SHE gave an implicit credit, however, to 'what he ſaid: ſo liable does the being guilty of 'ſome errors render us to be cenſured of others, 'of which we are perfectly innocent; for in fact 'there was not one ſyllable of truth in what this 'artful man inſinuated of *Dalinda*'s affection for 'him, and, it muſt be owned, he could not have 'hit on a more plauſible invention to remove all 'the ſcruples *Jemima* had entertained on his keep-'ing his paſſion for her a ſecret to that lady.

'FEARING, notwithſtanding, there might yet 'remain ſome diffidence in her breaſt, he added a 'thouſand little circumſtances to corroborate the 'truth of his relation, as knowing, that on gain-'ing this point the ſucceſs of his deſign in a great 'meaſure depended.

'BEING convinced, by her behaviour, that 'he had nothing to apprehend on that account, 'he now began to renew the buſineſs of his paſ-'ſion; — ſeemed to chide the diffidence ſhe had 'expreſſed of his honour; — proteſted he never 'had a thought or wiſh tending to the prejudice 'of her virtue, and had no other aim in view than 'making her his wife.

'*THE misfortune of your family*, ſaid he, *is* 'of no manner of conſequence to me, who you know, 'have an eſtate ſufficient to ſupport us in more 'grandeur than is needful for happineſs: but, con-'tinued he, *I have a mother, who, I grieve to* 'ſay, *is of a far different way of thinking.* — *All* 'the perfections that Heaven could beſtow on hu-'man nature would to her be of no eſtimation, if 'wealth and opulence were not added.—This un-'happy temper in her has prevented me from mak-'ing thoſe public declarations I otherwiſe ſhould have

'*been proud to have done, of my inviolable attach-*
'*ment to you; — as ſhe has been the beſt and moſt*
'*tender parent to me, notwithſtanding her avarice,*
'*and is now extremely ancient. I tremble at the*
'*thoughts of ſending her to her grave perhaps ſooner*
'*than nature intended, and with the diſſatisfac-*
'*tion of ſeeing me do the only thing ſhe never would*
'*forgive in me.*

'Here he ceaſed to ſpeak, but *Jemima*'s 'thoughts were at this inſtant in too great per-'plexity to make him an immediate anſwer.

'In the mean time he looked earneſtly upon 'her face, and eaſily perceiving, by the various 'changes in her countenance, every emotion as 'it roſe and fell in her ſoul, found his work was 'not yet perfectly completed; and that alſo it re-'quired the whole art he was maſter of to beguile 'a maid, whoſe own innocence and ſimplicity of 'mind did not hinder her from being extremely 'cautious of the wiles of others.

'He, therefore, firſt began with all the endearing 'expreſſions that love and wit could form, joined 'with all the ſolemn proteſtations that could in-'ſure her of his faith, to perſuade her to enter 'into a contract with him, and exchange vows 'to live mutually for each other, till the death 'of the old lady ſhould remove that only impedi-'ment, which, he pretended, was between him 'and the conſummation of his happineſs.

'The heart of *Jemima* was in reality too much 'engaged to him, without the help of vows, 'for her to be fearful of breaking thoſe ſhe ſhould 'make to him in favour of any other perſon, 'though an offer ſhould happen, of one as much

'above

'above *Lothario* in the goods of fortune, as *Lo-*
'*thario* was above herſelf.

'SHE looked, therefore, on this requeſt as an
'undoubted proof of his love and honour; and
'thought it would be equally ungrateful to him,
'as well as unjuſt to herſelf, not to comply with
'it.—The engagement between them was as firm
'as words could make it; but *Jemima* in that mo-
'ment conſidered not the invalidity of a verbal
'contract without witneſſes, and never once ex-
'acted, or ever mentioned a deſire that it ſhould
'be put into writing; which, doubtleſs, was ow-
'ing to the hurry of ſpirits the former part of his
'diſcourſe, concerning *Dalinda*, had put her into;
'and when afterwards ſhe had leiſure to reflect,
'ſhe feared to betray a want of confidence in him,
'which ſhe knew not how far he might reſent.

'BOTH parties were, indeed, well enough ſatis-
'fied with what they had done: *Jemima* imagin-
'ed ſhe had by it ſecured herſelf a husband whom
'ſhe infinitely loved, and with whom ſhe ſhould
'one day live in all that ſplendor which is ſo en-
'chanting to a young heart, though never ſo well
'fortified with virtue and diſcretion.—*Lothario*,
'on the other hand, flattered himſelf, that he had
'by this means put off her guard, and lulled to
'ſleep all thoſe ſcruples which had hitherto pre-
'vented him from the accompliſhment of his diſ-
'honourable deſign upon her innocence.

'HE would not, however, too ſuddenly ſeem
'to take advantage of the contract, leſt ſuch a be-
'haviour ſhould, and would infallibly have done,
'make her believe, that all his profeſſions of fide-
'lity were no other than ſnares to deceive her;
'but gently and by degrees he became more and

'more free, and whenever ſhe attempted to re-
'pulſe any liberty ſhe thought too great — *Are*
'*you not my wife?* would he cry to her; *though*
'*the ceremony of the church be yet uncelebrated, the*
'*vows we have exchanged are the eſſential parts of*
'*marriage*; — *you ought not then to deny every*
'*thing to my impatient paſſion.*

'To which ſhe always reſolutely anſwered,
'that ſhe ſhould ever look upon her *ſoul* as his
'wife, but as to her *perſon* it muſt remain a pure
'and undefiled virgin bride, till thoſe myſtic words
'ſhould be pronounced, which alone had the pow-
'er of converting *two* diſtinct bodies into *one*.

'HE affected to laugh at the logical definition
'ſhe gave of the union of marriage; but was not
'a little diſappointed to find all the artifices he had
'practiſed with ſuch ſucceſs on others, had not
'the deſired effect on her. — He had now but one
'card more to play, and that was to perſuade her
'to marry him privately; alledging, in the firſt
'place, the violence of his paſſion; and in the
'next, the danger of their ſecret intercourſe being
'diſcovered by her aunt; who, he ſaid, would
'doubtleſs be malicious enough to do every thing
in her power to ſeparate them for ever.

'THIS was an offer which *Jemima* had not
'power to refuſe, not only becauſe her heart took
'a part in it, but alſo becauſe her reaſon ſeemed
'to approve it.

'SHE reflected, that the ſacred ceremony was
'not leſs binding for not making a great noiſe:—
'that *private* marriages were almoſt as frequent as
'*public* ones; that nobody could condemn her
'for ſecuring to herſelf ſo great a fortune; and
'that,

'that, as it was the laſt and greateſt teſtimony of 'his honourable intentions towards her, it would 'be rather an overſtrained modeſty than real pru-'dence to refuſe accepting it.

'THERE required therefore not many argu-'ments to prevail on her to conſent to a thing, 'which ſhe not only wiſhed for in her own mind, 'but was convinced was right in itſelf: ſhe agreed 'to be diſpoſed of by him in the manner he deſired; 'provided only, that nothing of the neceſſary forms 'of marriage ſhould be wanting.

'HE told her, that he ſhould be no leſs careful 'than herſelf in that point; that he had one friend 'whom he would venture to confide in, and he 'it was that ſhould perform the office of father: '—that he would take care to provide a licence 'from *Doctors Commons*, and a ring, only deſired 'ſhe would yield that the ceremony might be per-'formed in ſome private room, becauſe it was 'impoſſible to anſwer, but ſome accident might 'betray the whole affair if it were celebrated in 'a church, notwithſtanding all the caution that 'could be obſerved.

'As ſhe knew nothing was more cuſtomary 'among perſons of condition than marriages of 'this nature, ſhe made not the leaſt objection as 'to the place he judged proper for the performance.

'THIS material point being ſettled, they pro-'ceeded to others in relation to her way of life after 'marriage.—In the firſt place, ſhe was to quit her 'aunt's houſe on the very day, and retire to lodg-'ings he ſhould prepare for her; and as they could 'not cohabit together, he was to paſs only for 'one of her kindred when he came to viſit her:

'whenever he went out of town, he was to ſupply 'her with a ſufficiency to defray all expences ſhe 'ſhould or could poſſibly be at till his return: — 'That he ſhould write conſtantly, but without 'ſubſcribing his real name, once at leaſt every 'week, during his abſence at any time; and that 'her anſwers ſhould be always contrived, ſo as 'to paſs for thoſe of a gentleman of her acquain-'tance, in caſe any of them ſhould happen 'to be intercepted either by his mother or any 'other perſon.

'All other preliminaries being fixed, to the 'ſatisfaction of both parties, *Lothario* prepared 'lodgings for *Jemima*, a ring, licenſe, and every 'other requiſite for the nupials the very next day, 'and the enſuing one early in the morning, ſhe 'packed up her cloaths, and quitted her aunt's 'houſe, leaving a letter directed for her which 'contained theſe lines.

To my Honoured AUNT.

Madam,

"An opportunity now offering of eaſing you "of the trouble I have ſo many years been "to you, I gladly embrace it; and hope you will "pardon my not acquainting you either with the "motives of my departure, or the place to which "I go. — Be aſſured there are ſtrong reaſons for "my acting in this manner; and that wherever "I am I ſhall do nothing that may call a bluſh "into the face of any of my family. — Think "and ſpeak therefore favourably of me, I beſeech "you, madam, till the ſituation of my affair "permits me to acquaint you with the truth

an

'and the world ſhall be made ſenſible of the for-
'tune of,

"MADAM,
"*Your moſt obedient niece,*
"*and humble ſervant,*
JEMIMA.

'WITH a heart perfectly at eaſe, and unap-
'prehenſive of any future ſtorms in her voyage
'of life, did our *Jemima* now launch out into
'the wide ocean of the world: — ſhe diſcerned
'not the rocks and ſands which lay between her
'and that harbour of calm delights, ſo enchant-
'ing in the proſpect: — nor had ſhe ſkill to ſee
'the gathering clouds, which were that inſtant
'preparing to burſt in fury on her head.

'It muſt be confeſſed, ſhe had behaved with a
'diſcretion ſuperior to her years, and ſuch as not
'all our ſex, who love as well as ſhe did, would
'have been able to preſerve amidſt ſo many temp-
'tations: But, alas! how weak are all the efforts
'of female wit againſt a lover armed for our un-
'doing.

'*LOTHARIO*, who meant nothing leſs than
'not to perform one ſyllable of all the promiſes
'he had made her, finding it impoſſible to gain
'her on any other terms than marriage, and bent
'not to be fruſtrated in his wiſh, reſolved to hu-
'mour her with a mock ceremony; and to that
'end got a fellow, who was a dependant on him, to
'perſonate a clergyman; his own valet de cham-
'bre, whom ſhe had never ſeen, was habited like
'a country gentleman, and acted the part of the
'friend he had told her of in giving her hand.

'To

'To add to the ſeeming ſincerity of the thing, 'when he pronounced after the ſham parſon theſe 'words, *with all my worldly goods I thee endow*, 'he put into her hand a purſe, containing two 'hundred pieces of old gold. — When the cere- 'mony was over, he invited the pretended doctor 'and gentleman, to partake of an entertainment 'he had cauſed to be prepared at a neighbouring 'tavern; but they both excuſed themſelves, be- 'ing ordered to do ſo, fearing, no doubt, that '*Jemima* might diſcover ſomething by their be- 'haviour, if with them any longer time, that 'did not appear of a piece with the characters 'they repreſented.

'NOT only in this, but in every thing elſe, he 'preſerved ſuch an extreme caution to hinder her 'from having the leaſt ſuſpicion how cruelly ſhe 'had been betrayed, that not even the bare thought 'there was a poſſibility of it ever once entered 'her head.

'SHE lived therefore happy becauſed contented; 'ſhe had not been accuſtomed to much public di- 'verſion; nor was ſhe ſo deſirous of it as moſt 'young people are: her aunt, tho' the gayeſt wo- 'man in the world, and a continual ſharer in all 'the modiſh pleaſures of the town, had always 'confined her at home, working ſome curious or- 'nament or other for her dreſs, or elſe employ- 'ed in family affairs; ſo that living in the man- 'ner ſhe was now obliged to do, in order for her 'concealment, was not at all irkſome to her: — 'ſhe had ſome hours, almoſt every day, the com- 'pany of the man ſhe loved, and knew no want 'of any other.

'BUT

'But this halcyon ſeaſon laſted but a ſhort 'time: buſineſs, or a ſatiety of the charms he had 'taken ſo much pains to gain, now called him to 'the country. — Prepared as ſhe was for it, by the 'knowledge he did not live conſtantly in town, 'ſhe could not think of parting without agonies 'inſupportable: — he did not, indeed, fail to com-'fort her the beſt he could, and aſſured her he 'would contrive to make his abſence as ſhort as 'poſſible; nor did her inexperience of mankind 'enable her to diſcover, that what he ſaid to her 'were rather words of courſe than flowing from 'the ſincere ardors of affection, ſo had not that 'addition to her grief.

'Soon after he was gone ſhe found herſelf with 'child, which before ſhe had been inſenſible of: '— ſhe wrote the news of it to him in the charac-'ter of a third perſon, as had been agreed between 'them; and received for anſwer, that he would 'not have her under any concern about her preg-'nancy, for he ſhould not fail to take a proper 'care both of her and the infant ſhe ſhould bring 'into the world; but expreſſed nothing of that 'ſatisfaction at hearing ſhe was about to make him 'a father, as might have been expected from a 'husband, who ſo tenderly loved his wife, as ſhe 'had flattered herſelf he did her.

'She could not help being a little alarmed at 'it at firſt, but the conſideration that the fears of 'intercepting might lay ſome reſtraint upon him, 'joined to the confidence ſhe had both in his love 'and honour, ſoon diſſipated all uneaſy reflections 'on that ſcore.

'In about four months after, he returned to 'town; but his preſence, which ſhe had imagined would

'would give her perfect happineſs, in a great measure deſtroyed what ſhe had enjoyed in his abſence. — While he continued in the country, 'ſhe was every day pleaſing herſelf, that the time 'of his approach ſtill grew more near, and indulging the idea of thoſe felicities ſhe doubted 'not but his coming would beſtow: but when 'ſhe ſaw him, how were all thoſe golden hopes 'fruſtrated? — His words indeed were obliging, 'but his looks gave the lye to his tongue: — his 'eyes, thoſe true intelligencies of the heart, no 'longer ſparkled with that impatient ardor which 'once was the indication of his paſſion: — the 'viſits he made her were much ſhorter than uſual: 'he was always full of buſineſs; always in a hurry; 'and whenever ſhe mentioned the condition ſhe 'was in, and ſeemed to lament, that a child really 'begot in honour, ſhould, at its firſt entrance 'into the world, be looked upon as the offspring 'of ſhame, he only affected to laugh at her romantic notions, as he called them, and ſaid he 'thought ſhe had reaſon to be quite eaſy; — that 'the fineſt women in the world had gone through 'the ſame; and that when once the time arrived 'that he ſhould acknowledge her for his wife, 'ſhe would be amply recompenced.

'All this *Jemima* knew as well as he, and 'had often reflected on as the only comfort under 'her preſent ſituation; but then ſhe thought the 'remonſtrance did not ſo well become his mouth, 'and that the delicacy of his paſſion ſhould have 'made him rather grieve that ſhe could not appear at preſent with all the advantages of being 'his wife.

'She did not, however, make any complaints 'on this ſcore; and thought ſhe had too much reaſon

'reaſon to ſuſpect a very great decay in his affec-
'tion, yet ſhe only endeavoured, by all the en-
'dearments in her power, to awaken it to its
'former energy, without letting him know ſhe
'perceived any alteration.

'But what ſecret anguiſh ſhe endured while
'acting in this manner, let any woman, whoſe
'prudence has enabled her to do the ſame, be
'judge!

'As for *Lothario*, he gave himſelf no trouble
'to dive into her ſentiments, but contented him-
'ſelf with finding ſhe made him no reproaches.
'— The truth is, he was now intirely taken up
'with a new object: — the charms of a lady in
'the country had rendered him utterly forgetful
'of thoſe he had left in town; nor did his return
'to *Jemima* call back any of thoſe languiſhments
'he once had felt for her.

'He ſtayed no longer in *London* than ſome
'buſineſs, which brought him up, abſolutely ob-
'liged him to do; and when he took his leave
'of *Jemima*, ordered her not to write to him till
'ſhe ſhould receive a letter from him; becauſe, as
'he ſaid, he was going to paſs the hunting ſeaſon
'with ſome relations he had in a different county,
'and could not fix any place to which they might
'with ſafety be directed.

'This ſtory, though invented meerly to avoid
'the trouble of her letters, and the pains of diſſi-
'mulation in anſwering them, was believed as
'ſacred truth by *Jemima*; and though ſhe regret-
'ted the ſuſpenſion of the only pleaſure ſhe could
'enjoy in his abſence, yet ſhe did not, even in
'thought, murmur at the occaſion.

'But

'BUT not to be too tedious: — he departed; 'many weeks paſſed over without any letter from 'him; and as the expiration of her pregnancy 'drew near, her anxieties increaſed: but what 'was a conſiderable augmentation of her diſtreſs, 'the perſons with whom ſhe lodged having all a-'long regarded her as a kept miſtreſs, and indeed 'had no reaſon to do otherwiſe, told her, that ſhe 'muſt not expect to lie-in at their houſe; — that 'her being there ſo long had occaſioned much 'talk in the neighbourhood; and that if ſhe did 'not ſpeedily remove, they ſhould be obliged to 'ſend to the officers of the pariſh.

'How hard was all this to be borne by a wo-'man, who was conſcious ſhe never had tranſ-'greſſed the rules of virtue, and deteſted far more 'than death being the creature they imagined!

'IT was in vain ſhe offered to depoſit in their 'hands more than the ſum that would have been 'demanded by the pariſh. All ſhe could ſay had 'not the leaſt effect on their inexorable hearts; '— they told her, that it was by the reputation 'of their houſe they lived, not by ſuch as ſhe; 'that they would have no baſtard born among 'them; and, in fine, reproached her in a man-'ner which would have made any one leſs ſincere 'to her promiſe, declare the whole truth: but 'the duty ſhe owed *Lothario* as a husband, — 'the obligation he had laid her under of keeping 'their marriage an inviolable ſecret, and the firm 'belief ſhe had that her innocence would one day 'be cleared, gave her patience to ſuſtain, nor only 'this ſhock, but alſo many others which after-'wards ſhe met with.

'HER

'HER youth, however, her condition, and the 'good-nature and complaiſance ſhe had always 'behaved with in her family, at laſt wrought ſo 'far upon them, that they promiſed to ſpeak to a 'midwife of their acquaintance, with whom, they 'told her, ſhe might live till delivered of her bur-'then, and, if ſhe thought fit, for a ſum of mo-'ney, leave it behind her, to be diſpoſed of ſo as 'never to be troubleſome to her.

'THE firſt part of this offer was too agreeable 'to *Jemima* not to be accepted with thanks; but 'the latter ſhocked her ſoul to think there could 'be women in the world capable of ſuch a bar-'barity to their children, as to leave them to 'the mercy of thoſe mercenary creatures.

'SHE expreſſed, notwithſtanding, no part of 'her ſentiments on that head to them, perceiving 'they were fixed in this opinion, and any thing 'ſhe could urge in vindication of herſelf, would 'appear no more than the affection of a virtue 'ſhe was far from putting into real practice.

'A BARGAIN, though at a very extravagant 'rate, being made, *Jemima* removed with an ake-'ing heart to her new habitation; where, how-'ever, the fawning behaviour of the woman '(which ſhe miſtook for true good-nature and 'compaſſion) rendered her in a little time more 'eaſy.

'AS ſhe had now more reaſon than ever to 'be impatient for a letter from *Lothario*, which 'till ſhe received ſhe could not write to him, 'and the people whom ſhe had lodged with had 'aſſured her, that the moment one directed for

'her

'her ſhould arrive, they would ſend it to her, ſhe 'was alſo well ſatisfied on that ſcore.

'AT leaſt ſhe was ſo till a much longer time 'than ſhe expected was paſſed over without any 'letter being brought; and the hour of her deli- 'very being come, ſhe found herſelf the mother 'of two ſons: then it was ſhe began to think it 'cruel in him, who alone had the power of com- 'forting her, to ſhew ſo little regard to what 'might be her fate.

'LET any one figure to themſelves the melan- 'cholly of her condition; — no husband, no re- 'lation, no one friend about her to alleviate that 'rack of nature, in which all the tenderneſs that 'can be ſhewn, and every kind of conſolation 'that can be given, is neceſſary to render it ſup- 'portable: — yet how light, how trifling, were 'the ſorrows ſhe now endured, to thoſe which 'ſoon, very ſoon after, ſhe was obliged to bear!

'SHE had not been confined to her maternal 'bed before her maid, whom ſhe had hired after 'leaving her aunt's houſe, and had been recom- 'mended to her by the people with whom ſhe 'lodged, went privately away in the night, taking 'with her all of value that poor *Jemima* was mi- 'ſtreſs of, not only her money, but her watch, 'tweezer, a diamond ſolitaire, and ſeveral other 'trinkets, which *Lothario* in his days of fondneſs 'had beſtowed on her, leaving her nothing for 'defraying the expences of the place ſhe was in, 'and ſupporting herſelf and children, but a few 'clothes.

'IT muſt be owned that this was a great loſs, 'but *Jemima* felt not half the weight of it at firſt:

'— ſhe

'— ſhe conſidered herſelf as married to a man 'who could, and ſhe doubted not would, repair 'it amply; therefore made herſelf not much un-'eaſy about it.

'BUT when the time, in which women in 'her condition uſually keep their chamber, was 'expired, and ſhe had received no letter from '*Lothario*, then it was that ſhe began to feel how 'truly miſerable ſhe was: — no nurſe provided 'for her children; — no money to defray the 'charges of her lying-in;—the late cringing be-'haviour of the midwife now turned to ſourneſs 'and threats of putting her out of the houſe: — 'in this terrible ſituation ſhe ventured to write 'to *Lothario*, and with much perſwaſions pre-'vailed with the woman to permit her to ſtay 'till ſuch time as ſhe might reaſonably expect an 'anſwer.

'NO anſwer, however, coming, the cruel old 'wretch compelled her to ſell her clothes, in or-'der for the payment of her money; then turn-'ed her out of doors with both her children, for 'nobody would take the charge of them, without 'ſecurity that they ſhould not become burthen-'ſome to the pariſh.

'BEHOLD her now a wretched wanderer! no 'friend to relieve her! — no habitation in which 'ſhe might ſhelter herſelf and infants from the 'inclemency of the air! — To have recourſe to 'her aunt, ſeemed little promiſing; yet did ſhe 'venture to write to her, letting her know ſhe 'was married, though not to whom, and beſeech-'ing ſhe would afford her ſome relief, or at leaſt 'not to ſuffer her two babies to periſh for want 'of proper care being taken of them.

'SHE

'She had got leave to ſit in a ſhop while ſhe 'wrote, and ſent this letter by a boy that run on 'errands for the neighbourhood; but that inhu- 'man woman was ſo far from taking any compaſ- 'ſion on her caſe, that ſhe ordered one of her 'maids to go to the place where the boy had ſaid 'ſhe was, and tell her that ſhe would have nothing 'to do with her; — that if one ſhilling would 'ſave her and her brats from ſtarving, ſhe would 'ſooner throw it in the kennel than beſtow it on 'her; and that if ſhe durſt to come into the neigh- 'bourhood where ſhe lived, ſhe would ſend her 'to the houſe of correction.

'The poor girl was obliged to obey her lady 'in delivering this cruel meſſage, but ſoftened it 'as much as her capacity, or indeed the meaning 'of it would bear.

'Tho' *Jemima*, who knew perfectly well the 'ſeverity of her aunt's temper, and had armed 'herſelf againſt the worſt ſhe had to expect, yet 'ſhe could not hear this unnatural reply to her 'requeſt without ſwooning away: the people of 'the ſhop had the compaſſion to give her a glaſs 'of water with ſome drops, but as ſoon as ſhe 'recovered, deſired ſhe would go, as they knew 'not what might happen, and ſhe had two chil- 'dren with her.

'*DALINDA*'s maid could not forbear ſhed- 'ding tears, to ſee a perſon, on whom ſhe had 'waited, reduced to this miſerable condition, and 'put three ſhillings into her hand, which ſhe ſaid 'was all ſhe at that time was miſtreſs of.

'Poor *Jemima* thanked her with a humility 'befitting her preſent ſtate, but told her, that

'whatever

'whatever the opinion of the world might be of 'her, ſhe did not doubt but in a ſhort time to be 'able to repay the ſhillings ſhe had lent with more 'than an equal number of guineas.

'SHE then went to ſeveral houſes which had 'bills for lodgings on their doors, hoping to get 'ſome ſhelter till ſhe could write again to *Lotha-* 'rio; but the little family ſhe had in her arms 'prevented every one from taking her in, and it 'growing towards dark, ſhe was obliged to go to 'an inn, where even there ſhe could not be ad- 'mitted, till ſhe had conſented to be locked all 'night into her chamber; ſo fearful were they 'of her going away before they were ſtirring, and 'leaving the children on their hands.

'How dreadful was this night to our unhappy 'ſufferer! — With what floods of tears did the 'fair forlorn hang over the dear babes, and mourn 'their wants more than her own: — while they, 'inſenſible of their misfortunes, fed from their 'mother's breaſt, ſmiled in her face, and ſeemed 'to chide her griefs.

'YET was ſhe not ſo loſt and overwhelmed 'as to be incapable of reflection; ſhe remem- 'bered there was a juſt, a merciful, and an al- 'mighty Power, who ſaw her miſeries, and knew 'ſhe had not by any act of ſhame brought them 'upon herſelf, ſhe therefore doubted not but to 'find relief from them, though by what means 'ſhe could not foreſee.

'HOW great was the conſolation which reli- 'gion now afforded her! — Without that aid ſhe 'had inevitably fallen into deſpair, and perhaps 'been guilty of ſome deed ſhocking to nature;

'but

'but her piety gave her a courage prodigious, 'amazing, and not to be parallelled by any of our 'ſex!

'SHE had alſo the power of conſidering what 'was moſt proper to be done: money ſhe had 'none, but that poor pittance ſhe received from 'the charity of *Dalinda*'s ſervant; — friends ſhe 'had none; — ſhe had been kept ſo much con-'fined by her aunt, that ſhe had acquaintance 'but with few; — an intimacy with none; — a 'lodging ſhe found it was impoſſible to procure; 'what remedy then remained? — Fate offered 'but one, and that was to declare the whole ſe-'cret of her marriage with *Lothario*: — had ſhe 'done that, ſhe thought it poſſible to find ſome 'perſon who would ſupply her neceſſities, at leaſt 'till he could be wrote to, and the truth explain-'ed; but even this ſhe could not be aſſured of, 'and if ſhe had, could by no means think of for-'feiting the promiſe ſhe had made *Lothario*, of 'keeping his name and engagement with her from 'the knowledge of all the world, till after the de-'ceaſe of that mother, whoſe peace he pretended 'was ſo dear to him.

'AS ſhe could not be poſitive that he was 'either falſe or unkind, ſince many accidents at 'ſuch a diſtance might have prevented her re-'ceiving any letter from him, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer 'any thing rather than violate her faith. *I can 'but die with my little-ones for want*, ſaid ſhe to 'herſelf, *and life would be a misfortune to us with-'out the affection and ſupport of him from whom 'alone we can expect it.*

'AFTER many troubleſome and confuſed 'thoughts, ſhe found the only remedy for ſtarv-

'ing

'ing was to beg; and ſince that muſt be the caſe, 'it ſeemed better to her to get, by ſuch means as 'ſhe could, into the country where *Lothario* 'dwelt, than to ſtay in *London* without a ſettled 'habitation: — ſhe thought, if ſhe had but 'ſtrength to walk, the ſight of her diſtreſs, and 'her two children, would excite the charity of 'ſome perſons to give her ſomething toward help-'ing her on her way; and that when ſhe arrived 'near her husband's ſeat, ſhe ſhould be able to 'find out whether he was yet returned from the 'excurſion he had told her of, and if he was, to 'ſend him an account where ſhe was, and the 'accidents which had brought her thither.

'SOME may, perhaps, think this a ſtrange re-'ſolution, and find it difficult to believe it ever 'could be put in practice: — yet what elſe re-'mained for her to do? — She had no other re-'ſource than that one, which, as I have already 'obſerved, ſhe was abſolutely determined againſt.

'EARLY the next morning, therefore, did ſhe 'quit the inn with her dear load, and ſet out on 'her weary pilgrimage: — what adventures befel 'her in it ſhall hereafter be related, but we muſt 'now ſee what was become of *Lothario*.

'THAT gay, unthinking rover, now gave him-'ſelf as little concern about *Jemima*, as about any 'of the former victims of his too dangerous al-'lurements: — a ſerious attachment had ever 'been the ſubject of his ridicule, and his creed in 'the affairs of love, theſe lines of *Dryden*'s:

'*There's no ſuch thing as conſtancy we call,*
'*Faith ties not hearts, 'tis inclination all;*
'*Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,*
'*Firſt conſtancy in love a virtue made:*

' *From friendſhip they that landmark did remove,*
' *And falſly plac'd it on the bounds of love.*

' A FINE young lady, with a very large for-
' tune however, being propoſed to him for mar-
' riage, he either was, or imagined himſelf, very
' much in love with her: — he was at leaſt
' enough ſo as that her charms eraſed all the im-
' preſſion made by thoſe of the unfortunate *Je-*
' *mima*; and though the firſt letters of that poor
' creature had reached his hands, he happened to
' receive them at times when he was in a hurry,
' going on ſome party of pleaſure or other with
' this new idol of his affections.

' I MUST do him the juſtice, notwithſtand-
' ing, to ſay, that thoſe laſt, which contained the
' hiſtory of her diſtreſs, had not the good fortune
' to meet him for ſome time, the reaſon of which
' was this: — he was at a very great horſe-race
' with his charmer, her uncle, and ſeveral other
' of her relations; and not being altogether free
' from vanity, as they rode round the circle, he
' muſt needs, to ſhew his ſkill in horſemanſhip,
' oblige the beſt to prance and curvet more than
' at that time he cared, he grew reſtive, and giv-
' ing a ſudden ſpring with all his force, whether
' it were the girths of the ſaddle had not been ta-
' ken due care of, or whether the ſtrength of the
' horſe exceeded the art of the oſtentatious rider,
' is uncertain; but he was thrown off, and drag-
' ged with one foot in the ſtirrup for ſeveral yards,
' before any one could be quick enough to come
' to his relief.

' BY this accident one of his legs was broke,
' and his body was extremely bruiſed: — as the
' ſeat of his miſtreſs's uncle was much nearer than
' his own, he was carried there, and the moſt
' ſkilful

'ſkilful ſurgeon in thoſe parts immediately ſent 'for.

'HERE he continued from the time *Jemi-* 'ma was turned out of her lodging till ſhe had 'lain in, and was alſo cruelly forced from the 'houſe of the midwife:— what letters ſhe ſent 'came ſafe to his houſe, but the tenderneſs of his 'mother would ſuffer none to be ſent to him, as 'thinking, if they were of no conſequence, it 'would be but impertinent to trouble him with 'them till he was more eſtabliſhed; and if they 'were ſuch as might be any way affecting to him, 'the knowledge of their contents might add to 'his diſorder.

'THIS good lady, however, had not the curi- 'oſity to open any one that came, as there were 'ſeveral beſides thoſe from *Jemima*; for in fine, 'ſhe was in every thing, except her maternal 'tenderneſs, the very reverſe of what her ſon, to 'carry on his baſe deſigns, had repreſented her.

'HEAVEN, long a witneſs of the wrongs *Lo-* 'thario had been guilty of to our credulous ſex, 'now thought fit to take the part of innocence 'betrayed and diſtreſſed:— his leg was perfect- 'ly recovered, but thoſe inward bruiſes he re- 'ceived brought on him a decay, which was very 'viſible to himſelf as well as others; he had a 'continual ſoreneſs at his ſtomach, and an oppreſ- 'ſion at his heart;— in ſhort, he was judged to 'be falling into a conſumption, and the change he 'felt in his frame of body, made an adequate 'change in his way of thinking.— He reflected 'on a thouſand things he had been guilty of, 'which, in the time of acting, he looked on only 'as the amuſements of youth, now as the vices of

'it; and all thoſe wild frolics, which once he imagined conſtituted the character of a fine accompliſhed gentleman, ſeemed now to him to form that of an abandoned libertine.

'As ſoon as he was able to endure his coach, he was carried home, where he met with all the letters of *Jemima*, which, though being obliged to write in a myſterious manner, did not ſufficiently deſcribe her diſtreſs, nor indeed was then the worſt part of it arrived, expreſſed yet enough to ſtrike him with horror at the baſe deception he had put on her at firſt, and his cruel forgetfulneſs and neglect of her afterwards.

'He wrote immediately one general anſwer to all thoſe from her, letting her know the accident that had befallen him, conjuring her to be eaſy and ſatisfied till ſhe ſaw him, which he told her ſhould be as ſoon as health would permit; but in the mean time, incloſed a bank bill of an hundred pounds, in order to ſatisfy the fooliſh ſcruples of the people ſhe was with.

'This was directed to the midwife's houſe, for in her laſt ſhe had acquainted him with being compelled to take that aſylum, and arrived two days after that in which *Jemima* was turned out of doors; the woman had the impudence to open it out of curioſity, believing ſhe ſhould never be called in queſtion for it, or ſee *Jemima* more; but when ſhe found the tenderneſs it abounded with, and the air of reſpect it carried, ſhe repented her of her temerity, and ſealed it up again, with the bill in it, in the beſt manner ſhe could.

'*LOTHARIO*

'*LOTHARIO* in the mean time became extremely ill, his inward languiſhments every hour 'increaſed; — he loathed his food, — was unable 'to take any repoſe, yet had not power to quit 'his bed: — the phyſicians found him in a very 'deep conſumption, and could not flatter his afflicted mother with any hopes of life: — he 'eaſily judged by the countenances of all about 'him, as well as by what he felt within him, that 'he ſhould be but a very little time a ſharer in 'this world: — the receiving no anſwer from *Jemima* to his laſt letter, greatly added to his diſeaſe; — he concluded ſhe was dead, — *perhaps*, ſaid he to himſelf, *through grief of my unkindneſs, and the barbarous treatment of thoſe mercenary wretches ſhe was thrown among.*

'AT other times, *Heavens!* would he ſay, '*what a monſter of villany muſt I appear to the world whenever this black myſtery is unravelled:* '*—was it not enough, that I by lies, and all the ſtratagems that wicked wit could form, betrayed her innocence, and triumphed over a virtue impregnable to common arts; but I muſt alſo murder the unfortunate victim of my wild deſires!* — '*'Tis poſſible too*, added he, *the little wretches who owe their being to me!*

'HORRORS unſpeakable attended theſe reflections: — he fell into a kind of deſpair; but 'in his calmer moments, wiſhed only that ſhe 'might be living, and that Heaven would allow 'him life enough to make a reparation for the 'injuries he had done her, and the miſeries ſhe 'had ſuſtained,

'FREQUENTLY revolving in his mind what 'it was he ought to do, he grew at laſt reſolute

'to do it:—accordingly he related to his mother 'the whole affair, ſhewing her *Jemima*'s letters, 'and explaining every paſſage: the old lady was 'extremely amazed, but far from condemning the 'preſent ſentiments of his heart. — But the bare 'acknowledging his error did not now ſeem ſuf-'ficient for the penitent *Lothario*: — he diſ-'patched a meſſenger to *London*, the very ſame 'man who had performed the office of father in 'giving him her hand; he had orders to ſearch 'for her in all parts, and not return till he had 'found her; and that in caſe he were ſo fortu-'nate, to bring her down in a coach and ſix, with 'her two little ones, and proper attendants for a 'woman whom he declared his lawful wife.

'Wonderful reſolution! — but what can-'not ſickneſs bring about!—when the gay ſcenes 'of life are all cloſed up; — when all the com-panions of our former pleaſures fly our converſe, 'and we no longer are ſociety for any but the old 'and grave; — when melancholy faces only ap-'proach the darkened room;—when our ſtrength 'decays, all our ſpirits languid, and death knocks 'at the heart; then it is that the idea of our paſt 'errors riſe in dreadful proſpect before the eyes 'of our imagination, and menace future woes.

'His mind, however, was ſomewhat more 'compoſed after the departure of the meſſenger, 'but his body had little or no relief from medi-'cine: — his mother was inconſolable, but did 'every thing in her power to comfort him; and 'as ſhe found the care of *Jemima* and his two 'ſons chiefly engroſſed his thoughts, gave him 'continual aſſurances, that if ſhe was ſo miſerable 'as to ſurvive him, thoſe perſons ſo near and dear 'to him ſhould ſhare all her tenderneſs.

'The.

'THE fellow intruſted on this errand by *Lothario*, went about it with a great deal of alacrity, not only as he ſaw his maſter's peace, perhaps his life, depended on the ſucceſs of it, but alſo as he had always thought what he had acted in regard to *Jemima* was treacherous and baſe.

'HAVING a good horſe, and a willing mind, he reached *London* ſooner than could have been expected. — The firſt place he went to was the midwife, whom he rated bitterly for her cruel uſage of a young lady, who, he ſaid, might eaſily be diſcovered, not to be one of thoſe who proſtitute themſelves for hire. — She made what aukward excuſes ſhe could; ſaid, *It was madam's own fault; if ſhe had told her the truth, care ſhould have been taken of her and her children too:* Then, to prove her honeſty, delivered into his hands the letter, with the bill beforementioned in it.

'THENCE he went to *Dalinda*, but with what a torrent of abuſe and ſcurrility, did he hear the reputation of the poor *Jemima* overwhelmed by this barbarous woman! And when he endeavoured to put a ſtop to it, by aſſuring her, that ſhe was his maſter's wife, that he had declared her ſuch to his mother, and all his friends, and that he himſelf had been witneſs of the marriage; ſhe either did not, or pretended not to believe one ſyllable of what he ſaid, but perſiſted in calling her vagabond, infamous ſtrumpet, and all the opprobrious names that malice could invent; — concluding with wiſhing ſhe and her brats might be dead, that with them the ſcandal ſhe had brought upon their family might ceaſe.

'THE man was ſhocked at her brutality; but 'perceiving that the more he eſpouſed the cauſe 'of this unhappy creature, the more bitter ſhe 'grew, and alſo that there was no intelligence 'to be gained from this quarter, took his leave, 'though not without telling her, he was certain 'that his maſter, if he lived, would reſent the 'treatment ſhe ſo unjuſtly gave his wife.

'WHERE now to direct his ſearch he was 'wholly at a loſs: — being fully informed by 'the midwife of the miſerable condition in which 'ſhe left her houſe, he had recourſe to all the pa-'riſh-nurſes, hoſpitals, work-houſes, leaving no 'place of public charity without making the moſt 'ſtrict enquiry; but not the leaſt information 'could he receive, and after having rambled over 'this wide city and ſuburbs for ſeveral days with-'out any ſucceſs, he began to fear, leaſt in that 'depth of miſery ſhe had been plunged into, ſhe 'ſhould have fallen into deſpair, and put an end 'to her own life, and thoſe which ſhe had no 'longer any means of perſerving.

'WITH a mind, which theſe thoughts ren-'dered very much troubled, did he ſet out for his 'return, almoſt dreading to ſee his maſter's face, 'ſince unable to carry home to him any part of 'what he ſo ardently wiſhed, that it ſeemed as i 'his life depended on it.

'*JEMIMA*'s ſufferings were however not 'yet arrived to their period; Heaven thought fit 'to try her yet a little farther, thereby to make 'her virtue more conſpicuous: — while the ſer-'vant of *Lothario* was in queſt of her, with ho-'nour, peace, and plenty in his hand, ſhe was

'running

'running through dangers, hardſhips, and ſorrows, 'which nothing but the Supreme Giver of cou-'rage, and her perfect confidence in Him, could 'have enabled her to ſuſtain.

'SLOW was the progreſs ſhe made in her long 'journey, not being able to travel more than five 'or ſix miles in a whole day, though it was then 'ſummer, and the ſun ruled three parts of the 'four-and-twenty hours.

'IT would be endleſs to recount the many re-'buffs ſhe met with when craving any aſſiſtance 'to help her on her way, and the difficulty ſhe 'found in getting lodging for herſelf and little-'ones, even though ſhe offered to pay them for it 'beforehand: — the wretches ſcrupled to give 'her ſhelter becauſe ſhe had not a paſs, and ſome 'were cruel enough to tell her, they were ſure ſhe 'had been whipped out of *London*; for were ſhe 'an honeſt woman, the magiſtrates would not 'have refuſed to give her that teſtimony of her 'good behaviour.

'SOME few indeed were more merciful, and 'whatever their opinion might be of the cauſe of 'her diſtreſs, the diſtreſs they ſaw her in excited 'their charity, and for their own ſakes made them 'relieve her wants.

'ALTERNATELY ſhe happened among ſa-'vages and chriſtians, but even the latter, too 'much influenced by appearances, were very ſpa-'ring of their bounty; and it would have been 'utterly impoſſible for her, weakened as ſhe was 'by hard living, and the immenſe fatigue ſhe un-'derwent, had not that Almighty Being, who

'when we think him fartheſt from us, is often 'neareſt to us with his aid, ſnatched her now 'almoſt ſinking ſoul from the miſeries in which 'it had ſo long been plunged, and graciouſly re-'warded the virtue it had tried.

'SHE had not reached quite the mid-way to 'where ſhe wiſhed to be, before ſhe became ſo 'weak that ſhe rather crept than walked, and 'ſometimes was near falling: — unable to ſup-'port the weight of the two children at once, 'ſhe would lay one down, and carry the other 'a little farther;— then place that in the ſame 'manner, and go back and fetch him ſhe had left 'behind; by this means, though ſhe eaſed her 'burthen, ſhe increaſed her ſteps.

'EITHER a pebble, or ſome piece of broken 'glaſs in the road, had cut one of her feet; and 'ſhe ſat down under a hedge, and plucked off 'her ſhoe and ſtocking, where perceiving the 'blood run pretty plentifully, ſhe waſhed it with 'her tears, and wiped it with a handkerchief ſhe 'took out of a little bag tied to her ſide, and con-'tained all the poor neceſſaries ſhe had for herſelf 'and infants.

'LITTLE did ſhe think any eye, but that of 'Heaven, ſaw her in this employment, till having 'dreſſed her wound as well as ſhe could, and gi-'ven ſuck to both her children, ſhe was for prepa-'ring to proſecute her journey in the ſame faſhion, 'but was hindered by a footman, who came run-'ning haſtily croſs the field toward her.

'As ſoon as he came near enough to be heard 'by her, *Stay, good woman*, ſaid he, *you ſeem to*

'*be*

'*be in an ill condition to travel*; — *my maſter and* '*lady, who have obſerved you, have therefore or-* '*dered you ſhould come to their houſe, and take* '*ſome refreſhment.*

'SHE lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven 'in token of acknowledgment, and ſaw, which 'before ſhe had not done, the back part of a fine 'ſeat, which had a ſummer-houſe on the garden-'wall, and directly oppoſite to the place where 'ſhe had been ſitting.

'THE man took both the children out of her 'arms, and carried them for her, and ſhe followed, 'though with a very limping pace, through a little 'gate on the farther ſide of the field, which opened 'into the back part of the houſe.

'*JEMIMA* was then conducted into a par-'lour, where ſat a gentleman and lady, both of 'middle age, but who had all the virtues of hu-'manity imprinted on their faces. — The lady 'asked her ſeveral queſtions, as whence ſhe came, 'how far ſhe intended to travel, and the reaſon of 'her being reduced to ſuch a miſerable ſituation; 'to the two former our heroine anſwered with 'plainneſs and ſincerity, but as to the latter only 'ſaid, many odd circumſtances had concurred to 'render her ſo. — The gentleman then ſaid, *I* '*ſuppoſe you have loſt your husband, perhaps before* '*the birth of theſe children.* *No, ſir*, replied ſhe, '*I hope he is ſtill living, and that the ſame gra-* '*cious Power which has brought me ſo far on my* '*way, will in the end conduct me to him.*

'As they perceived ſhe ſpoke with ſome agi-'tations, and the marks of grief were burſting in

'her eyes, they would not trouble her with any 'farther interrogatories, but ordered the footman 'to let the houſekeeper know, it was their plea-'ſure this unfortunate ſtranger ſhould have every 'thing needful for her refreſhment.

'Nothing could be performed with greater 'punctuality than theſe commands; our fair wan-'derer found herſelf treated with no leſs tender-'neſs than ſhe could have been, had ſhe been 'known for what ſhe was.

'But the hoſpitality of thoſe worthy perſons 'did not ſtop here. They would not ſuffer her 'to think of proſecuting her journey in the man-'ner ſhe had done: — they informed her, that 'a waggon always paſſed by that road, which 'went to the place to which ſhe was going, and 'ſhe ſhould be put into it with her children, and 'money given to defray the expences.

'This was joyful news indeed to *Jemima*, not 'only as it would be ſuch an eaſe to her fatigue, 'but alſo that ſhe ſhould arrive there much ſooner 'than ſhe could propoſe to do by the way ſhe had 'hitherto travelled; and now all her prayers to 'Heaven were that ſhe might find *Lothario* at 'her arrival. — *Should he happen to have left his 'ſeat and gone to* London, *while I have been pur-'ſuing him with theſe weary ſteps*, ſaid ſhe to her-'ſelf, *it would be the extremeſt malice of my fate, 'and all I have ſo long ſuffered be but the begin-'ning of my ſorrows.*

'But theſe deſponding thoughts only juſt 'flaſhed upon her and were gone: — ſhe would 'give way to nothing which ſhould render her 'unworthy the care of Providence by diſtruſting 'it,

'it, and reſolute to be always thankful for the 'good, and to endure with patience all the ills 'it ſhould inflict, brought her mind into that 'happy compoſure, which meaner ſouls are in-'capable of knowing.

'THE third day after her arrival at this aſſy-'lum, was that in which the waggon uſually came 'by; but little did ſhe think ſhe was much near-'er to the accompliſhment of her wiſhes than her 'moſt ſanguine hopes could have flattered her with.

'How wonderful, how myſterious are the 'ways of Heaven! By what unſeen, unguеſſed 'at means, are frequently the greateſt events 'brought about!

'SHE roſe early in the morning to give as little 'trouble to the ſervants as ſhe could, and came 'down ſtairs. As they were preparing her break-'faſt, and ſhe was ſitting with one infant in her 'lap, and the other lying on a little ſtool near 'her, a footman came haſtily in, and called to 'the butler, ſaying, *John, here's your brother at 'the gate.* The fellow ran haſtily, and preſent-'ly returned with a perſon with him, whoſe face '*Jemima* thought ſhe was acquainted with. But 'on viewing him more attentively, and hearing 'him ſpeak, recollected it was no other than him 'who had aſſiſted at her marriage, and been paſſed 'upon her as a country gentleman.

'A THOUSAND various thoughts at once aſ-'ſailed her:—to ſee before her eyes a perſon, 'who ſo well knew the truth of her engagements 'with *Lothario*, and at the ſame time to ſee him 'in a character ſo widely different from what ſhe 'could have expected, raiſed in her ſuch confuſed

'emotions

'emotions as her ſpirits were unable to ſuſtain, 'and ſhe fainted away.

'THE ſervants running to her aſſiſtance, made 'the ſtranger turn his eyes that way; but, good 'God! what was his aſtoniſhment, his joy, when 'in the face of this fair afflicted, he plainly diſco-'vered the features of her he had with ſo much 'pains been ſearching. — All the time they were 'bringing her to herſelf, and ſome moments after 'her recovery, he was able to utter nothing but 'acclamations of tranſport, and ſhe herſelf was 'the firſt to gain preſence of mind to enquire about '*Lothario*.—He then gave her a brief detail of 'the anxiety *Lethario* was in to ſee her, and 'the impatience the good old lady expreſſed to em-'brace her and her two grandchildren; of the fruit-'leſs enquires he had made for her all over *London*, 'and how he was returning with a heart oppreſſed 'with grief, when he was ſo fortunate to call that 'way to ſee his brother.

'THOUGH *Jemima* did not comprehend the 'whole of the affair, yet ſhe gathered enough by 'what he ſaid, to know that heaven had been 'working very great things in her favour.

'THE eclairciſement, however, of her quality 'and condition, was plain enough to all who 'heard it; but one of the maids, who had taken 'a particular fancy to her, was ſo tranſported at 'it, that ſhe could not forbear running in to her 'lady and acquainting her with what had paſſed. 'The lady herſelf was aſtoniſhed at ſo extraor-'dinary an event, and impatient to be confirmed, 'ſent for *Jemima*, and the ſervant of *Lothario*, 'whoſe maſter they were perfectly acquaint-'ed with.

'AFTER

'After having gratified her curioſity to the 'utmoſt, and hearing the dangerous ſituation of '*Lothario*'s health, thought no time was to be 'loſt, and therefore told *Jemima* ſhe ſhould have 'her coach and ſix immediately got ready, which 'as the roads were good, would carry her home 'that night.

'It would be needleſs to recite the congratula-'tions of the one part, and the acknowledgments 'of the other.— It is eaſy to ſuppoſe they were 'befitting the perſons and occaſion.— I ſhall only 'ſay, that the lady would needs compel *Jemima* 'to exchange the habit ſhe had on, for a rich robe 'de chambre of her own, and all other things ſhe 'had occaſion for. She alſo made the children 'be wrapt in fine mantles, and as ſoon as every 'thing was ready they ſet forward, attended by 'the lady's own woman in the coach, and a ſer-'vant on horſeback.

'No ill accident intervening, they arrived, a-'bout the dusk in the evening, at the ſeat of *Lo-'thario*, where *Jemima* had the infinite ſatisfac-'tion to find herſelf received with the extremeſt 'tenderneſs by a mother whoſe character ſhe had 'formerly been made ſo much to dread.

'The firſt teſtimony ſhe gave her of her good-'neſs, was to make preſents to thoſe who had at-'tended her, which were two guineas to the foot-'man, three to the coachman, and five to the 'woman, into the latter of whoſe hands ſhe alſo 'put a letter ſhe had wrote to her lady, full of 'acknowledgments of the favours ſhe had con-'ferred on her daughter-in-law and grandchil-'dren, and intreating ſhe would accept of the 'ſmall token of her gratitude which ſhe incloſed

'in

'in it, and was indeed a diamond ring of conſi-
'derable value.

'THE happineſs of *Jemima* would now have
'been perfect, had *Lothario*'s ſtate of bodily health
'been equal to that of his mind; but, alas, his
'mortal frame was too far exhauſted, and the
'lamp of life near being extinguiſhed on her ar-
'rival. — Great precaution was taken, leſt what
'he moſt deſired ſhould be fatal to him; — they
'did not therefore inform him all at once that
'ſhe was come, yet when he ſaw her, he fell
'into faintings alarming to all preſent.

'IT would be impoſſible to deſcribe the con-
'cern that overwhelmed her tender heart, and
'what a mixture of delight and grief ſhe felt at
'the marks of an unfeigned affection he gave, on
'his recovery, to herſelf and littles-ones.

'PERCEIVING within himſelf, however, that
'his date of life was almoſt expired, he ordered
'his will to be made, in which he ſettled five
'hundred pounds a year by way of jointure on his
'dear wife, ſix thouſand pounds as a portion for
'his younger ſon, with ſome few other legacies,
'and the bulk of his eſtate on the firſt-born of
'*Jemima*.

'BUT I muſt not forget to inform my reader,
'that in order to leave every thing as ſecure as
'poſſible, he had the beſt civilians as well as di-
'vines conſulted on the ſubject of his marriage,
'who all agreed it was valid, and no manner of
'diſpute could afterwards ariſe upon it.

'HIS wordly affairs being thus ſettled to his
'mind, he devoted himſelf intirely to the thoughts
'of

'of a future ſtate, and died in a few days, full of 'reſignation and compoſedneſs.

'SUCH a loſs could not but be very affecting 'to *Jemima* as well as to his mother, but both theſe 'excellent perſons were too well acquainted with 'their duty not to ſubmit to the will of Heaven; 'ſo I ſhall only ſay, that after the firſt emotions 'were over, each endeavoured to conſole the 'other.

'OUR heroine indeed gave the trueſt proof of 'her affection, by forming, and preſevering in a 'reſolution never to know a ſecond bed, and by 'the care of his children's education, who pro-'miſe to be hereafter ſhining examples, that, in 'an age abounding with vice and folly, it is not 'impoſſible to be wiſe and virtuous.

'It is now ſixteen years ſince the deceaſe of '*Lothario*, in which time ſhe has rejected every 'offer made her upon the ſcore of marriage, and 'has continued to live with the old lady, and paid 'her all the reſpect of a daughter; and the other 'treated her in the ſame manner as if ſhe had been 'her own:—an entire harmony has always ſub-'ſiſted between them, and the ſtory of *Jemima*'s 'ſufferings being ſoon made public, every body 'admired the proofs ſhe had given of ſo uncom-'mon a fortitude;—all but *Dalinda*, who had too 'much envy in her nature to hear of her niece's 'happineſs, and the praiſes given to her, with-'out throwing out a thouſand invidious reflections, 'which however were little regarded by thoſe 'who heard them. A pure and upright mind will, 'like the ſun, ever get the better of all the miſts

'of

'of detraction and ill-nature. As one of the beſt 'of our *Engliſh* poets ſays,

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair;
For bleſſings always wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

'BUT of all the admirers of her good qualifi- 'cations, none was more ſincerely ſo, than that 'lady by whom ſhe had been ſo bounteouſly re- 'lieved, and at whoſe houſe ſhe fortunately met 'the only perſon who had it in his power to put 'an end at once to her fatigues.

'THE two familes are perfectly united, and as 'neither of them are any great lovers of the town, 'whenever they make an excurſion it is only to 'each other.

'AND now let me end this tedious narrative 'with wiſhing, that whenever any of my ſex 'ſhall be in the ſame dilemma with *Jemima*, they 'may, by the ſame fortitude and patience, be ex- 'tricated from it.'

THE ingenious authoreſs of this hiſtory has related all the paſſages of it in ſo agreeable and inſtructive a manner, that ſhe has left little room for any additions from the *Female Spectator*.

BOTH ſexes may indeed find very good leſſons for the improvement of their morals! — a juſt remorſe ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of guilt in *Lothario*, patience and courage under the moſt ſhocking of all diſtreſſes in *Jemima*, and hoſpitality and charity in that worthy lady who relieved

ed her, are all too beautifully painted, not to make the ſenſible reader deeply affected with them.

I WOULD fain, however, have the ladies reflect on the danger of clandeſtine marriages; —there are men, who, like *Lothario*, have the power of deceiving, and not, like him, are capable of remembring they have done aught amiſs; and had Heaven not in a peculiar manner touched the heart of this once gay rover, what muſt have become of the undone *Jemima!*—By what means could ſhe have proved herſelf his wife! — would not the whole world have laughed at her aſſerting ſuch a thing? And with all that ſtock of honour, fidelity, and the thouſand other virtues ſhe was miſtreſs of, would ſhe have been looked upon as any better than a proſtitute, and muſt not herſelf and helpeſs infants have been rendered as wretched and contemptible as they now are happy!

So many circumſtances, 'tis true, concurred to make her conſent to a marriage of this nature, that though I trembled for the event, as I was reading part of her hiſtory, I could find nothing to condemn in what ſhe did; but all are not furniſhed with the like motives, yet headlong venture on what has no medium in its conſequences, but when failing to make them perfectly happy, is ſure to make them conſummately miſerable.

BUT as I intend hereafter to make this ſubject a part of my lucubrations, I ſhall ſay no more of it at this time, but conclude with wiſhing the amiable *Jemima* all the ſatisfaction ſhe can hope for from children who can never pay too much duty to ſuch a mother.

End of the TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK XXIII.

AS theſe eſſays are now drawing toward a period, and I am deſirous of obliging as many as I can of thoſe correſpondents, who have any pretence to the favour of the public, whether it be for wit, humour, or matter of improvement, my readers ſhall this month be entertained chiefly with the works of others, in order as they come to hand.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'I WAS one of the firſt who ſubſcribed to your 'undertaking, and have ever ſince continued 'to do ſo; which is enough to convince you how 'well I have been pleaſed with it, without mak-'ing any farther encomiums.

'BUT notwithſtanding the ſatisfaction your 'works in general have afforded me, you muſt 'allow me to tell you, that I think you a little 'in the wrong, in one poſition you have advanced, 'and flatter myſelf you will pardon my taking 'this liberty, ſince it is nothing you have reaſon 'to be aſhamed of, and were only led into by ex-'ceſs (if I may ſo call it) of ſincerity and openneſs 'of heart.

'IN your laſt book of volume the third, you 'were pleaſed to give us a diſſertation upon *lying*, 'which I believe charmed all your readers, at 'leaſt it did as many as I heard mention it, which

'I aſſure

'I assure you were no inconsiderable body: and 'indeed you have so admirably painted out the 'folly and wickedness of that vice, in the instances 'you set before our eyes of the boastful, the 'marvellous, the abusive, and the evasive lye, 'as I think must render it detestable to those most 'guilty of it. —I doubt not but it has had the 'good effect you intended, and can really felici-'tate you on one convert of my particular ac-'quaintance, who seldom used to come into any 'company, without having some new wonder to 'entertain them with; and since his reading your 'book, is become so very sparing of his hyper-'boles, that he now scarce gives to matters of 'fact such epithets as they might justly merit. '—So liable are we to fly from one extreme to its 'contrary.

'And now, madam, having told my sincere 'opinion, as to the greatest part of the above-'mentioned essay, you must give me leave to be 'no less free, as to that which does not so well 'please me, giving you my promise beforehand, 'to advance nothing through partiality, or what 'I will not take upon me to defend by arguments 'which seem to me unanswerable.

'To come then briefly to the point. I think 'the love you bear to truth renders you guilty of 'a too great austerity, when you condemn those 'things as highly criminal, which no person of 'understanding looks on as any other than meer 'amusement:— I mean the little fictions with 'which our news-papers every day abound, and 'by their manifest contradictions and impropriеties 'are highly diverting to the reader.

'I can

'I can by no means agree with you, that 'when affairs are of ſuch a nature as is improper 'to be communicated to the public, all our ora- 'cles ſhould ceaſe, and we are told nothing at all, 'rather than be impoſed upon, as you phraſe it, 'by fabulous accounts; and the reaſons why I 'cannot have the honnor to be of your way of 'thinking are theſe.

'First, becauſe I take it for granted, no 'man in his right ſenſes can be impoſed upon by 'what is communicated to him in this manner.

'And, ſecondly, becauſe in time of calamity, 'every thing that ſerves in the leaſt degree to ex- 'hilerate the ſpirits, and exerciſe the riſable fa- 'culty, ought not to be depreciated.

'That this is the effect of thoſe poor harm- 'leſs papers, which for a long time have iſſued 'from the preſs, I believe no body will deny. — 'I appeal even to the *Female Spectator* herſelf, 'ſevere as ſhe is, if ſhe has not ſometimes been 'forced into a ſmile at reading the grave abſur- 'dities they frequently contain.

'Those who are leaſt inclined to favour *pan- 'tomime*, cannot forbear laughing, in ſpite of 'their diſlike, at the little tricks and artifices of '*Harlequin*; and certainly none we ſee, in thoſe 'entertainments on the ſtage, can be more ludi- 'crous than the intelligences I ſpeak of, and am 'defending, merely becauſe they are ſo.

'For example; did ever the celebrated Mr. '*Lun* whip with greater agility through a table- 'drawer, a looking-glaſs, or corner-cupboard, 'than theſe accounts make, whoever they have

'a

'a mind to kill or ſave, paſs from death to life, or 'from captivity to triumph? — Have we not 'been told one day, that a general officer, after 'his throat being cut almoſt from ear to ear, was 'taken priſoner, and his wound ſewed up, but 'with very little hopes of life; and the very next, 'did not the ſame paper inform us, that he was 'one hundred leagues diſtant from the place where 'he was ſaid to be wounded, at the head of his 'regiment, ravaging the country; and all this, and 'many other ſuch contradictions, in the ſpace of 'twenty four hours, without the leaſt apology 'made for the foregoing miſtakes? Which ſhews 'the authors of them indeed above the modeſty 'of deſiring they ſhould paſs for ſuch.

'ARE not the greateſt princes in the world re-'preſented to us under ſuch different characters, 'that him who is called weak and wilful at one 'time, at another is magnified for a ſecond *Solo-'mon?* — As to fleets, embarkations, armies, 'battles, they are thrown together in a moſt plea-'ſant medley, and victories and defeats given 'alternately to one ſide and the other; ſo that nei-'ther can be ſaid to have any cauſe to be offended, 'and the reader at home is diverted, or at leaſt 'amuſed at the expence of no body.

'UPON my word, madam, we ſhould paſs 'our time at the coffee-houſes very dully, if it 'were not for theſe fictions, which the more 'extravagant and enormous they are, anſwer the 'end we propoſe by reading them the better. 'Therefore, as they neither impoſe upon the 'underſtanding, nor are any other way hurtful, 'but on the contrary fill up the vacuum in the 'mind, which perhaps might be worſe employed,

'I will venture to pronounce them a ſort of lyes, 'which plead their own forgiveneſs.

'But there is yet another motive, which me-'thinks ſhould abate the aſperity of a *Female* '*Spectator*, which is, the conſideration that theſe 'inventions put bread into mouths which other-'wiſe would want it. —Many a wretched author 'muſt ſtarve in his garret if extracts of pretend-'ed letters from abroad did not ſupport him: it 'is a half crown ſoon earned, and readily paid by 'the publiſher, who finds his own account in it 'by the ſale of his paper.

'Numbers alſo of poor people, called *hawk-'ers*, get a comfortable ſubſiſtence by retailing or 'lending out theſe daily romances, which are 'equally amuſing to the country as the town.

'For Heaven's ſake therefore, madam, ceaſe 'to condemn what is ſo beneficial to the needy 'part of mankind, and ſo diverting to the better 'ſort; nor deſcend to paſs a ſerious cenſure on 'ſuch unthruths as have it not in their power to 'deceive. We ought methinks to conſider them 'in the ſame light, with thoſe tales of giants and 'faires, which nurſes tell the children they have 'under their care, in order to keep them out of 'miſchief, and pleaſe their fancies as they ſit 'quietly by the fire-ſide.

'I flatter myſelf, that what I have ſaid on 'this head will be convincing not only to you, 'but to as many as ſhall read it; that the accounts 'given in our news-papers, deſerve not to be 'blended with thoſe other lyes, which do ſo much 'miſchief in the world; and I am, however we

'may

'may differ in this particular, with the greateſt 'admiration of your writings in general.

MADAM,

Little Britain,
December 30, 1745.

Your moſt humble and moſt devoted ſervant,
L. D.

'*P. S.* I ſhall be glad to know your ſentiments 'on what I have advanced, and that I have your 'pardon for the liberty I take.'

THE latter of theſe requeſts the gentleman may be aſſured of our compliance with, not only by our inſerting his epiſtle, but alſo by the declaration we long ſince made, that every correſpondent was free to ſpeak his opinion; but deſire to be excuſed from making any comment on his poſition. — Our readers will doubtleſs do it for us; and he will be the better judge of what the public think of it, than if any attempt were made by the *Female Spectator*, to influence either favour or cenſure.

THE next that lies before us on the table, is on a ſubject which though more than once touched upon in the courſe of theſe lucubrations, can never be too often repeated, nor can pall upon the mind of any juſtly thinking reader.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'AS it is eaſy to perceive by thoſe writings 'with which you have obliged the public, 'that you are far from one of thoſe who believe 'the doctrine of *non-entity* after death, I fancy 'there is no occaſion to apologize for my ſend-

'ing you a few looſe thoughts which occaſionally 'occurred to me on reading ſome paſſages in *Lu-* '*cretius*.

'IT is the misfortune of this great ſtickler a- 'gainſt futurity, and indeed of all thoſe who have 'copied after him, to fall into ſuch contradictions 'as I think muſt be manifeſt to any one who con- 'ſiders them; and which it would puzzle all their 'learning and philoſophy to reconcile.

'BUT it would be quite unfair to lay an accu- 'ſation of this kind, without producing ſome 'proofs of the truth of it. I ſhall therefore quote 'two or three paſſages out of the many might be 'brought from that work, which for its elegance 'and purity of ſtile is very juſtly admired, but, I 'am ſorry to ſay, has made but too many proſelytes.

'FOR the benefit of thoſe who may not un- 'derſtand the original, I ſhall give them as they 'are excellently well tranſlated by Mr. *Dryden*.

'INTENDING I ſuppoſe to guard his readers a- 'gainſt the fears of death, he ſays,

'*What has this bugbear death to frighten man,*
'*If ſouls can die as well as bodies can?*
'*For, as before our death we felt no pain,* —
'*So, when our mortal part ſhall be disjoin'd,*
'*The lifeleſs lump, uncoupled from the mind,*
'*From ſenſe of grief, and pain we ſhall be free;*
'*We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not* BE:
'*Nay, ev'n ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd fate,*
'*The ſoul could feel in her divided ſtate,*
'*What's that to us? for we are only* WE,
'*While ſouls and bodies in one frame agree.*

'HERE I cannot forbear interrupting him by 'asking, *What then?* Suppoſe, as he ſays, that

'WE

'We are only We, while the ſoul remains in 'the ſame body it now is, if it is tranſlated into 'another, according to the ſyſtem of *Pythagoras*, 'it is methinks but a poor conſolation, that *fu-* 'ture We ſhall ſuffer in another form for the 'crimes committed by us in the *preſent* We. Oh! 'but we ſhall know nothing of it, he tells us; 'for he goes on yet bolder ſtill:

'*Nay, tho' our atoms ſtand revolv'd by chance,*
'*And matter leap into the former dance,*
'*What gain to us would all this buſtle bring?*
'*The new-made man would be another thing.*
'*When once an interrupting pauſe is made,*
'*That individual being is decay'd:*
'*WE, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part*
'*In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,*
'*Which to that other mortal ſhall accrue,*
'*Whom of our matter fate ſhall mould anew.*
'*For whoſoe'er ſhall in misfortunes live,*
'*Muſt* Be *when theſe misfortunes ſhall arrive:*
'*And ſince the man who* Is *not, feels not woe,*
'*(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow)*
'*Which we the living only feel and bear,*
'*What is there left for us in death to fear?*
'*When once that pauſe of life has come between,*
'*'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.*

'And again, by way of corroboration to the 'foregoing poſition, he adds, though at ſome 'diſtance, theſe lines on the ſame thought:

'*Ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,*
'*Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;*
'*And wanting nothing, nothing does it crave:*
'*Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death.*
'*Then death to us, and death's anxiety,*
'*Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be:*

‘ *For then our atoms, which in order lay,*
‘ *Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away;*
‘ *And never can return into their place,*
‘ *When once the pauſe of life has left an empty*
‘ *ſpace:*
‘ *And, therefore, if a man bemoan his lot,*
‘ *That after death, his mould'ring limbs ſhall rot;*
‘ *Or flames, or jaws of beaſts devour his maſs,*
‘ *Know he's an unſincere, unthinking aſs.*
‘ *The fool is to his own caſt-offals kind:*
‘ *He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain;*
‘ *Yet makes himſelf a part of life again:*
‘ *As if ſome other* HE *could feel the pain.*
‘ *If while he live, this thought moleſt his head,*
‘ *He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can*
‘ *Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the body and the man:*
‘ *But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive,*
‘ *And what, when dead he feels not feels alive:*
‘ *Then he repines, that he was born to dye,*
‘ *Nor knows in death, there is no other* HE;
‘ *No living* HE *remains, his grief to vent,*
‘ *And o'er his ſenſeleſs carcaſs to lament.*

‘ YOU ſee, madam, he all along acknowledges ‘ a ſoul; then pray, what muſt become of thought, ‘ memory, and reflection, (which were never yet ‘ denied to be faculties of the ſoul) after this pauſe ‘ of life, as he calls it? — Would not paſt tranſ- ‘ actions dwell on the ever-waking mind, let it ‘ be lodged in what habitation ſoever? And how, ‘ therefore could the *new being* be exempt from ‘ knowing, and conſequently from being affected ‘ with what it had done in the *former* one?

‘ To agree with him, in my opinion, there is ‘ an abſolute neceſſity either that *matter* is capa- ‘ ble of *thought*, or that *ſpirit* is capable of *inſen-* ‘ *ſibility*;

'*ſibility*; neither of which is conformable to phi-
'loſophy or to reaſon.

'EVERY one knows he thinks, remembers,
'compares, reflects, and judges; and we all know
'as well, that when the ſoul is departed the clay
'that is left behind can do none of theſe.—Theſe,
'therefore, are manifeſtly the properties of the
'ſoul; — and this is ſufficient for the firſt part
'of the argument.

'THEN as to the *inſenſibility* of the *ſoul*, *mind*,
'or *ſpirit*, call it by which name you will, for they
'all anſwer the ſame meaning, it is not in our
'power to forget many things we perhaps would
'wiſh to do, nor to avoid thoughts which we
'never ſo much endeavour to bury in oblivion.
'—The *ſoul*, in ſpite of all our efforts, will ſtill
'exert itſelf, and even in ſleep preſent us with
'what ideas it pleaſes: — the immortal ſpark will
'ſhine through the thickeſt miſts of ignorance;
'and the moſt rude and untaught ſavage will find
'he has ſomething in him, which it is not in his
'power to ſuppreſs.

'AS *matter* then can no way be aſſiſtant to the
'*ſpirit*, but is rather a clog to it, certainly when
'ſeparated from that groſs companion, it will act
'with yet greater force or freedom; nor can any
'form it might hereafter be lodged in, deprive it
'of that ſenſibility which is indeed its very eſſence.

'IT had doubtleſs been more artful in him to
'have omitted that unlucky ſuppoſition, that the
'ſoul *could feel in her divided ſtate*; than to pre-
'tend to prove it *inſenſible* of what it felt, whether
'tranſlated to a new maſs of matter, or reunited
'to the former.

'IN fine, the belief of futurity, and rewards 'and puniſhments after death, is plain and eaſy, 'agreeable both to nature and reaſon; implanted 'in the one, and confirmed to us by the other: 'while all attempts made to overthrow it are per- 'plexing, confuſed, abſtruſe, and ſerve only to 'ſhew their own vanity and fallacy, when ſeriouſly 'examined into, and can have an effect on none 'but weak and irreſolute minds.

'WHETHER you read the works of theſe *anti-* 'eternitarians, or hear their diſcourſe on that ſub- 'ject, you will always find them full of contradic- 'tions; and even the beſt and moſt plauſible ar- 'guments they can bring are founded on ſuppoſi- 'tions, and ſupported by falſe logic.

'IT is, however, a great misfortune to the pub- 'lic, that they are ſuffered, nay, I fear, encourag- 'ed to broach their pernicious ſentiments with the 'boldneſs they do. — Some authors of late years, 'have looked big on the reputation and ſucceſs 'of books and pamphlets, which, in the memory 'of many ſtill living, would have been burnt by 'the common hangman, and the writers, printers, 'and publiſhers rewarded according to their merit.

'NOTHING affords greater matter of aſtoniſh- 'ment to foreigners, than to ſee a people, who 'have paid ſo dear for their religion, calmly, and 'without any concern, behold that very religion 'depreciated, ridiculed, and treated in a manner 'which the worſt enemies of *chriſtianity* would 'have more decency than to be guilty of.

'As we boaſt of being the pureſt church in 'the world, and doubtleſs are ſo, we ought me- 'thinks to be aſhamed of being found ſo much

'leſs

'leſs zealous in the defence of our principles, than 'thoſe are who abound with errors, and whoſe 'faith is little better than ſuperſtition.

'BUT to put all modes of worſhip out of the 'queſtion, for indeed what I have ſaid on that head 'is digreſſive from my purpoſe: what we call 'natural religion, and is really ſuch, as it requires 'no ſmall art to erace it from the heart, that un-'born principle which, without the help of books 'or precept, informs us there is a God, informs 'us alſo, that we have within us a ſpark of his 'immortal eſſence, which can never die, but muſt 'exiſt to all eternity, in ſome ſtate or other.

'THE wildeſt natives of *Africa* and *America* 'will tell you, that when they die, they ſhall go 'to another world beyond the ſun; and that they 'look upon that as their home, not this they now 'inhabit.—The notions of theſe poor creatures 'cannot be aſcribed to prieſtcraft, as our modern 'ſcoffers at futurity are apt to call every thing 'that does not ſquare with their own opinion:— 'no, it is the Creator himſelf who inſpires them 'with this knowledge, in common with the reſt 'of the human ſpecies; though we, alas! too 'proud of our vain learning, take pains to dark-'en this light of nature in us, and build new ſy-'ſtems of our own, to puzzle and diſtract our-'ſelves, and as many as will give ear to them.

'BUT I trouble you too long, and beſides am 'in danger of growing too grave for a work in 'which I hope the honour of having this inſerted; 'I ſhall therefore take my leave, wiſhing you and 'your fair aſſociates all the ſucceſs your endea-'vours merit from the public; and then, I am ſure,

'you will have as much as you can poſſibly deſire.
'I am,

MADAM,

Bedford-Row,
January 2d, 1745-6.

'*Your moſt humble,*
and moſt faithfully
obedient ſervant,
EXTRATELLUS.

IF what this gentleman has advanced, prove as agreeable to all who ſhall happen to read it, as it does to us, none will find fault with its having a place in this eſſay; but I am ſorry to ſay that ſentiments, ſuch as his, are but too much exploded by the gay part of the world, for me to hope they will have the effect they ought, or that both of us could wiſh.

IT is indeed great pity that thoſe who are ſo unhappy, as to have ſuch mean notions of the *human* ſoul as to level it with the *animal*, do not keep their opinion to themſelves; for though I am entirely of *Extratellus*'s mind, that thoſe who are influenced by it, can have no great ſhare either of religion or true underſtanding, and it can be no honour to their doctrine to make proſelytes of ſuch; yet, as it may prevent all converts to a better, it were to be wiſhed that a ſtop were put to all licentiouſneſs of that kind, which certainly does more miſchief in the world than all others put together.

I MUST alſo agree with him, that the arguments made uſe of againſt exiſtence after death, render thoſe who liſten to them very much diſturbed in mind: the reaſon of which is plain; they cannot entirely ſilence the dictates of that divine emanation within them; it will rouſe itſelf in ſpite of

of all efforts made to ſuppreſs it, and occaſion ſuch ſtruggles as muſt infallibly throw their thoughts into a perpetual confuſion.

BUT as I have, in ſeveral former eſſays, ſufficiently declared my ſentiments on this ſubject, I ſhall add no more to it at preſent, but proceed to the next epiſtle, which by order of date claims a place.

To the fair and ingenious authors of the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

LADIES,

'IT is highly probably, that what I am about to offer, is on that ſubject, which, at the firſt peruſal, may be judged too trifling to be extremely well reliſhed, either by yourſelves, or the greateſt part of your readers; but as I flatter myſelf, that on a mature conſideration it will appear of more weight, I venture to ſend it; and ſhall make no apology for doing ſo, ſince it is in your own breaſts whether you will inſert it, or not.

'THERE is ſomewhat, methinks, ſtrangely contradictory in the judgment, taſte, and humour of our modern wits. — A man would be looked upon as a very odd fellow in company, ſhould he pretend to find fault with the writings of the ancients, or cavil at the morals of the old philoſophers: — nay, our very legiſlature has thought fit to build many of our laws on the ten tables of the *Romans*.—So high an idea have we of former ages, that when we labour to exalt any great name of the preſent, we always find ſome model among them to compare him to. An eminent patriot is a ſecond *Brutus*; a ſuc-

'ceſsful warrior an *Alexander* or a *Julius Cæſar*; 'a good poet a *Horace* or *Virgil*; a beneficent pa-'tron a *Mecænas*; an orator another *Cicero*, and 'ſo on; as if it were impoſſible that virtue and 'good qualities ſhould be the portion of theſe times, 'and could only be copied from the paſt.

'YET in ſpite of all this veneration for the great 'men of antiquity, we in a manner explode and 'affect to treat with contempt a ſcience which was 'with them in the higheſt eſtimation;—I mean, 'that of *aſtrology*. Start not at the name, good 'ladies, I beſeech you, for before I have done 'I hope to convince you, that the ſtudy of the 'ſtars, ſo far as they relate to human events, is 'both reaſonable and beneficial.

'THE firſt argument againſt *aſtrology*, and 'indeed that which moſt merits our attention, 'becauſe founded on a religious principle, is, that 'we ought not to ſearch into the ſecret things of 'God, and that it is taking from the power of the '*Creator*, to aſcribe any influence to the *creature*.

'To the firſt part of which I anſwer, that it 'ſeems not probable the ſtudy of planetary aſpects 'ſhould be among thoſe ſecret things into which 'we are forbidden to pry; becauſe had it been ſo, 'man would not have been endued with faculties 'capable of underſtanding any part of the mean-'ing of thoſe various motions and phaſes a ſkilful 'philoſopher diſcovers in them.—The ſecond, 'methinks, has yet leſs weight, and may be re-'futed by any one who conſiders that all nature 'is governed by ſecond cauſes,—that the Almighty 'Author, when he formed the worlds, ordered it 'ſo, that every individual Being in them ſhould 'have dependance on one another; that is, a ſecret

'ſympathy,

'ſympathy, an attraction, an influence, which, 'without being felt, either by the thing *directed*, 'or the thing that *directs*, governs all with an 'irreſiſtible impulſe.

'THIS is what we call the common courſe of 'nature, and when we ſee any thing go beyond 'it, we juſtly look upon it as miraculous; for 'then the immediate hand of God puts a ſtop to 'the movement of ſubordinate powers, as when 'the *Red Sea* was divided for a paſſage to the *Iſ-* 'raelites in the time of *Moſes*, and the waters of 'Jordan for the ſame people to paſs over under 'Joſhua, and when the ſun ſtood ſtill at the in- 'treaty of that great conqueror while purſuing his 'enemies, and ſome other ſuch wonderful in- 'ſtances, for which we have the authority of holy 'writ. Theſe were events, indeed, which no 'aſtrologer could foreſee, and were among the ſe- 'cret things which we ought not to attempt un- 'ravelling.

'Since the diſperſion of the *Jews*, however, 'all things have gone on in the ſame uninterrupted 'round; but as God has given to man ſuch in- 'telligent faculties, as to enable him to form a 'pretty exact gueſs, at leaſt, of what ſhall happen 'in the world he lives in, through the influence 'of thoſe others, which roll above his head, I ſee 'no reaſon why he ſhould fold his talent in a 'napkin, eſpecially when the exerting it is of 'ſuch general ſervice as I ſhall preſently prove it 'may be.

'The ſecond objection, and I am ſorry to ſay, 'the moſt made uſe of, is the uncertainty of the 'art, that it is liable to great miſtakes, and that

'it

'it is weak and ſuperſtitious to depend on any 'thing prognoſticated that way.

'I will not ſay but the ignorance of ſome 'pretenders may have given occaſion to ſuch a 'cenſure; but then it muſt be only with ſuch as 'do not reflect, how unjuſt it is to condemn the 'whole, for a part: there is no art or ſcience 'whatever, to which ſome profeſſors have not 'been, and always will be a diſgrace: there have 'been, and ſtill are, bad theologiſts, bad philoſo-'phers, bad phyſicians, bad compoſers of muſick, 'and bad poets; yet divinity, phyloſophy, phy-'ſic, muſick, and poetry, have not loſt their re-'putation, and wherefore *aſtrology* ſhould do ſo, 'I cannot conceive.

'That the ſtars have an influence over the 'minds and diſpoſition of men, according to the 'aſpects under which they are born; and that ſuch 'an influence may be known on conſulting the 'natal hour of a perſon altogether unknown to 'the *aſtrologer* employed in the calculation, is 'certain.

'There is a famous ſtory on record, which 'tho' few are unacquainted with, I cannot for-'bear repeating, as it is ſo very applicable to my 'preſent purpoſe.

'*SOCRATES*, that great philoſopher and 'eminent pattern of continence, ſobriety, juſtice, 'fortitude, and every moral virtue, had, notwith-'ſtanding, the curioſity of knowing under what 'aſpect he was born, and to that end gave the 'hour and minute of his nativity, as it had been 'ſet down in writing by a perſon preſent at it, to 'one of the moſt celebrated *aſtrologers* of thoſe

'days,

'days, desiring him to deal ingenuously with him,
'and conceal nothing that should threaten.

'THE artist assured him of his integrity in this
'point, and promised to return with all the satis-
'faction he could desire in a few days.

'IT was, however, much longer before *Socrates*
'saw him again, and when he came, a visible
'displeasure appeared in his countenance. — He
'told the philosopher with some warmth, that he
'had deceived him, in giving him a wrong nati-
'vity; for it was an utter impossibility he could
'be born at the time he pretended.

'IN vain for a great while did *Socrates* labour
'to perswade him, that the account was exact,
'that he had been assured by his father, who had
'often examined it, that it was so; but at last
'the other suffered himself to be convinced, as
'his cooler thoughts permitted him to reflect on
'the character of the person whom he talked with,
'and how improbable it was he should persist in
'a deception of that kind.

'*WELL then*, said he, after he had paused a
'considerable time, *the science of astrology is all*
'*fallacious, I will instantly burn all my books, and*
'*never more erect a telescope, or cast a figure.*

'IN speaking these words, he was going away;
'but *Socrates* plucked him back by the sleeve, and
'with his accustomed calmness, desired he would
'tell him the reason, why he all at once became
'an enemy to an art he had practised for so many
'years with such success.

'*BECAUSE*,

'*BECAUSE*, replied he, *I am now very well* 'assured, *by the examination of your nativity, that* 'it is not to be depended on; *the man born at the* 'time you were, *ſhould be prone to drunkenneſs, laſ-* 'civiouſneſs, *unjuſt and cruel in his nature, and* 'in fine addicted *to all manner of wickedneſs.*

'*SOCRATES* ſmiled when he was ſpeaking, 'and perceiving he had done; *If my nativity,* 'ſaid he, *is the only motive for you to entertain an* 'ill opinion *of* aſtrology, *baniſh it from your* 'thoughts, *and rather magnify a ſcience which, in* 'ſpite of appearances, *diſcovers the truth without* 'diſguiſe. — *Know, friend, that I came into the* 'world with all *thoſe vicious inclinations you have* 'mentioned.—Nature *intended me a monſter, but* 'reaſon *has made me what I am. It has taught* 'me to ſhut up all *the avenues of my ſoul from every* 'temptation the world, *and its unwarrantable plea-* 'ſures, are continually offering.—*It has ſhewn me* 'the true dignity *of my being, and convinced me* 'that it is beneath the human ſpecies to purſue *any* 'unjuſt or oppreſſive aims.

'THUS far we have from an author of un- 'doubted credit; but I once met with a little 'book in very old *Latin*, which adds, that the 'aſtrologer having, by *Socrates* deſire, preſented 'him with his opinion of his nativity, there were 'ſome predictions in it which greatly ſerved to 'arm that philoſopher againſt being diſmayed at 'the unhappy fate he afterwards met with, and 'helped to make him behave, even in the pangs 'of death, in ſuch a manner as to occaſion this 'encomium to be wrote upon him by *Juvenal*, 'which I will give you as engliſhed by Mr. 'Creech:

'*EXALTED*

'*EXALTED* Socrates, *divinely brave!*
'*Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave!*
'*He drank the poiſonous draught*
'*With mind ſerene, and could not wiſh to ſee*
'*His vile accuſer drink as deep as he.*
'*Too noble for revenge! which ſtill we find*
'*The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind.*

'WHETHER any part of this fortitude was 'owing to the warnings by the *aſtrologer*, I will 'not take upon me to affirm, becauſe the title-'page of the treatiſe wherein I have read it, being 'torn out, I neither know the name of the author, 'nor how far he may be depended on.

'BUT be that as it may, the former part of the 'ſtory, the truth of which I never heard called in 'queſtion, is not only greatly to the honour of 'the ſcience I am defending, as to the certainty of 'it, but alſo proves it to be of real ſervice to man-'kind.

'EVERY one is not endued with an equal ſhare 'of penetration with the philoſopher above-men-'tioned, and fewer yet will give themſelves the 'trouble to examine impartially their own hearts, 'and diſcover to what propenſities their nature 'moſt inclines them.—Would not then *aſtrology* 'be a great help to perſons thus negligent?—Do 'they not ſtand in need of ſuch a monitor to rouſe 'them from that lethargy of mind, which might 'otherwiſe ſuffer them to fall into vices they would 'never be guilty of premeditately.

'NEITHER is it only to reſtrain the growth of 'inordinate inclinations, that I look on conſult-'ing the aſpects of the planets at our birth as high-'ly beneficial, it is alſo as to the conduct of our

'worldly

'worldly affairs, in the choice of our avocations; 'in fine, in every thing that is material to our 'happineſs.

'NUMBERS are there, who with the utmoſt 'care and induſtry find it impoſſible to proſper in 'the buſineſs they have unhappily made choice of, 'yet in ſome other might doubtleſs be more for- 'tunate. As the poet truly ſays,

'*Heav'n has to all allotted, ſoon or late,*
'*Some lucky revolutions of their fate:*
'*Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with*
'*ſkill,*
'*(For human good depends on human will,)*
'*Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,*
'*And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent:*
'*But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,*
'*And leaves repenting folly far behind.*

'BY what aids but that of *aſtrology* ſhall we be 'able to find when or what are thoſe unlucky re- 'volutions? Or how ſhould we be able to diſco- 'ver that critical point of time, in which our for- 'tune may be ſeized? — Mr. *Dryden* therefore 'had certainly this ſcience in his head when he 'wrote the lines I have quoted, as likewiſe where 'he ſays:

'*The knight is often from the ſaddle thrown,*
'*But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own:*
'*If crowns and palms the conqu'ring ſide adorn,*
'*The victor under better ſtars was born.*

'BUT to lay aſide the authority of other men's 'opinions, and make uſe of our own reaſon and 'obſervation; nothing is more evident than that 'numbers of people are thruſt into offices, voca- 'tions,

'tions, and trades, for which they are not qua-
'lified, and conſequently cannot make any figure
'in.

'HE that gave the ſoul has certainly endued it
'with faculties ſufficient to make the body it in-
'habits happy; but as theſe faculties are widely
'different, the buſineſs is to find out to what ſta-
'tion or calling in life they are moſt adapted.

'PARENTS are often miſtaken even in the ge-
'nius's of their children, and we ourſelves can-
'not always judge, eſpecially in youth, of our
'own talents. — The glare and ſhew of a profeſ-
'ſion ſometimes miſleads us to make choice of
'that which we are leaſt fit for, nor do we ſee our
'error till too late to retrieve it.

'IN a word, I will venture to give it as my
'firm belief, and from which I never can depart,
'that whoever runs counter to the planet which
'preſided at his birth, tho' he may be a *good*, will
'never be a *fortunate* man, and that is more ow-
'ing to the neglect of that important point, that
'we ſee ſo many miſerable people, than to any
'miſconduct or inadvertency they have been guilty
'of, in the profeſſion they have unhappily taken
'upon them.

'WHEREFORE then are the generality of
'people ſo much averſe to a ſcience, which they
'never can find arguments to prove of any preju-
'dice, and they cannot deny but may be of ſuch
'univerſal benefit?—Some there have been, I am
'confident, who have proved it ſo; yet ſwayed
'by the opinion of the world againſt it, have un-
'gratefully concealed the means to which they

'owed

'owed their ſucceſſes, aud the aggrandizing their 'families.

'I WOULD not, however, have any one infer, 'from what I have ſaid, that I am an advocate 'for common fortune-telling, much leſs for charms, '*ſybils*, and *taliſmans*. — No, ladies, the one is 'abſurd and ridiculous, and the other if of any 'efficacy for what they are intended, muſt be in-'debted for it to ſuch influences as ought not to 'be encouraged by any who call themſelves 'chriſtians.

'ALL I contend for is, the ſimple calculation 'of nativities, by which a perſon may be the 'more early and the better informed by what in-'clinations he is likely to be guided, therefore 'enabled to put a more watchful guard over ſuch 'as are pernicious, than he could be by any other 'means, and alſo to judge what avocation it will 'beſt become him to purſue.

'As for thoſe who pretend to laugh at the in-'fluence of the ſtars, becauſe, as they ſay, there 'is no account to be given why any ſuch ſym-'pathy ſhould be derived from them to the human 'ſpecies, they would equally deny that of the 'loadſtone over ſteel, which they are as little able 'to account for, did they not every day ſee the 'viſible effects of it before their eyes.

'BUT it is not for us to aſk why ſuch things 'are, it is ſufficient to know that ſuch things are. '— The great Author of nature alone ſees into 'the ſecret ſprings which put in motion the ma-'chine of this vaſt univerſe, veiled even from 'angels eyes, and not to be accounted for, but 'by his own Almighty Wiſdom.

'I

'I SHALL therefore conclude with a paſſage 'of Mr. *Dryden*'s *Religio Laici*, that when we 'go about to ſearch into the myſteries of provi-'dence,

'*In a wild maze our vain endeavours end,*
'*How can the leſs the greater comprehend?*
'*Or finite reaſon reach infinity?*
'*For what could fathom God, were more than He.*

'BUT I muſt not fold up the paper without 'aſſuring you, ladies, that I am, with very great 'reſpect and good wiſhes,

Hampſtead,
Feb. 12, 1745-6.

Your moſt humble and
moſt obeäient ſervant;
PHILO-ASTROLOGIA.

How this epiſtle will be reliſhed by the generality of my readers, I do not know, but I am perſwaded it will be approved by more than will care to acknowledge they do ſo. — Many, I am very certain, wiſh in their hearts that *aſtrology* was more the mode, tho' they will not be the firſt to promote it.

EXCLUSIVE of all the advantages and laudable purpoſes my correſpondent has mentioned, there is a ſecret wiſh lodged in the hearts of every one to dive into events before they happen; and I am afraid the number is not ſmall of thoſe who would make uſe of this art, to ſearch into the affairs of other people, as well as their own, provided they could procure the hour of any one's birth, whoſe ſecrets they had an inclination to diſcover.

BUT I do not alledge this as any objection againſt *aſtrology*; for the beſt things may be perverted to ill uſes. — For my part, I am reſolved to

to ſtand neuter in the argument; I have a ver great reſpect for thoſe delightful orbs which twink over my head, and afford me ſo much ſatisfactio in a ſolitary evening walk, and ſhould be ſorry t ſay any thing that might depreciate them; yet am one of thoſe who are afraid to aſcribe too much to their influence.

The ſtory of *Socrates* at moſt but proves that the aſpect of particular planets affect the diſpoſition of the perſon born under them; but his being able to ſubdue the propenſities he had by nature, is a clear teſtimony, that when they *incline*, they have not the power to *enforce*, and that their Almighty Maker is ſometimes pleaſed to ſhew there is no ſure dependence but on Him alone.

Even our common almanacks convince us, that the dominions of the ſtars over the ſeaſons is far from being abſolute: we have had dry weather when the moon has been in *Aquarius* or *Piſces*, nor have the *Pleiades* always brought rain with them; yet though this ſometimes happens, I will not pretend to decry the ſtudy of the ſtars on that ſcore, becauſe it is more frequently *true* than *fallible* in its predictions, as to the weather at leaſt.

It may alſo be ſo in other things; but as I ſaid before, I ſhall leave the point to be diſcuſſed by others.

All I ſhall venture to give on my own judgment, is, that if the cauſe *Philo-Aſtrologia* has undertaken to maintain, be in itſelf good, the warmth with which he expreſſes himſelf is highly praiſeworthy; and if a bad one, it muſt be owned he has well defended it: ſo that either way he has the acknowledgments of the *Female Spectator*.

I COME now to a letter which I am certain none of my readers will be ſurprized to find inſerted in a work of this nature, becauſe of the ſervice it may do to young unmarried ladies, if rightly attended to.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

WORTHY MADAM,

'THAT tender regard you expreſs for the 'happineſs and reputation of human kind in 'general, but particularly for thoſe of your own 'ſex, emboldens the moſt unfortunate of women 'to give you a detail of the ſorrows ſhe labours 'under, and that fatal error in conduct which 'has but too juſtly brought them on her.

'IN diſburthening myſelf this way, I taſte the 'firſt interval of eaſe I have known for a long 'time; but that is the leaſt motive which in'duced me to write: the main view I have to deſire 'the publication of my caſe, is to warn all young 'girls, of what rank or degree ſoever, from being 'guilty of the fault I have been.

'BUT on peruſing this melancholly epiſtle you 'will be judge how far it may deſerve the atten'tion of the public, as to the ſubject it contains; 'for as to the ſtile, I have no pretence to wit or 'elegance, and in my preſent ſituation, cannot be 'ſuppoſed to range my thoughts in that order 'which the preſs requires, and muſt therefore in'treat the favour of you to render them more 'methodical.

'BE pleaſed therefore, madam, to permit me, 'in my plain manner, to inform you, that I am 'the only daughter of a gentleman who makes no

'incon-

'inconſiderable figure in the world. Though I 'had the misfortune of loſing my mother, ſhe 'dying when I was very young, I had not that of 'ſeeing any other in her place; and my father, 'tho' naturally ſtern, ſeemed to take ſo much 'delight in me, that he would frequently ſay, 'that as I had a brother who would rob me of the 'eſtate, he would take care that I ſhould have a 'portion, which ſhould entitle me to marry to a 'greater.

'His fondneſs of me was ſo well known, that 'ſcarce had I attained the age of fourteen, before 'there were ſeveral who deſired his permiſſion to 'make their addreſſes to me; but he, who it 'ſeems had higher expectations for me, refuſed 'them, and the firſt declaration of love that was 'made to me, was by a young gentleman, whom, 'unhappily for both, I became acquainted with at 'a ball.

'The paſſion he profeſſed for me was, alas! 'but too ſincere, as he afterwards gave fatal proofs 'of.—My heart was ſenſibly touched with the af-'fecting things he ſaid to me, and being too young, 'or at leaſt too indolent, to conſider the conſe-'quences, I encouraged his hopes, as far as was 'conſiſtent with modeſty and honour.

'As he was a younger brother, and had a very 'ſmall fortune, it would have been madneſs in him 'to apply to my father. — Our intercourſe was 'therefore obliged to be kept extremely private, 'nor did any one, but the maid who waited on 'me, and was in the ſecret from the beginning, 'know any thing of my acquaintance with him.

'It

'It would be too tedious to relate the contri-
'vances I had to meet him: ſometimes I had the
'vapours, and muſt have a walk betimes in the
'morning in the park.—Sometimes I had a fancy
'to ſee a play *incog.* and muſt go to *Burton*'s box
'muffled up. — Sometimes affect to be a great
'oeconomiſt, and go to ſales in order to buy bar-
'gains. — Nobody with me in theſe excurſions
'but my maid; becauſe, as I ſaid, taking a fellow
'in a livery would diſcover who I was, and fru-
'ſtrate my intentions; and a thouſand other ſuch
'pretences, which were not in the leaſt ſuſpected,
'either by my father or any of the family.

'Yet would you believe it, madam, with all
'this pains I took, I had in reality no ſettled af-
'fection for him. — The novelty of the thing
'pleaſed my vanity, and the ſecrecy of it my pride,
'in being able to circumvent my father. —I was,
'however, deceived myſelf, for I imagined that
'my paſſion was equal to that of any heroine in
'romance, and the confeſſions I ſometimes let fall
'of this ideal flame, were ſuch as might well de-
'ceive the perſon in whoſe favour they were made.

'Nothing is more to be wondered at, how-
'ever, than that the whim, for I can call it no
'other, did not tranſport me ſo far as to conſent
'to a private marriage, which he was continually
'preſſing for; but whether I ought to impute it
'to my good or evil fortune, I know not, that I
'could never be perſuaded to that, ſince I went ſo
'far as to promiſe, and to bind that promiſe with
'many repeated vows and imprecations, never to
'be the bride of any other man.

'O, how thoughtleſs is youth! How little ca-
'pable of judging for themſelves, or of themſelves!

'—*Silvius*,

'—*Silvius*, for ſo ſhall I call him, imagined he 'had gained a great point, in having engaged me 'in this manner; but, alas! I conſidered little 'on it, and tho' it is certain at that time I in-'tended to keep it, I never reflected how many 'difficulties lay in the way.

'BUT ſoon the trial came. An overture was 'now made to my father, which he found too ad-'vantageous for me to be rejected by him. It 'was in favour of a young gentleman, to whom 'I ſhall give the name of *Celander*. He was de-'ſcended of a noble family, had a very great 'eſtate, and was poſſeſſed of all the accompliſh-'ments that can endear a perſon of his ſex to one 'of ours.

'I HAD often heard him ſpoke of by ſeveral ladies 'of my acquaintance, and never without ſuch 'praiſes as I muſt confeſs he merits.—I had ſeen 'him too, but it was only *en paſſant*, or at the 'opera; but that was enough to make me know 'he was handſome, well made, and perfectly 'genteel.—This, whenever any diſcourſe happened 'concerning him, I always allowed, but indeed 'thought no farther on him, till my father told 'me he had given him leave to viſit me, and that 'he expected I would receive him as a man whom 'he intended for my husband.

'IMPOSSIBLE is it for me to expreſs the agi-'tation of my heart, when I heard my father ſpeak 'in this manner. To be told a man ſo much ad-'mired by the whole town had ſingled me out as 'the only object of his affection, was too flattering 'to my vanity not to be pleaſing; but yet the 'thoughts of marrying him, and abandoning my '*Silvius*, gave me a moſt terrible alarm.

'IN

'IN fine, I know not whether I was rejoiced 'or grieved. A mixture of pain and pleaſure at 'once invaded me, and ſo hurried my ſpirits, that 'I was unable to make any direct anſwer to what 'my father ſaid. He interpreted my frequent 'change of colour and incoherent ſpeeches, how-'ever, only to baſhfulneſs, which a firſt propoſal 'of that kind might naturally occaſion, and as I 'had with much ado drauled out that I ſhould al-'ways be obedient to his will, he was perfectly 'ſatisfied, and ſaid no more to me at that time.

'THE next day *Celander* dined with us.—The 'grandeur of his equipage, and every thing that 'appeared about him was ſufficient to dazzle ſo 'young a heart as mine, but his politeneſs could 'not but charm the moſt experienced one. — In 'the afternoon, my father took an opportunity of 'leaving us together; and I muſt own that I 'found ſo infinite a diſproportion between the 'manner in which he addreſſed himſelf to me, 'and that of *Silvius*, as made me then wonder 'how I could ever think the other worthy of my 'attention.

'THIS, I ſay, I thought while I was with him, 'but when I was alone the tenderneſs of *Silvius*, 'the ardors he expreſſed for me, and all the aſſi-'duities he had paid to me, turned the balance of 'my inclinations again on his ſide, and cried to 'myſelf I never would be ſo ungrateful as to throw 'into deſpair a love I had encouraged and ſworn 'to recompence.

'FOR ſome days I continued in this fluctuating 'ſtate of mind, loving both, yet neither as I ought 'to do, and therefore, in fact, little deſerving my-'ſelf of the love of either.

'BUT it was my fate to find more ſincerity than 'I merited. I am but too well convinced that 'the profeſſions made me by each of them did 'not in the leaſt exceed the dictates of their hearts, 'and this it is that makes my unhappineſs.

'PARDON, madam, theſe interruptions from 'the thread of my narrative, which the remem-'brance of thoſe times renders it impoſſible ſome-'times to forbear; but I will now be as little te-'dious as poſſible, and haſten to the ſad cataſtrophe.

'*CELANDER*, at laſt, gained an entire con-'queſt over me, and all that remained for *Sylvius* 'was pity. — The promiſe I had made him, in-'deed, gave me ſhocks, but they wore off, in 'the conſideration that as I was not at my own 'diſpoſal, a vow of that kind could not be looked 'upon as binding.

'MY father was highly ſatisfied to find that 'my inclinations were conformable to his deſires, 'and my lover tranſported at the conceſſions I 'made him.—There now remained nothing but 'the drawing up the marriage articles, and new-'cloaths, and equipages for the ſolemnization of 'our nuptials, and all thoſe things were ordered 'by both parties, to be prepared with the greateſt 'expedition.

'*SILVIUS* was ſoon informed of what paſſed 'in our family, and not doubting the truth of 'his misfortune, by not having ſeen me in a much 'longer time than we were accuſtomed to be ab-'ſent, wrote a letter to me full of complaints, and 'prevailed upon my maid to deliver it, and en-'deavour to obtain an anſwer.

'I

'I COULD not help being a little moved at 'reading it, but hearing *Celander* was come in juſt 'as I had finiſhed, prevented all the effects it might 'otherwiſe perhaps have had on me. I abſolutely 'refuſed to write, and to hinder him from doing 'ſo any more, bade the maid tell him plainly, 'that there was nothing further for him to hope: '—that my father had inſiſted on my giving my 'hand to *Celander*, and that I had reſolved not to 'run the riſque of diſobeying him.

'SOME few days after this, as I was in the 'coach with *Celander* and a young lady, going to 'take the air in *Hyde-park*, it was my ill fortune 'to ſee him in a ſtreet we paſſed through: he ſaw 'me too, and gave me a look in which I know 'not whether deſpair or rage was moſt predomi-'nant, and ſuited exactly with the deſcription the 'maid had given me of him, at the time of her 'relating the meſſage I had ſent by her, in anſwer 'to his letter.

'THE unexpected ſight of a perſon whom I 'had uſed ſo ill, gave me a very great ſhock for 'the preſent; but I was too young, too gay, and 'indeed too well ſatisfied with my own fate to be 'long under any concern for that of another, 'whatever obligations I had in honour, conſcience, 'or generoſity to be ſo.

'*CELANDER*, who thought every minute an 'age, till he could call me his wife, haſtened all 'the preparations for our wedding on his part, 'and my father, equally impatient for the com-'pletion of a union he no leſs wiſhed, being equally 'induſtrious, every thing was got ready much 'ſooner than could have been expected, and we 'were married in the preſence of the greateſt part

'of the kindred on both ſides, who all ſeemed to 'take intereſt in our mutual felicity.

'THREE days were ſpent in rejoicings at my 'father's houſe; after which we ſet out for a fine 'ſeat *Celander* has about forty miles diſtant 'from *London*. — There I received the compli-'ments and congratulations of all the gentry of 'the county; — the homage and almoſt adoration 'of my husband's tenants and dependants, and 'every day, nay almoſt every hour, preſented me 'with ſomething new, wherewith to flatter my 'vanity and pride.

'YET all this was nothing to that raviſhing 'content, which the exceſſive tenderneſs of *Ce-'lander* afforded: — he was, if poſſible, more di-'ligent in ſearching out ways to pleaſe me than 'before our marriage. — The name of *husband* 'robbed me of nothing of the obſequiouſneſs of 'the *lover*; nor our familiarity of the reſpect he 'had always treated me with. A happineſs, alas! 'too perfect to be permanent; yet might it have 'been laſting as my life, had I never been guilty 'of any thing to render me unworthy of it. — 'But it ſeemed as if heaven, to puniſh my breach 'of faith the more ſeverely, had beſtowed on me 'ſuch a profuſion of bliſs, only to make my ſuc-'ceeding miſeries fall with the greater weight.

'WHILE theſe pleaſing ſcenes continued, I 'never thought on *Silvius*, nor durſt my maid, 'who I ſtill kept with me, ever preſume to men-'tion him to me, as I had ſtrictly forbad her the 'contrary, till one unhappy time — O, that ſhe 'had died before the arrival of it, that ſo the fa-'tal ſecret of my crime might have been buried 'with her! — Then had I been preſerved from

'the

'the ſorrows I endure, and the moſt excellent of 'men, and beſt of husbands, not deprived of his 'tranquility.

'We had been in the country, as near as I can 'remember, about ſix weeks, when as I was 'alone one morning in my dreſſing-room, this 'ill-ſtarr'd creature came in, and with a look 'which expreſſed ſomewhat more than ordinary, 'begged I would give her leave to reveal a ſecret 'to me, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had long ſmothered 'in her breaſt, but was now ſo uneaſy, that ſhe 'was ſure ſhe ſhould run mad, if ſhe were not 'permitted to divulge it.

'I, who imagined it was only ſome fooliſh 'affair relating to herſelf, and fell a laughing at 'her ſerious drawn-down countenance, bade her 'ſpeak what ſhe had to ſay at once.

'She then, after having afreſh begged my par- 'don, told me, that in five or ſix days after our 'coming into the country, ſhe was ſent for to a 'neighbouring inn, where they ſaid a relation of 'her's juſt arrived from *London* deſired to ſpeak 'with her; but that on her being ſhewed into a 'room, ſhe found the perſon who waited for her, 'was no other than the unfortunate *Silvius*.

'I no ſooner heard his name, than I endea- 'voured to ſtop her from going any farther, by 'telling her I would hear nothing of him, and 'that knowing, as ſhe did, my mind, it was very 'impudent, and what I never would forgive in 'her, to mention him to me.

'The poor wench trembled while I ſpoke, 'but told me ſhe would not have diſobeyed me

'for the world in any other circumſtance, but 'that ſhe cou'd not ſleep in her bed, and was ſo 'tormented in her mind, that it was now impoſ-'ſible for her to refrain any longer. — *Well, then,* 'ſaid I, ſcornfully, *what is this mighty buſineſs?*

'She then proceeded to relate a tale too me-'lancholly not to have touched the moſt diſin-'tereſted heart: ſhe ſaid that never man was more 'transformed; that he ſeemed rather a ſpectre 'than real fleſh and blood; and that there was 'nothing but the accents of his voice by which ſhe 'could have diſtinguiſhed him. — That after hav-'ing given vent to the tumultuous paſſions which 'raged within him, in terms which teſtified the 'utmoſt horror and deſpair, he took a letter out 'of his pocket, and at the ſame time drew his 'ſword, and pointing it to her breaſt, ſaid that 'moment ſhould be her laſt, if ſhe did not ſwear 'to deliver it into my hands.

'It was in vain ſhe repeated to him the injunc-'tion I had laid her under of never ſpeaking of him. '—In vain ſhe urged that no remonſtrance made 'to me could be of any ſervice to him, and would 'only give me pain, as I was married, and could 'now do nothing for him. All ſhe ſaid ſerved 'only to make him more vehement; and he in-'ſiſted on her oath, which ſhe was at laſt obliged 'to give, with the addition of the moſt ſolemn 'curſe upon herſelf, if ſhe fulfilled it not.

'She then told me, that the fears of my diſ-'pleaſure had made her all this time conceal it 'from me; but that, for a week paſt, ſhe had 'dreamed continually of him, and had ſuch terrors 'upon her ſpirits on his account, that ſhe verily 'believed he had laid violent hands upon himſelf,

'and

'and that his ghoſt haunted her in this manner 'for her breech of vow.

'I COULD not keep myſelf from being very 'much affected with what ſhe ſaid, but was much 'more ſo, when taking the letter out of her 'hand, I found it contained theſe lines:

"*To the fair perjured* LAVINIA.

"IF I thought that what I am about to write "would be capable of giving you any pain, "falſe, cruel, and ungrateful as you are, I could "not have been enough maſter of my heart to "ſend it; but I doubt not that you will be ra- "ther pleaſed to know you are going to be rid "for ever of a perſon whoſe moſt diſtant looks "would upbraid your guilt. — Few are there, O "moſt unjuſt *Lavinia!* who would not have taken "advantage of the contract between us. — You "know that you are mine, bound by the moſt "ſolemn vows, in preſence of your maid, whom "I could compel to bear teſtimony of the truth; "but the generoſity of my nature ſets me above "all mercenary views, and the ſincerity of my "love from doing any thing that ſhould expoſe, "or render you unhappy. May Heaven be as "forgiving, and you never have reaſon to regret "your breach of faith!

"To eaſe you of all fears on my account, and "myſelf of the diſcontent of breathing the ſame "air with one who has ſo cruelly deceived me, I "quit *England* for ever. I cannot be worſe "treated in the moſt barbarous lands than I have "been in that which gave me birth; and I leave "my deareſt friends without reluctance, ſince by "doing ſo, I leave alſo my moſt bitter enemy. "—But who, beſides your faithleſs ſelf, knows

" whether I am the only man has been betrayed
" by your allurements! You may perhaps have
" practiſed the ſame bewitching arts on others
" as well as me, and numbers be involved
" in the ſame deſpair I ſuffer. Even *Celendar*,
" he who now lies in your arms, ought not to
" depend on a heart ſo inconſtant, ſo little capable
" of a true affection. But I have done with my
" reproaches, and in ſpite of the mighty cauſe I
" have to hate you as my utter ruin, have ſtill love
" enough to wiſh you happy, if you can be ſo.
" —You ſee, though you have made me wretched
" it is not in your power, however, to make me
" ungenerous, and therefore ought to remember,
" with ſome compaſſion at leaſt,

" *Your once Adoring,*

" SILVIUS.

' SUCH a letter as this you will own would
' have ſhocked any woman, conſcious as I was,
' of deſerving all the ſevere things contained in it;
' but I felt beſides an inward terror, which, at that
' time, I could not account for, but have ſince
' thought a preſage of my approaching diſaſter.

' I HAD read the fatal ſcroll twice over, and
' was going to lock it into a cabinet, when, on
' hearing *Celander*'s voice, and thinking he was
' that inſtant coming in, I fell into a trembling,
' and thruſting it haſtily into the wench's hand,
' bade her run, and put it into the kitchen-fire,
' there being none above ſtairs; on which ſhe
' went out of the room to do as ſhe was ordered,
' and I ſat down endeavouring to compoſe myſelf.

' BUT *Celander* not coming, and the palpita-
' tation of my heart rather increaſing than dimi-
' niſhing,

'nishing, I got up again, and ran down stairs after 'the maid, designing either to charge her to burn 'it directly, or give it me again; I know not 'well what was in my thoughts in the confusion 'I then was; — but, O good God! what became 'of me, when, as I set my foot into a parlour, 'thro' which I was to pass, I saw my husband 'with that letter in his hand, the maid on her 'knees before him, beseeching him to return it to 'her, and the countenance of both so wild and 'distracted, as left me no room to doubt the truth 'of my ill fortune.

'*I have stumbled on a secret, madam,* said *Ce-* 'lander, as soon as he perceived me, *I little ex-* 'pected to find; *but you may easily, and* Silvius *too,* 'forgive my curiosity, since I shall suffer more than 'either of you.

'THERE needed no more to deprive me of all 'the little senses I was mistress of; and whether 'he added any thing farther I cannot say, for I fell 'into a swoon that instant.—*Celander*, as I after- 'wards heard, attempted nothing for my recovery, 'but went out of the room, still keeping the let- 'ter in his hand. The maid was also in a con- 'dition little capable of assisting me; however, 'her screams drew in other servants, who among 'them brought me to myself, and carried me to 'my chamber, where, being laid on the bed, and 'every body but she who had been the cause of 'this unhappy accident being withdrawn, I was 'made acquainted with the means by which it 'happened.

'THAT foolish creature, it seems, had the cu- 'riosity to examine the contents of the letter be- 'fore she destroyed it; and seeing nobody in the

'parlour, went in there to read it. She happened 'to ſtand before a great glaſs juſt oppoſite the door, 'and *Celander* paſſing by, in order to come up to 'my chamber, ſeeing her in this poſition, and the 'tears all the time ſhe was reading running down 'her cheeks, ſtopped to look at her.

'As he was perfectly gay and facetious in his 'nature, and knew ſhe was a favourite with me, 'he would be very often pleaſant with her, and 'finding ſhe continued ſo intent on the paper, he 'ſtepped ſoftly behind her, and ſnatched it out of 'her hand, thinking to divert himſelf with the 'fright he ſhould put her in.

'He had no intention of reading it, it is cer-'tain, but had returned it to her, after having 'laughed a little at the concern he gave her, if un-'happily my name had not ſtruck his ſight. That 'indeed occaſioned a different turn, and he thought 'he had a right to ſee what it contained.

'Thus, dear *Female Spectator*, was the whole 'ſecret of my crime diſcovered to him, from whom 'I had moſt reaſon to wiſh it might be eternally 'concealed.

'What to ſay to evade, or to palliate the 'matter, I was utterly incapable of reſolving: 'ſometimes I was for denying every thing, and 'pretend I never knew any ſuch perſon as *Silvius*. 'At others, thought it beſt to confeſs ingenuouſly 'the truth, and lay the blame on youth and inad-'vertency.

'*CELANDER*, however, was not in haſte to 'put me to the trial: he went abroad directly, re-'turned not home till very late at night, and then

'ordered

'ordered a bed to be prepared for him in another 'chamber.

'THIS behaviour gave me the moſt terrible 'alarm: I thought it denoted an indifference more 'cruel than the ſevereſt reproaches could have 'been; and as I truly loved him, choſe to ſuffer 'every thing his rage could inflict on me, rather 'than continue in the ſuſpence I now was.

'I FLEW therefore to the room where he was, 'and in the utmoſt diſtraction conjured him to 'let me know the cauſe of his forſaking my bed. 'I was obliged to repeat the ſame words, or others 'to the like purpoſe, many times, before I could 'prevail on him to ſpeak, though all the time he 'ſeemed to look upon me with eyes more full of 'grief than anger. At laſt, *I know not*, ſaid he, 'with a deep ſigh, *till this unhappy day, that I was 'the invader of another's right, or that* Lavinia '*could not make me bleſt without a crime.*

'ON this I threw my arms about his neck, and 'told him as well as I could ſpeak for tears, that 'none but himſelf had any right either to my 'heart or perſon; and that if, when I was a girl, 'incapable of judging for myſelf, I had been guilty 'of ſome fooliſh words in favour of another, it 'merited not to be called a crime.

'BUT wherefore ſhould I trouble you, madam, 'with a detail of what I ſaid, or his replies; it is 'ſufficient to inform you, that he has an over-'delicacy in his nature, which all my arguments, 'neither then, or ever ſince, tho' a whole year is 'now elapſed, could overcome.

'HE not only cenſures me as guilty of injuſtice, 'ingratitude, inconſtancy, and perjury to *Silvius*,

'but alſo of diſſimulation to himſelf; and will 'not be convinced that I preferred him to his ri- 'val on any other ſcore than that of intereſt. He 'often laments, in terms which ſtab me to the 'heart, that I have not a *ſoul* full of as many 'charms, as he ſtill continues to think are in my '*perſon*.

'To render me yet more unhappy, the public 'papers gave an account, that the ſhip in which 'the deſpairing *Silvius* had embarked, was caſt 'away, and every ſoul on board periſhed in the 'waves.—My husband, on hearing it, preſently 'cried out, *Ill-fated* Lavinia, *born for the deſtruc- 'tion of all who love thee!* — Troubled as I was 'for a man to whom I found I had been but too 'dear, I found ſome conſolation, in the hopes that '*Celander* would, by his death, be eaſed of thoſe 'ſcruples which had ſo long made him a ſtranger 'to my bed; but, alas! a fixed inexorable opinion 'of my unworthineſs had taken ſole poſſeſſion of 'his mind, and neither vows, tears, nor every 'endearment that woman can put in practice, 'have the leaſt power to alter it. The moſt 'gloomy ſadneſs dwells upon his brow.—He eats 'little, — ſpeaks yet leſs, — avoids company, — 'takes no diverſions, and ſometimes breaks into 'ſuch ſtarts of horror, as give evident teſtimony 'of his being in danger of falling into a condition 'more deplorable than death itſelf.

'As I love him with the utmoſt ſincerity and 'tenderneſs, judge how great my diſtreſs muſt be 'even at the ſeeing him thus, and how infinitely 'more in the conſciouſneſs of being the occaſion; 'but why do I appeal to you? It is not in the 'power of your ſpectatorial capacity to make you 'conceive the thouſandth part of what *I* feel; my

'miſery

'misery is such as only can be truly judged by 'one in the same wretched circumstances.

'BUT I will dwell upon the melancholly theme 'no longer. — It was not the imagination that my 'story might be of some service to our too un-'thinking sex, that was the only motive which in-'duced me to write to the *Female Spectator*; I 'had indeed another, and more selfish one, and 'that is, if you do not think my fault too great 'to be forgiven by heaven, or commiserated by 'earth, to intreat you will say something in mi-'tigation of it. *Celander* is a subscriber to your 'books, and constantly reads them.—He will find 'the truth of my heart in the account I have given 'you; and that, joined with some perswasive ar-'guments from your agreeable pen, may, it is 'possible, retrieve some part of the blessings I once 'enjoyed, and preserve from a total despair her 'who is at present the most unhappy of all created 'beings; yet, with the utmost respect,

'MADAM,

St. James's, '*Your most humble,*
Feb. 20, 1745-6. '*and most obedient servant,*

'LAVINIA.

'*P. S.* Madam, diseases of the *mind*, as well 'as those of the *body*, if neglected, gather 'increase of strength every day: I therefore 'beseech you to delay the publication of this, 'and what you shall think fit to say upon 'it, no longer than is consistent with those 'rules you have established.

THAT person must have a very obdurate heart indeed, who is incapable of being moved at the afflictions

afflictions of this lady; but yet, notwithſtanding all the pity we have for her, we cannot ſo much, as ſhe may wiſh, or perhaps expect, excuſe the fault for which ſhe ſuffers.

It is a great misfortune, when young ladies, who have ſcarce quitted the nurſery, think themſelves women, and imagine they have a right to act as they pleaſe, chuſe what company they will, and are fond of having ſecrets of their own; when, in reality, nothing can be for the advantage of their intereſt, or honour, that is not fit to be communicated to their parents.

Nothing methinks is ſo becoming as that modeſt timidity, which all our ſex are born with, and is only in a manner forced from us, by the example of others more experienced. A girl, who accuſtoms herſelf betimes to talk of love and lovers, will become an eaſy prey to the firſt offer. — It is therefore the buſineſs of thoſe who have charge of them, to keep their minds employed on other things, and never to let them hear any diſcourſe, or read any books, which may rouſe that vanity of making conqueſts, which, we muſt confeſs, is but inherent to us all when very young, and in ſome remains even to old age.

I am afraid *Lavinia*, having the misfortune to loſe her mother, and being ſo much the darling of her father, was permitted to have too much of her own will, and that though *Silvius* was the firſt who had the temerity to addreſs her, yet doubtleſs ſhe had heard a great many things ſaid of her beauty. —How common a compliment is it to the parents, to cry, *miſs grows a lovely creature!—Well, ſhe'll kill all the men in time! — What eyes ſhe has! — How delicate her ſhape!* and ſuch like ſpeeches, which

which poiſon the mind of the poor girl, and make her think there is nothing ſhe has to take care on, but to embelliſh her perſon, ſo that her better part is wholly neglected, and every precept for improving the mind grows irkſome to her ear, and makes not the leaſt impreſſion on her heart.

WHEREAS if ſhe heard only praiſes for the progreſs ſhe made in thoſe laudable accompliſhments ſhe was allowed to be inſtructed in, her thoughts would be wholly turned that way.—She would conſider knowledge as the moſt valuable charm in *woman* as well as *man*, and not plume herſelf on thoſe attractions which the ſmall-pox, or any other fit of ſickneſs, may deſtroy even in the ſpring of youth, and which in a few years will infallibly fade.

IT is greatly owing to theſe ill-judged encomiums, that makes ſo mighty a difference between the underſtanding of the ſexes; and I may venture to ſay, becauſe I am pretty certain of the truth of it, that if, when girls, we were dealt with as boys are, we ſhould be much more on an equality with the men, when we come to be women.

NEITHER ought even wit to be too laviſhly indulged; for wit without a due balance of judgment, which cannot be expected from very early years, is apt to degenerate into pertneſs and a ſawcy contempt of our elders, than which nothing is more dangerous both for the manners and morals.

A MIXTURE of this perhaps might alſo have been infuſed into *Lavinia*, or ſhe would not have dared to encourage a clandeſtine courtſhip; much leſs, as ſhe herſelf acknowledges, took a pleaſure in deceiving her father.—She muſt certainly have utterly

utterly renounced all duty and affection when ſhe could go ſo far as to diſpoſe of herſelf, not only without his permiſſion, but to one who ſhe knew very well he never would be brought to approve.

SHE is, notwithſtanding, greatly to be pitied even for her faults, ſince doubtleſs they aroſe from the miſtakes I have mentioned in thoſe about her, and which by giving a wrong bent to her humour render incapable of judging for herſelf.

HAPPY had ſhe been if ſhe had ſeen *Celander*, whom it is very plainly ſhe truly loves, before her acquaintance with *Silvius*, who it is plain ſhe only imagined herſelf in love with: many there are, who like her have been thus ſelf-deceived, and it therefore behoves every young perſon to be upon her guard againſt theſe falſe emotions of the heart, which are ſeldom indulged without drawing on ſome fatal conſequence.

AS this unfortunate lady was, however, ſo far ſwayed by them, as to enter into a ſolemn engagement with her firſt lover, I know not how, if ſhe had reflected at all on it, ſhe could anſwer to herſelf the violation of it: — it is true ſhe never could have fulfilled it, at leaſt during her father's life, without involving both herſelf and *Silvius* in all the miſeries of poverty; and as ſhe after loved another, muſt have been yet more wretched in ſacrificing her paſſion to her promiſe; yet ſtill I am ſurprized that ſhe could be, even for a moment, happy in giving to one thoſe endearments which were the right of another.

BUT her extreme youth, and the flatteries I have already ſaid, which without all queſtion attended her ſituation in life, muſt plead her excuſe; and the juſt ſenſe ſhe now ſeems to have of the error

error ſhe has been guilty of hinder us from being too ſevere.

CELANDER, methinks, ſhould be no leſs forgiving.—Her greateſt fault was inadvertency and want of due examination into her own heart; and few, alas! there are, who at her years, are capable of doing it. — If any ſuſpicion ever entered his head, that her real inclination kept pace with her firſt vow; that ſhe married him merely for the ſake of grandeur; and that *Silvius* had been the happy man, had his eſtate been equal; that ſuſpicion ought to vaniſh on the proofs ſhe now gives him of an unfeigned affection.—Her griefs and her diſtreſs at his eſtranged behaviour ſhould convince him that it was *himſelf*, and not his *fortune*, which prevailed on her to break through her engagement and abandon his rival to deſpair.

BESIDES, he ſhould conſider that whether at their marriage ſhe was truly his wife, as another had received her faith, which indeed I am not caſuiſt enough to determine; yet ſhe is now unqueſtionably ſo, as the death of *Silvius* has releaſed her from all the obligations ſhe raſhly had laid herſelf under to him; and I know not whether living with her in the manner he does, is not an error equal to that ſhe has been guilty of.

THAT he ſtill loves her, ſhe ſeems to believe, and if ſo, as ſhe may eaſily judge, his behaviour can only be owing to an over-delicacy, which may be called virtue in extreme, or honour ſtrained to too high a pitch; and in ſupporting which, he ſuffers himſelf, perhaps greater pains than he inflicts. It is, as one of our poets ſays,

A raging fit of virtue in the ſoul,
'Tis pride*'s original, but* nature*'s grave.*

AND

AND our inimitable *Cowley* complains of it in theſe pathetic terms:

Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?
Noiſy nothing! ſtalking ſhade!
By what witchcraft wer't thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms,
Foe to peace, and pleaſure's charms!

ON the whole, it is my opinion, he ought to take the mourning penitent to his arms, pardon, and endeavour to forget what is paſt; — the ſad miſtake for which ſhe ſo much ſuffers, was made before ſhe ever ſaw him. — Him ſhe has never wronged: *Silvius* alone has reaſon to complain, and Heaven to reſent her breach of vow. *Celander* has nothing wherewith to accuſe her on his own part, and has no pretence to make himſelf the avenger of a crime not committed againſt him.

LET him no longer, therefore, be the cauſe of his own unquiet, and of that of one ſo dear to him. Enough already has he ſacrificed to a niceneſs, which, though the token of a mind rich in virtues, is no more than a weed ſpringing from a too luxuriant ſoil, which ought to be plucked up, leſt it ſhould choak the nobler plants.

BUT if the admonitions of a *Female Spectator* may want ſufficient force to expel thoſe clouds of melancholly, which it ſeems invelop this gentleman, let him hearken to what Mr. *Dryden* ſays:

What then remains, but after paſt annoy,
To take the good viciſſitude of joy;
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our ſouls, and while we live, to live.

As to *Silvius*, death ſcreens him from the juſt cenſure we otherwiſe ſhould be obliged to paſs on his behaviour; but though the grave is ſacred, and ſhuts out all reproaches, thoſe who are living, and act as he did, muſt not eſcape untold the error of their conduct.

When a young gentleman ſees a lady whom he is inclined to love, he certainly ought, before he indulges the growing paſſion, to reflect on all the circumſtances between them, and be able to ſay to himſelf at leaſt, that the attainment of his wiſhes is neither a thing impracticable, or would be attended with worſe conſequences, than the deprivation of them could be.

There is a ſtory very currently reported of a journeyman taylor, who ſeeing queen *Elizabeth* go in her ſtate robes to the parliament-houſe, became ſo violently in love with her, that he run mad upon it. — I think every man is as little in his ſenſes, who encourages an amorous inclination, where there are no reaſonable hopes of ſucceſs; or if there are of gratifying his paſſion, muſt inevitably be the ruin of both their fortunes.

This was evidently the caſe of *Silvius*, and is of many more ſuch inconſiderates: but I know what they alledge in their excuſe: they tell you, love is a paſſion which no human reaſon can controul: — that it is not an impulſe of their own will, but is forced upon them by the irreſiſtable influence of the charming object; and therefore whatever diſparity there may be between them and the perſon they love, yet ſtill they muſt love on whatever ſhall enſue.

These enamoratoes have ever in their mouths ſome piece of poetry or other, which they imagine favours

favours their enthuſiaſm; and ſo great an idol do they make of their paſſion, that they even ſet it above all laws, both human and divine. The following lines are great favourities with them, and never fail to be quoted when any remonſtrances are made to them:

———*No law is made for love*;
Law *is for things which to* free choice *relate*;
Love *is not in our* choice *but in our* fate:
Laws are but poſitive; love's power we ſee
Is nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cauſe.
Laws for defence of civil right are plac'd;
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waſte.
Maids, widows, wives, without diſtinction fall,
The ſweeping deluge love, comes on, and covers all;
For love the ſenſe of right and wrong confounds;
Strong love, and proud ambition, have no bounds.

Well, indeed, may it be called, as another great author has it,

The frenzy of the mind.

Yet will I take upon me to maintain, that in its beginning, it may eaſily enough be ſubdued, by any thinking and diſcreet perſon; but the miſchief is, that ſome young people are ſo infatuated, as to imagine it a mighty pretty thing to be in love; that it adds to their character, and affords room for them to ſay, and be ſaid to, a great many fine things. — How have I ſeen ſeveral of both ſexes, who, without feeling the paſſion, have dreſſed their eyes in languiſhments, ſighed by rote, and affected all the ſymptoms of the moſt dying love; ſome of whom, by long counterfeiting the infection,

tion, have at laſt caught it in reality; as *Cowley* deſcribes it in a moſt admirable manner:

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with my pain;
But now I feel the mighty evil:
Ah, there's no fooling with the devil!
So wanton men, when they would others fright,
Themſelves have met a real ſpright.
Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhime, or the conceit:
Nor meant my verſe ſhould raiſed be
To the ſad fame of prophecy.
Truth *gives a dull propriety to my ſtile,*
And all the metaphors does ſpoil.
In things were fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.
The play *at laſt a* truth *does grow,*
And cuſtom *into* nature *go.*
By this curſt art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.
My lines of amorous deſire
I wrote to kindle, and blow others fire.
And 'twas a barbarous delight,
My fancy promis'd from the fight:
But now, by love, the mighty phalaris, *I*
My burning bull, the firſt to try.

But as to thoſe whoſe hearts are ſenſibly attracted by the perfections of a perſon they may happen to ſee, and feel in themſelves the ſincere tokens of a growing paſſion: even thoſe, I ſay, if any material impediments lie in the way of their deſires, may, if they will attempt to do it, conquer the impulſe, powerful as it is. — Let them forbear all farther interviews with the dangerous object. — Let them ſhun the ſoftening converſation of all who either are lovers, or pretend to be ſo, and endeavour to fill their minds with the ſtudy of

of ſome ſcience or art.—Abſence, time, and employment, will infallibly work a cure, tho' I will not argue but at firſt the patient muſt undergo ſome pain.

A YOUNG ſailor, who was paſſionately in love with a maid that had but one eye, after having been a three years voyage, went to viſit her on his return, and imagined he found her quite different from the perſon he ſo much doated on at his departure: — *Bleſs me!* cryed he, *how you are altered ſince I went away! Why you have loſt one of your eyes!* On which ſhe laughed, and replied wittily enough, *No, but I perceive you have found both yours.*

WHILE the paſſion laſts, it doubtleſs gives charms were there are none, and highly magnifies thoſe it really finds; but when it ceaſes, we ſee without a miſt before our eyes, and often are ſurprized at ourſelves for having been ſo much deceived.

BUT ſuppoſing the object of our affections to be in fact poſſeſſed of the moſt conſummate perfections; if thoſe perfections cannot be attained, without prejudice either to ourſelves or the perſon we love, is it not the extremeſt folly to purſue the aim? — What ideas could *Silvius*, who truly loved, or *Lavinia*, who imagined ſhe did ſo, form to themſelves of happineſs in life, by encouraging an inclination for each other? What likelihood of compleating the union they had vowed? Or if madly they had reſolved to enter into it, what but miſery had attended it?—The huſband, unable to ſupport his wife as ſhe had been bred, muſt have been doubly wretched, to ſee the idol of his ſoul languiſh under wants he had not power to relieve,

and

and which he had brought her under; and the wife, grown wiſer by calamity, would certainly have repented the error of her choice, and hated the author of her altered ſtate.— Diſcontent, grief of heart, reproaches, would ſoon have uſurped the place of fond endearments, and he that loved, and ſhe that did not love, have been equally unhappy.

I believe, if we look into the world, we ſhall find no greater evils in private life, than what marriages, whether clandeſtine, or openly ſolemnized, in defiance of the will of thoſe who ought to have the diſpoſal of us, have occaſioned.

Obedience to parents is an indiſpenſible duty. — No one, how great ſoever, ought to think himſelf exempt from paying it; decency and good manners require it. Natural affection obliges to it; the laws of man enjoin it, and the law of God not only commands it, but annexes to the fulfilling it a promiſe of long life in the land which he ſhall pleaſe to give us.

Yet, notwithſtanding this, when a parent through avarice, caprice, or partiality, would force his child to marry utterly againſt inclination, I cannot think diſobedience a crime, becauſe we are not to obey our parents in things which are in themſelves unlawful; and certainly there is nothing more oppoſite to the laws of God, and more contradictory to the inſtitution, and even to the very words of marriage, than to vow an everlaſting love to a perſon for whom one has a fixed averſion.

But tho' we are not always bound to marry according to the direction of our parents, we ought not, however, to think ourſelves at liberty to chuſe for ourſelves. — If we cannot bring our hearts

hearts to correſpond with their deſires, we muſt not be ſo wholly guided by our own, as to bring into that family a perſon whom they do not approve of.

IN ſhort, it is the opinion of the *Female Spectator*, that he, or ſhe, who cannot marry according to their parents liking, ought not to marry at all, at leaſt till the deceaſe of thoſe parents leaves them free to diſpoſe of themſelves.

IT is, however, a very great misfortune, methinks, that ſo many places where young people may meet and undo themſelves for ever at pleaſure, are tollerated. — The cuſtom of calling the banes in the pariſh churches, as old faſhioned and vulgar as it is now eſteemed, prevented many a worthy family from being brought into affliction by the folly of one inconſiderable branch of it.

MARRIAGES alſo in private chambers, though with the conſent of friends, and never ſo many perſons preſent, ſeem to me to loſe great part of the ſolemnity. — If the ceremony is allowed to be of divine inſtitution, and the union of hands and heart, to be a type of the myſtical union of *Chriſt* and his church, certainly the moſt proper place for the celebration of it, is that which is conſecrated and ſet apart for religious rites.

I HAVE the honour to be entirely of the ſame way of thinking with a late noble lord, who ſaid *he could not look on any marriage as perfect which was not celebrated before the altar*, and obliged his daughter, and the bridegroom he had made choice of for her, to be married at the pariſh church, though both of them were ſomewhat reluctant, as it was againſt the mode.

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The main reaſon I have heard alledged againſt it is, that it is too great a ſhock to the modeſty of a young lady to be given to a man in the preſence of ſo many people as generally crowd into the church on ſuch occaſions; but I wiſh there were more ſincerity and leſs of ſophiſtry in this argument, and that the brides of this age would in other reſpects diſcover an equal ſhare of timidity with their great-grandmothers, who were not aſhamed to go to church with the man they loved, and was authoriſed by their parents, or ſuch who had the diſpoſal of them.

Some too, in order I ſuppoſe to prove themſelves good proteſtants, will ſay, that a marriage before the altar makes it look too much like a ſacrament, and ſavours of the church of *Rome*; but all who talk in this idle manner, I am afraid, are of the number of thoſe who, to fly from *popery*, run into *prophaneſs*, and rather than put too great a ſtreſs on any of the ordinances of the church, deſpiſe and ridicule every thing it enjoins.

I am ſorry to ſay, that of theſe there are not a few; but as this is a matter quite foreign to my preſent purpoſe, and indeed I muſt acknowledge out of the province of a *Female Spectator*, I ſhall add no more upon it.

All I would endeavour by this animadverſion on *Lavinia*'s letter, is to perſwade the *younger* part of my ſex, that it is highly unbecoming of them to entertain any thoughts of love or marriage, till it is propoſed and recommended to them by thoſe under whoſe government they are; and the *elder*, to avoid all ſuch ſilly compliments and diſcourſes as may contribute to put into the minds of thoſe under their care, ideas which otherwiſe perhaps they would have very little or no notion of.

The ſmall-pox is not half ſo great an enemy to the face as flattery is to the mind of a young virgin. — It empoiſons all the noble propenſities, turns every thing to vanity, and makes her, inſtead of pleaſing others, look on nothing but herſelf as worthy of being pleaſed. — She flies the converſation of all thoſe who deal ſincerely with her, and is in raptures with ſuch as tend to the praiſes of her beauty. — She ſwallows greedily the moſt groſs and abſurd encomiums, believes them all, and that ſhe merits even more than can be ſaid. — In this imagination, blown up with ſelf-conceit, ſhe grows above all controul. — Her words, her actions, are wholly under the direction of her own will, which influencing her only to the gratification of her paſſions and humour, what but ruin in its worſt ſhape can be expected to enſue!

Of all the virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated into the mind of a young girl, than modeſty and meekneſs. — Vanity and pride are perpetually endeavouring to force their way into the heart, and too much care cannot be taken to repulſe their efforts: — The more ſhe has of beauty, the leſs ſhe ought to be told of it, and the ſtronger arguments made uſe of to convince her of the little value ſhe ſhould ſet upon it.

Nothing gives me more pain than to ſee a mother encourage her children in what ſhe calls *ſpirit*, and be rather pleaſed than offended at any pert behaviour they may be guilty of, eſpecially when they are very young. — Poor woman, ſhe does not conſider how this ſame ſpirit will grow with their years, and to what dangerous lengths it may one day tranſport them.

It is a ſpirit not eaſily quelled when once raiſed, and I would have no parents flatter themſelves with

with the power of doing it; for when too much lenity finds itſelf provoked to auſterity, the perſon it is exerciſed upon, inſtead of being humbled by the change, becomes more perverſe, and not ſeldom flies into open rebellion.

IT is, therefore, in the moſt early years of life we ought to begin to be inſtructed in the leſſons of virtue, if it is expected we ſhould practiſe them when arrived to more maturity. *Juvenal* truly ſays,

Children, like tender oziers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.

BUT I foreſee the little reliſh ſome of my readers, not only of the younger ſort, but of thoſe parents who are miſled by a falſe tenderneſs, will have for theſe Admonitions; a conſciouſneſs, however, of having done what ought to be the buſineſs of every public writer, will conſole me under all the ſevere things may happen to be ſaid of me.

A SECOND letter from *Curioſo Politico* came to hand; but though there are many good things in it, yet as it is on a ſubject altogether improper for a work of this kind, we muſt deſire he will excuſe us for not inſerting it.

FOR the ſame Reaſon we muſt alſo reject that from *Alcander*, as well as a copy of verſes from a nameleſs author, intitled, *A Poem on the preſent Poſture of Affairs, or a Trip to the North.* The latter of theſe is a piece which will doubtleſs take very well with the town, if printed by itſelf; and would therefore adviſe the gentleman to let it appear; for which reaſon we have left it with our publiſher, who will deliver it to any one, who,

by repeating ſome lines contained in it, can prove he has a juſt title to it.

The letter ſigned *S. S. S.* is received, and the ingenious author may depend on ſeeing it in our next eſſay, it coming too late to be inſerted in this; otherwiſe the honour he does this undertaking, by communicating, through our canal, ſentiments ſo well worthy the attention of the world, had been immediately publiſhed.

In the mean time deſire he will accept of our very ſincere thanks, not only for that by which our readers will have an equal advantage with ourſelves, but alſo for the good opinion he has ſo obligingly teſtified of the *Female Spectator*, in his letter to the publiſher.

End of the Twenty-third Book.

BOOK XXIV.

IT is a very great misfortune, that People will not give themſelves the trouble to examine more nearly into the nature of things; eſpecially of ſuch as they have every day in their mouths, and would be thought to practiſe in their behaviour.

It is this inattention that render us liable to ſo many errors in judgment, both in ourſelves and others. — Hence it is, that *good taſte*, *good manners*, and indeed all virtues are ſo little underſtood. — Hence it is, we are ſo often deceived by ſemblances and vain appearances, and miſtake the ſhadow for the ſubſtance.

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To awaken the ſoul, and rouſe it to a proper exertion of its faculty of diſcernment, has been the chief aim of theſe lucubrations; ſince from a too great ſupineneſs in this ſo material point, flow, as from their fountain head, almoſt all the errors we are guilty of.

THE letter I now preſent my readers with, has in it ſomething ſo very delicate on this ſubject, and is written in ſo elegant and maſterly a manner, as cannot, I think, fail of invigorating the moſt indolent.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

'I Obſerve, with great pleaſure, that you cloſe-'ly tread in the ſteps of your late brother and 'predeceſſor, the *Spectator*, of immortal me-'mory, in that part of his lucubrations where he 'endeavours to promote religion, morality, and 'good manners: and that, like him too, you are 'thankful for any hint from an ingenious corre-'ſpondent, and have a very happy talent of im-'proving and enforcing it.

'A DESIGN ſo noble claims the aſſiſtance of 'every able hand, and your inſtructive and good-'natured manner of executing it, encourages 'perſons of all ranks and capacities to contribute 'ſomething to your ſtock.

'MOVED by theſe conſiderations, I have ven-'tured among others to caſt my mite into your 'treaſury; which, like the widow's, will, I hope, 'be rated, not according to the value of the gift, 'but the intention and abilities of the donor: — 'the ſmalleſt ſum makes ſome addition to the

'largeſt heap; eſpecially when it hath paſſed thro' 'your enchanting hands, which have the power 'of turning every thing they touch into gold.

'But not to keep you in ſuſpence any longer, 'I ſhall take the liberty of communicating to you, 'and through your canal to the public, an obſer- 'vation that hath occurred to me, which I do 'not remember to have met with in any author, 'that *good manners* do ſo neceſſarily attend upon '*religion*, that they are inſeparably linked together.

'As by *religion* I mean, not the outward pro- 'feſſion, or the moſt formal ſhew of it, but that 'which grows in the heart, and proceeds from a 'fixed principle of goodneſs and conviction; ſo 'by *good manners* I would be underſtood to com- 'prehend, not only the courtly phraſe, the well- 'turn'd compliment, or the eaſy ſalute, but like- 'wiſe that innate deſire of pleaſing, that fearfulneſs 'of offending, and that ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, 'which may ſhine as much in the plain country- 'man, as in the gaudy courtier.

'There may be ſtrong appearances of both 'theſe amiable qualities without the ſubſtance. 'But when the life and ſoul of them is wanting, 'as the *one* is allowed by every body to be *hypo- 'criſy*, ſo I would call the *other* only *good breeding*. 'Hence it is that many wicked men often do vir- 'tuous and genteel actions, becauſe they cor- 'reſpond with their intereſt, their reputation, or 'the faſhion of the times; when they would not 'ſcruple to be guilty in private of the moſt baſe 'and unmannerly behaviour. But true religion 'and *good manners*, which are built upon a ſolid 'and unſhaken foundation, are always uniform 'and conſtant, exerting themſelves in a proper

'manner

'manner at all times and to all people. — What 'therefore God hath joined together, let no man 'put aſunder.

'MANY examples are to be met with in holy 'writ, to confirm the truth of this obſervation. 'Let us look over the hiſtorical part of it, from '*Adam* the firſt man, down to St. *Paul* the laſt, 'but not, as he modeſtly calls himſelf, the leaſt 'of the apoſtles; and a curious reader will find 'numberleſs inſtances to convince him how in-'timately theſe two qualifications are united to-'gether. Whenever we drop into the ſtory of a 'good man, if the narrative is of any length, we 'ſhall certainly diſcover traces of a courteous, 'affable, and generous diſpoſition; and in the 'character of the wicked, there is always a mix-'ture of the four, the churl, and the moroſe.

'GIVE yourſelf the trouble, madam, to con-'ſider this ſubject, and expatiate upon it a little; 'and do not make a modeſt excuſe, as you have 'ſometimes done, that it is an undertaking more 'fit for a divine. It may perhaps be ſo; and 'therefore I hope, if you will throw ſome further 'light upon this ſketch, by a few ſtrokes of your 'maſterly pencil, it may encourage a great genius 'of that learned body to work it up into a finiſhed 'piece.

'I AM perſwaded that a very uſeful and enter-'taining treatiſe might be formed upon this plan. '— Many illuſtrious exemples might be diſplayed 'in an advantagious manner for our imitation; 'many curious remarks might be introduced for 'our amuſement; and many inſtructive conclu-'ſions might be drawn for our improvement.

'As your ſpeculations are read with pleaſure 'by ſeveral fine gentlemen and ladies, who would 'be aſhamed to be ſeen with a bible in their hands, 'they may poſſibly be ſurprized into a conviction 'that it is not ſo old-faſhioned a book as they are 'taught to believe it is. If they ſhould be tempted 'to lay aſide their prejudices, and give themſelves 'the trouble to look into it with a little attention, 'they cannot turn over many pages without find-'ing ſtrong inſtances of *good manners*; and in 'many parts of it they will meet with ſuch beau-'tiful compliments, ſuch elegant addreſs, and 'ſuch high ſtrokes of politeneſs, as are not to be 'outdone in the moſt refined and accompliſhed 'circles of converſation. — They may likewiſe be 'induced to entertain a more favourable opinion 'of religion, when they ſee how greatly the 'world is indebted to it for the ſweetneſs of tem-'per, and the eaſineſs of behaviour, which render 'us, not only agreeable, but uſeful to one another. 'This is the original ſpring from whence *good 'manners* naturally and neceſſarily flow; but *good 'breeding*, however commendable and decent, 'often ariſes from other motives. For we ſhould 'diſtinguiſh between theſe, as we do between re-'ligion itſelf and the ceremonious part of it. — 'The *one* is the *ſubſtance*, the *other* is the *form*. '—The *one* is the *inward* diſpoſition of the *heart*; 'the *other* is a graceful manner of exerting it in 'our *outward* practice. They are moſt valuable 'and praiſe-worthy when united together; but if 'the good principle is wanting, the moſt courtly 'addreſs is but fallacious ſhew; — a kind of civil 'hypocriſy.

'AGAIN; ſome judicious obſervations upon 'this ſubject may ſerve to open the hearts and ex-'tend the charity of many ſtiff, though perhaps 'well-

'well-meaning *chriſtians* of all communities, who 'profeſs a more than ordinary ſtrictneſs of be-'haviour; but do it in ſuch an aukward, ill-na-'tured, and moroſe manner, as to prejudice others 'into a ſettled diſlike of religion itſelf. Let them 'examine themſelves cloſely, whether this ſour-'neſs of temper, and this *phariſaical* contempt of 'their neighbours, do not proceed from a degree 'of ſpiritual pride. It certainly grows from ſome 'bad root, and ought by no means to be charged 'to the account of religion; which will appear 'upon the niceſt enquiry to encourage and pro-'mote whatſoever things are lovely and of good 'report.

'BUT, laſtly, a ſect of our diſſenters may learn 'from hence, how greatly they are miſtaken in 'their notions of imitating the apoſtles and pri-'mitive men, by an uncouth and unmannerly be-'haviour. I will not uncharitably conclude, that 'their peculiarity of dreſs, and bluntneſs of ſpeech, 'is the effect of ſingularity and affectation; but I 'will venture to affirm, that religion, and the ex-'amples they quote, are in point againſt them. 'For we ſhall univerſally find that the good and 'great men of old, conformed themſelves to the 'civil modes and phraſes of the times and places 'they lived in, and were moſt remarkably diſtin-'guiſhed by a courteous, reſpectful, and polite 'behaviour.

'IF you will give yourſelf the trouble to im-'prove theſe hints, you will oblige,

'MADAM,

Warwick, 'Your ſincere admirer,
March 10, 1745-6. 'S. S. S.

I COULD wiſh thoſe of my readers who ſhine

in what they call high-life, would ſeriouſly conſider, and well weigh the judicious and inſtructive diſtinction the author of the above epiſtle has made between *good manners* and *good breeding*; they would then ſee that the latter without the former can only impoſe on the ignorant, or thoſe at a diſtance from them, but is ſeen through, and found of little value by ſuch as are endued with any ſhare of judgment, and approach them more nearly.

GOOD breeding we owe merely to the care and pains taken in our education, and our inſtructors and governors merit the praiſe of it more than ourſelves; but *good manners* are our own entirely, not learned by rote, not borrowed or forced, as it were, into us by others; they are the immediate workings of a ſoul replete with gentleneſs, humanity, and every ſocial virtue; and the more we diſcover of them, the more we reſemble the Great Author of our being, who is the ſource of all goodneſs.

Well may this obliging correſpondent ſay they go hand in hand with religion, and cannot be put aſunder.—*True religion* cannot be without *good manners*, becauſe the properties of *good manners* are not only taught but inſpired into us by religion.—The moſt frequently repeated command given to us by the great legiſlator of our faith, and by all his apoſtles after him, is, *that we love one another:* now from love flows complaiſance, humility, ſincerity, charity, benevolence, hoſpitality, a delight in pleaſing, and in fine every thing that can endear us to mankind while on earth, and render us fit for, and capable of enjoying that harmonious commnnion we hope for hereafter.

Whoever

WHOEVER is poſſeſſed of this love, this good-will, this univerſal tenderneſs for his fellow creatures, is incapable of giving offence to any. — His behaviour will be all ſweetneſs and gentleneſs, even though he ſhould be intirely ignorant of the rules of *good breeding*; and if he expreſſes himſelf in a leſs polite manner, it will however be affectionate and kind; — every thing he ſays and does will be accompanied with a certain ſoftneſs, which may well compenſate for the want of elegance.

WERE it poſſible that the whole ſpecies of human-kind would each look on himſelf as but a member of that great body of which God himſelf is the ſoul, how perfect would be the happineſs of every individual! — No wants, no miſeries, no tears, no lamentations would then diſturb the quiet of the world, or deſtroy our reliſh for that profuſion of comforts with which Heaven has ſo bountifully ſtored every element for the uſe and ſervice of us all in general; and whoever withholds from his neighbour, and endeavours to engroſs as much as he can to himſelf, is guilty of the higheſt injuſtice and moſt conſummate arrogance, in ſo manifeſtly contradicting the intention of the Divine Donor.

BUT a return to this ſtate of innocence and purity is not to be expected; a train of wicked paſſions, natural to us as the air we breathe, have now taken poſſeſſion of the heart of man, and even our reaſon, when moſt exerted, is often too weak to combat with them.— Pride, luxury, ambition, and revenge make a terrible havock of the nobler propenſities, and enervate the ſoul even in the beſt of us; ſo that we are compelled to ſay with St. *Paul*,

'The good that I would, that I do not; and 'the evil that I would not, that I do.'

However, as the deſire of being ſpoke well of, is natural even to thoſe who take leaſt pains to deſerve it, methinks it is worth the while of every one to carry themſelves with affability and courteſy to all degrees of people; — to relieve the wants of thoſe who ſtand in need of compaſſion; and to be leſs ſevere in cenſuring and expoſing ſuch as may have been guilty of any errors in conduct. The ſums which to my knowledge ſome people of condition laviſh away on trifles, many of which perhaps it would be better for them to be without, would purchaſe a thouſand friends, and attract more real admiration and reverence, than the moſt glaring equipage they can invent; and that wit and ſpirit they too frequently exert in malicious ſarcaſms, if employed in excuſing any falſe ſtep they may happen to be informed of, would loſe nothing of its value by being accompanied with good nature.

I am very apt to believe that many who are not endued with the greateſt ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, if they could once bring themſelves to act as if they were, would, by the advantages they muſt neceſſarily find in goodneſs, become in reality what they before but aſſumed the ſhew of being: for if *ill habits* by long cuſtom grow into a ſecond nature, and are ſcarce poſſible to be thrown off, though the miſchiefs attending them are known and felt, *good ones* muſt certainly have the ſame effect, when we find honour, reputation, and harmony of mind are their reward.

GOOD breeding, by this means converted into *good manners*, would be truly meritorious, and I know not if not more ſo, than to be endued by nature with all the qualities which incline to the practice of them.

But

BUT to accuſtom one's ſelf to *ſay* nothing but kind and obliging things, yet never *do* a juſt or generous one, unleſs intereſt or oſtentation excites, is, as the worthy gentleman expreſſes it, no more than a civil hypocriſy.

THIS topic puts me in mind of an affair which I was perfectly acquainted with the truth of, and is ſo applicable to the purpoſe, that I cannot help relating it, though the reader muſt excuſe my mentioning the country where it happened, or the names of the perſons concerned in it.

A CERTAIN nobleman, who for his great courteſy, affability, and ſeeming ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, was the very idol of the populace, and the delight of all thoſe who were admitted to a nearer converſation with him, gave an inſtance of this civil hypocriſy: he was doubtleſs poſſeſſed of many excellent qualities, though he wanted the crown of all, *ſincerity*, as will too evidently appear by the ſequel of the ſtory I am about to relate.

THIS great and accompliſhed perſon had the misfortune to fall under the diſpleaſure of his ſovereign, through the ſubtle inſinuations of the then *prime miniſter*, who being a wicked and weak man, except in a low, mean cunning, in which it muſt be owned he excelled, hated all who had any real merit, or were judged to have it.

HE was not, indeed, abſolutely forbid the court, but looked ſo cooly upon by all belonging to it, that he ſeldom went there; and this abſenting himſelf gave his enemy many opportunities of miſrepreſenting him, and putting a falſe colour on every thing he did.

It happened one day that a gentlewoman, who had frequent occaſion of waiting on the *prime miniſter*, on account of a buſineſs ſhe was then ſoliciting, being deſired to ſtay in one of his parlours till a perſon was gone, with whom they told her he was at preſent engaged, ſhe ſaw ſoon after a chair with the curtains cloſe drawn, brought by the door of the room where ſhe was ſitting, and in a few minutes a gentleman come out of a cloſet, where the *prime miniſter* uſually received people who came to him on any private affairs, and threw himſelf into it with the greateſt precipitation, as if fearful of being ſeen, even by the ſervants of the perſon he came to.

So uncommon a ſight as a chair being brought quite through the houſe, joined with the extreme caution of him that went into it, a little ſurprized her; but ſhe made no great reflections on it at that time, being preſently admitted to the preſence of the *prime miniſter*; but before ſhe had concluded what ſhe had to ſay to him, his valet de chambre came in, and told him one of the fathers of the church deſired to ſpeak with him; on which he went haſtily out, leaving her alone in the cloſet.

As ſhe ſat ruminating on her own affairs, and far from any curioſity for knowing thoſe of other people, her eye, without her deſigning it do ſo, chanced to glance on a parchment which had been tied, but now lay half unrolled upon a table near her, on the top of which ſhe could not help ſeeing theſe words, *Articles of impeachment for high-treaſon.* This ſomewhat ſtartled her, and ſhe could not refrain looking a little farther where ſhe read the name of that nobleman abovementioned, and

below

below that of another perſon who ſhe heard was his moſt bitter enemy.

She doubted not, but that the *prime miniſter* and this other were hatching ſome miſchief towards the noble lord; and as ſhe had ſome ſmall acquaintance with him, and had the higheſt eſtimation for his character, it aggravated the indignation which ſhe could not but have felt at the injuſtice attempted to be practiſed, had it been againſt a perſon ſhe thought leſs worthy.

She had no time to examine into the body of the ſcroll. The *prime miniſter* returned, and after ſome diſcourſe with him on the buſineſs which had brought her thither, ſhe took her leave, but with an agitation of mind, which required no leſs prudence than ſhe was miſtreſs of to conceal.

On her return home, and ruminating on what ſhe had ſeen, ſhe thought it her duty to apprize the nobleman of the danger he was in, to the end he might be armed againſt it: for this purpoſe ſhe wrote to let him know ſhe had a diſcovery of ſomething, which it was highly neceſſary for his intereſt, and even ſafety, he ſhould be immediately made acquainted with, and added, that if he would be at leiſure ſhe would wait on him that ſame evening to explain the matter.

To this he returned a very complaiſant anſwer; but added, that being obliged to ſup with ſome friends at a *villa* he had ſome diſtance from town, he would order his ſecretary to attend her, and intreated ſhe would communicate the ſecret to him, which, he ſaid, might be done with the ſame ſafety as to himſelf.

THE gentleman accordingly came, and in compliance to the requeſt made her by his lord, ſhe related to him the whole of what ſhe knew; and withal, that ſhe imagined, that the gentleman ſhe had ſeen go away in the cover'd chair, was no other than him whoſe name ſhe had ſeen in the parchment, as the perſon who attempted to prove the articles therein inſerted.

THE ſecretary ſeemed greatly aſtoniſhed, and as ſhe thought diſmayed at the intelligence ſhe gave him: but, after having pauſed a little, *there is nothing of ill*, ſaid he, *that is not to be expected from the malice and implacable hatred of the* prime miniſter; *but as to the ſuppoſition you mention of the perſon who went out in that private manner, being the ſame whoſe name you ſaw in the parchment, it is altogether groundleſs; for I am very certain he is not in this kingdom, and that my lord has taken effectual meaſures to keep him where he is.*

AS the lady had only bare conjecture on her ſide, though backed with probability enough, ſhe offered no more in defence of it, and the ſecretary went away; but, as ſhe afterwards heard, took poſt-chaiſe immediately to his lord, to acquaint him with what ſhe had told him, which convinced her how material he even thought it, though he would not ſeem to do ſo.

THE nobleman, however, in this point was leſs capable than his ſervant of diſguiſing himſelf, as being more deeply intereſted; and ſent him again the next day with many fine compliments, and expreſſions of the utmoſt gratitude, to which was annexed a requeſt of her uſing all her efforts to come at the truth, and find out, if poſſible, the perſon in the chair; adding, that whatever pains

or

or expence ſhe ſhould be at in unravelling this important myſtery, they ſhould certainly be amply recompenſed.

As ſhe knew and truly hated the *prime miniſter's* baſe arts, had a veneration for the good qualities of the nobleman who requeſted this favour of her, and doubtleſs had ſome ſparks of curioſity herſelf, ſhe readily aſſured the ſecretary, that nothing in her power ſhould be wanting to ſatisfy his lord's deſire; on which he renewed his compliments, and ſaid he would attend her in a few days; beſeeching, that if ſhe ſucceeded in her inquiries before he came, that ſhe would ſend to him.

THE various ſtratagems to which ſhe was obliged to have recourſe, in order for this diſcovery, would be too tedious to recount: it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that ſhe gained her point in leſs than a week's time, and found ſhe had not been deceived in her firſt thought, and that the perſon who took ſo much care to keep himſelf concealed, was the very individual he, whoſe name ſhe had ſeen as the grand accuſer of the noble lord.

THE next requeſt made her in his name by the ſecretary, who came to her every day, was to find out where this incendiary was lodged, which with a great deal of perſonal fatigue, and no ſmall expence of money, ſhe at laſt attained the knowledge of; but what cannot a ſincere zeal, curioſity, and ſome mixture of ſelf-intereſt, accompliſh! Though born and bred to very great expectations in life, a multiplicity of croſs accidents had rendered her not of the number of the rich, though above the contempt of want; and, as ſhe had much to hope from the favour of ſo great and honourable a perſon, it doubtleſs added to her diligence and induſtry in ſerving him.

THE

The promiſes made her were indeed very great and the gratitude of the nobleman exceeded in ſhew even her own imagination: after ſhe had acquainted him where is adverſary was to be found, he ſent his ſecretary to tell her, that he ſhould always acknowledge that he owed to her, if not his life, his honour, and whatever elſe was valuable in this world; and that he would, in a very few days, convince her of the ſenſe he had of the obligation ſhe had conferred upon him, by making her fortune as perfectly eaſy as ſhe had made his mind.

The ſervice ſhe did him was certainly as great as ever man received, for by this early intelligence he found means to circumvent all the plots his enemies were laying againſt him, reconciled himſelf to the good graces of his ſovereign, bought off his grand accuſer from the intereſt of the *prime miniſter*; ſo that the thing was intirely dropped and never more attempted.—But to return to the lady.

Some weeks after her knowing the nobleman was again in favour paſt over, without her hearing any thing from him, or his ſecretary, to the former of whom ſhe wrote a letter, expreſſing the ſatisfaction it gave her, to find the good effects of what ſhe had done.

This was the moſt modeſt method ſhe could take of reminding him, and, one would think, ſhould have been ſufficient to have made him aſhamed of having ſtood in need of it; but when one can bring one's ſelf to do a baſe, or an ungenerous action, one ſhall always eaſily find ways to evade the ſcandal of it.

He

HE ſent a very civil, though cool meſſage, by the perſon who delivered the letter into his hands, importing that he had been extremely buſy of late, but would not fail of ordering his ſecretary to wait on her in a ſhort time.

SHE had too much penetration not to diſcover there was more of the courtier than the honeſt man in this behaviour, and after having vainly waited the coming of his ſecretary for ſeveral weeks, at laſt reſolved to make a viſit to the nobleman, and know her doom from his own mouth.

BUT in imagining ſhe could do ſo, ſhe was wholly miſtaken; on having ſent up her name, inſtead of being admitted into his preſence, as was uſual, before ſhe had conferred this obligation on him, his valet de chambre brought down an excuſe, that he was engaged in company, and ſhould be glad to ſee her any other time.

RESOLVING to ſee the event, ſhe went again the next day, and was then told he was indiſpoſed: — ſhe repeated her viſit on the third, he was ſtill out of order: — on the fourth had the ſame anſwer, though ſhe was no ſooner got home all theſe times, than ſhe ſaw him in his chariot paſs by her own door.

THIS was ſufficient to convince her, that the benefit received was no longer thought worth acknowledging: however, ſhe went three or four times afterwards, but he was always from home, ſo that ſhe found the ſervants had a general order to refuſe her admittance whenever ſhe came.

SHE then endeavoured to ſee the ſecretary, but he was no leſs careful to avoid her than his lord had been;

been; on which ſhe ſent a little billet to him, deſiring he would take hold of ſome leiſure moment to call at her lodgings.

As we had ordered the meſſenger to wait his anſwer, it was impoſſible for him to avoid returning one; but it was only by word of mouth, that he had received no commands from his lord concerning her as yet, and whenever he did, he would not fail to wait upon her; and though ſhe continued for a long time her remonſtrances, and he lived five years after, ſhe never received any other acknowledgment than in words, of the ſervice ſhe had rendered him.

THUS ended all her expectations and dependance on this ſcore. — Thus was teſtified the gratitude and honour of a great man, who, on the account of his good breeding and affability, had acquired ſo high a reputation of being poſſeſſed of every other excellent qualification.

NOT but he had in effect done many generous actions; but then it was, as my correſpondent obſerves, where he was certain it would be either for his intereſt or character, by their being known and publicly talked of. Now here he had no ſuch motive: — as the affair tranſacted by this lady was of a ſecret nature, and, if divulged, would have incurred the diſpleaſure of the *prime miniſter*, he had nothing to apprehend from her reſentment on the forfeit of his promiſe to her, nor could expect any thing to gratify his oſtentation from her good will, had he fulfilled it: ſo that one may eaſily infer, that all his fine qualities were ſuperficial, meer ſhew, and ſtudied artifice, and that he had really neither honour, gratitude, good-nature, nor even common honeſty, or integrity; in fine, though he

he was a perfect maſter of *good breeding*, he was utterly void of all *good manners*.

THAT true benevolence and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition which we call *good manners*, is, without all doubt, the firſt and beſt of virtues, becauſe all the others are, in effect, no more than meer conſequences which neceſſarily attend upon it. —None who are poſſeſſed of it are capable of doing a premeditated bad action: — I ſay *premeditated*, becauſe the faults of inadvertency are liable to us all, and will not only be repented of, but repaired, when conſideration reſumes its place.

BUT as amiable as hoſpitality, liberality, and charity are, in relieving ſuch diſtreſſes as are in our power, yet are they all but exterior branches of that ſublime tree, which, like *Jacob*'s ladder, has its foot on earth, and its top above the skies; and however beneficial they may be to mankind, are yet infinitely ſhort of that innate ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs, which not only diffuſes a divine energy to the whole, but has peculiar fruits of its own.

IT is that interior *complaiſance* I mean, which will not ſuffer us either to be angry with, or to deſpiſe thoſe whoſe opinions may happen to be different from our own, whether it be in religion, politics, or any other thing.

THOSE fatal diſſentions among the learned world, have been of ſad diſſervice to religion in general. — The eſſential has been but too much loſt in the ceremonial part of it. Weak minds have been led aſtray, and divided in their faith, ſo as not to know what they ought to obſerve; and the more ſullen and moroſe are too apt to condemn all parties, as they condemn one another, to the almoſt

moſt total ſubverſion of that reverence which ought to be paid, not only to religion itſelf, but alſo to its teachers, of what ſect ſoever; for as they doubtleſs all think themſelves in the right, and mean well, they ſhould be uſed well: yet, as I have obſerved, and *Hudibras* ſays,

That obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

I must confeſs it has often been a matter of the greateſt aſtoniſhment to me, to ſee many gentlemen, who preach the goſpel of *Chriſt*, ſome of whom have large capacities, and all of whom it muſt be ſuppoſed, are perfectly acquainted with the writings of the apoſtles, behave ſo manifeſtly contradictory to both.—The firſt, methinks, ſhould inform them, that religion conſiſts not in forms; and the other in various places injoins us to be obedient to the higher powers, when it does not interpoſe in any fundamental points of faith; which can be underſtood no otherwiſe than modeſtly to conform to that mode of worſhip which is called the eſtabliſhed church of the country we live in, and the ordinances of that government by which we are protected.

The great apoſtle of the *gentile* world, in his firſt epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, blames all thoſe who make unneceſſary diſtinctions: theſe are his words,

'Every one of you ſays, I am of *Paul*, and 'I of *Apollos*, and I of *Cephas*, and I of *Chriſt*.

'As if, *purſues he, in the next verſe, Chriſt* 'were divided.'

We are not, however, to lay any ſtumbling-blocks in the way of our weak brethren; much leſs

leſs to judge of them with ſeverity, but rather to endeavour bringing them to an union with us, by all manner of tenderneſs and good uſage.

ALL who profeſs *Chriſtianity*, much more the teachers of it, ſhould rather go about to perſwade than enforce the tenets they would recommend.—Indeed, as the admirable author of the foregoing letter juſtly ſays, all religion that is from the heart inſpires us with an adequate ſhare of ſoftneſs and complaiſance. —I like Mr. *Dryden*'s thought on this ſubject extremely:

Light'nings and thunders, heav'n's artillery,
As harbingers before th' Alwighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his ſtyle, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds, and God is there.

I AM of opinion that many might be won over by lenity, which are inflexible to the ſtrongeſt arguments, when delivered in an authoritative way; but I am glad to find, that, by all the obſervations which my ſpectatorial capacity enables me to make, the clergy of the church of *England* are infinitely leſs auſtere, than thoſe of the ſects which take, as it ſeems to me, indeed a kind of pride in diſſenting from them.

WOULD ſome learned pen take this matter in hand, and ſet the beauty of *good manners*, and their natural and neceſſary connection with *religion*, in a clear light, I am ſatisfied we ſhould ſee a much greater unanimity among the profeſſors of it, than unhappily at preſents ſubſiſts.

EXAMPLES are certainly of great weight, and one can ſcarce dip into any hiſtory without finding ſome perſon equally eminent for his *piety* and *good manners*.—The bible affords ſo many beautiful

tiful contraſts between the *churl* and the *humane*, wherein the former is diſtinguiſhed by the ſon of *Belial*, which is the *devil*, and the latter is honoured with the title of *Beloved of Heaven*, *Child of God*, and ſuch like glorious epithets, as will make any attentive reader dread and deteſt the character of the one, and I ſhould think endeavour to imitate the practice of the *other*.

I HOPE Mr. *S. S. S.* is miſtaken in imagining that any of thoſe who account themſelves of the polite world, how thoughtleſs and inconſiderate ſoever they may ſeem, are yet ſo ignorant as to neglect either the old or new teſtament, becauſe they look upon them as old faſhioned; for it muſt be, and is acknowledged even by thoſe who leaſt obey the precepts contained in them, that for ſtrength and dignity of ſentiment, as well as elegance of ſtile, they infinitely exceed all other writings whatever.

THE greateſt and the beſt of poets have aimed to copy after thoſe ſacred writings; and the nearer they have approached to their ſublimity, the more they have been allowed to excel.

ISAIAH, *Ezekiel*, and ſeveral others of the prophets, have in them ſentiments altogether magnificent, and though wrote ſo many ages ſince, are expreſſed in a manner which it is not eaſy to find many moderns that can equal.

THE lamentations of the royal pſalmiſt over *Saul* and *Jonathan* is, methinks, extremely touching and elegant, as it is recorded in the ſecond book of *Samuel*.

'HOW are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in
'*Gath*,

'*Gath*, publiſh it not in the ſtreets of *Aſkelon*, leſt 'the daughters of the *Philiſtines* rejoice, leſt the 'daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.

'YE mountains of *Gilboa*, let there be no dew, 'neither let their be rain upon you, nor fields of 'offerings; for there the ſhield of the Mighty is 'vilely caſt away, the ſhield of *Saul*, as though he 'had not been anointed with oyl.

'*SAUL* and *Jonathan* were lovely and plea-'ſant in their lives, and in their death they were 'not divided: they were ſwifter than eagles, they 'were ſtronger than lions.'

BUT this is but one among ten thouſand; and to mention any particular paſſages, is a kind of injury to thoſe of equal value paſſed over in ſilence. —It is ſcarce poſſible to open the bible in any part of it, without meeting with ſomething which demands our attention, and obliges even thoſe who give leaſt faith to the facts contained in it, to acknowledge that in the ſublimity of images it infinitely ſurpaſſes all that ever were wrote.

MANY there are, however, who though charmed with the deſcriptions they find in theſe inſpired writings, give too little heed to thoſe illuſtrious examples of virtue, recorded for our imitation. —Such a treatiſe, therefore, as the worthy Mr. *S. S. S.* mentions, would very much become the pen, either of a clergyman or any other well-wiſher to the reformation of manners. And I am certain, by the ſpecimen he has been ſo good to give us, not only of his benevolent diſpoſition, but alſo of his abilities, he need go no farther than himſelf, to have what he profeſſes a deſire of, accompliſhed in a manner wherein edification and delightful en-

tertainment would be ſo blended, as to render it an impoſſibility to divide them, and every reader be compelled to grow wiſer and better without intending or ſeeking to be ſo.

Such a book would be of infinitely greater benefit to the world, than a whole ſhelf full of ſermons.—People of this age naturally fly whatever has the air of rule or maxim.—Precept appears too ſtiff and formal when clad in her own garb, but when ornamented with the gay robe of pleaſure, all will be ready to embrace her.

If ſtatues, medals, monuments, and other public teſtimonies of gratitude, be allowed to thoſe who by their courage defend us in the field, or by their wiſdom in the cabinet protect us; ſurely they muſt be the due of him who rectifies our manners, and purifies our mind, which alone can give us a true reliſh for any bleſſings we receive; and I know not if all the acknowledgments we could make to ſuch a one, would be equal to the obligation.

In the mind is the true ſeat of happineſs, as the admirable *Milton* ſays,

The mind is its own place, and in itſelf,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What then does he who fills it with ideas capable and worthy of felicity merit from our hands!—The Almighty himſelf, who beſtows on us the diſtinguiſhing faculty, can only challenge more.

But I fear I have ſaid too much on this ſubject, unleſs I were able to ſay more to the purpoſe.—The theme, I muſt confeſs, tranſported me, and zeal is not always accompanied with diſcretion.

—I

—I flatter myſelf, notwithſtanding, that I ſhall eaſily find excuſe from thoſe I moſt deſire it, and as for the others, ſhall endeavour to make what atonement is in my power.

To which end I now preſent them with a letter which was left for us at our publiſher's by a footman, the richneſs of whoſe livery ſpoke him belonging to ſome great perſon. I only premiſe this for the ſake of ſuch as are bigots to grandeur: I am very well convinced the *Female Spectator* has readers that will judge of things by their juſt weight and meaſure, not by the exterior appearance of the donor.

BUT I will not delay the curioſity theſe words may perhaps have raiſed; take the epiſtle therefore exactly as it came to hand.

To the authors of the monthly pamphlet, entitled THE FEMALE SPECTATOR.

LADIES,

'IF ſuch you are, for you muſt know I very 'much queſtion whether you are of the *fe-* 'minine gender or not,—by your growing weary 'of doing good, I ſhould imagine you were ſo; 'but then being weary of popular admiration, al- 'moſt aſſures me you cannot be of a ſex, whoſe 'whole delight it is.—For God's ſake what do 'you mean, by intending to throw away your 'pen, juſt at the time its reputation is eſtabliſhed; 'and when not only myſelf, but a great many 'others had reſolved to ſend you ſomething to 'employ it?—I am very certain you have not 'yet gone through half the topics that have a 'claim to your attention, and I muſt tell you, 'have been expected from you.

'IT muſt be owned you have given the ladies 'a great many fine leſſons for their conduct in 'life, which, if they attend to, will certainly 'make both themſelves and husbands perfectly 'happy; but I do not perceive you have yet ever 'ſaid one word concerning a very reigning foible 'among them:—I give it no worſe a name out 'of meer complaiſance, for in effect it includes all 'that is cruel, unjuſt, ungenerous, and baſe:— 'What I mean is that enormous vanity of attract-'ing as great a number of lovers as poſſible, and 'giving an equal ſhare of encouragement to all, 'keeping all in hopes though there can be but one, 'and it very often happens, not that one ſhe ever 'deſigns to make happy.

'THIS I ſpeak of my own experience, having 'made my court to three ladies ſucceſſively, who 'all raiſed my expectation to the higheſt pitch of 'flattering love, then plunged me at once into 'the gulf of deſpair; ſo that had I felt but half 'the paſſion I pretended for any one of them, I 'ſhould certainly have made my *quietus* either by 'the help of my garter or a leaden pill.—But 'thank heaven the flame was not ſo violent as to 'ſcorch up my reaſon: I ſtill retained a ſufficient 'ſhare to turn the diſappointment they intended 'me upon themſelves, by ſhewing how little I 'was affected by it, and by teſtifying neither envy 'nor malice againſt thoſe of my rivals, who hap-'pened to be retained after I was diſcharged, or 'rather had diſcharged myſelf on perceiving the 'vanity of the attempt.

'ALL men, however, are not like me in this 'point. I know ſome that have hearts ſo very 'ſoft and pliant, that the firſt impreſſion ſinks into 'them ſo deeply, as to become indelible, and not

'to

'to be eraſed by time, or ill uſage. It is for the 'ſake of thoſe diſconſolate lovers, that I would de- 'ſire you to ſet forth in their proper colours, th: 'folly and injuſtice the women are guilty of in 'ſuch a behaviour as I have mentioned.

'BESIDES, in my opinion, your admonitions 'cannot warn them from any thing more detri- 'mental to their own characters, or which ren- 'ders them leſs valuable in the eyes of all men of 'ſenſe and underſtanding.

'YET, though it may ſeem a paradox, I have 'made a general obſervation, that thoſe of the 'moſt ſparkling wit, are the moſt notoriouſly 'guilty of this folly; yet may it be eaſily recon- 'ciled, if we allow the late witty earl of *Rocheſter* 'to be a judge: he tells us, that it requires no 'ordinary capacity in our ſex to make a compleat 'coxcomb; a *coquet*, therefore, which is a ſhe- 'coxcomb, muſt be endued with a good deal of 'wit, or ſhe would not ſucceed in her endeavours. '—I think the noble lord I mentioned expreſſes 'himſelf in theſe words:

'*He was a fool thro' choice, not want of wit.*
'*His foppery, without the help of ſenſe,*
'*Could ne'er have riſen to ſuch excellence:*
'*Nature's as lame in mending a true fop,*
'*As a philoſopher; the very top*
'*And dignity of folly we attain*
'*By ſtudious ſearch, and labour of the brain;*
'*By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought:*
'*God never made a coxcomb worth a groat.*
'*We owe that name to induſtry and arts:*
'*An em'nent fool muſt be a man of parts.*

'THE various motions of the eyes is an art

'which every woman is not verſed in: to know 'how to turn, to roll them into the languiſhing, 'the inviting, or the auſtere, and guide every 'glance, not according to the dictates of the 'heart, but according as it contributes to riveting 'more faſt the chains of the poor puppy of a 'lover, I muſt own cannot be put in practice, but 'by ladies of a great deal of wit and ſpirit.

'Such then being moſt worthy of the care ta-'ken to reform them, the *Female Spectator* ought 'not, methinks, to neglect ſome little pains for 'that purpoſe.

'I know very well that thoſe who pretend to 'the moſt honour and modeſty, are not aſhamed 'of being thought coquets, and only laugh at any 'remonſtrances made them on that head: they 'think that youth licenſes all manner of affectations, 'and it is well if they continue it not in age.

'For my part, tho' I will not argue as ſome 'do, that your ſex was created meerly for the 'pleaſure and convenience of man, yet I may cer-'tainly, without giving offence to any, aſk whence 'it is that they derive the privileges of impoſing 'upon, and deceiving us with impunity.

'If one of us is detected in making his addreſſes 'to two perſons at the ſame time, he is preſently 'called a perfidious villain, a monſter, a baſe be-'trayer, and every other reproachful epithet that 'language can ſupply; while the vain fluttering 'ſhe, who perhaps has rendered twenty unhappy 'by her deluſions, ſhall glory in the miſchiefs ſhe 'has cauſed, and triumph in proportion to the 'number of wretches ſhe has made.

'As

'As you cannot be inſenſible of the juſtice of 'this charge, I flatter myſelf you will ſo far wit-'neſs it as to uſe your utmoſt endeavour for the 'ſuppreſſion of this faſhionable evil. — Some may 'perhaps bluſh at a reproof from one of their own 'ſex, who would laugh at all the complaints of 'ours. — Incorrigible as they are looked upon in 'this point, the diſcretion of ſome, and the good 'nature of others, may poſſibly be rouſed by your 'judicious and pathetic remonſtrances: it is worth 'making the trial at leaſt, and though you ſhould 'fail of the ſucceſs you aim at, the attempt will 'confer a laſting obligation on our ſex in general, 'and in a partieular manner on him, who has the 'honour to ſubſcribe himſelf, with the moſt per-'fect regard,

'LADIES,

March 27, 1746, *Bartlet-Square.*

'*Your very humble, and*

'*Moſt obedient ſervant,*

'VERITATUS.

'*P. S.* I had forgot to acquaint you, ladies, 'that the firſt of my three miſtreſſes, and indeed 'ſhe for whom I felt the moſt of what they call 'love, hearing I had broke off with the other 'two, ſent a few days ſince, deſiring me to call 'upon her. — Complaiſance would not ſuffer me 'to diſobey the ſummons; I went, and at my firſt 'entrance we both looked a little ſilly upon one 'another. As ſoon as I was ſeated, ſhe told me 'the motive of her giving me that trouble was 'to aſk a queſtion concerning a family with whom 'I was acquainted. The affair ſhe mentioned was 'not only a meer trifle in itſelf, but alſo of a na-'ture which ſhe muſt be ſenſible I was utterly in-'capable of reſolving; ſo that it was eaſy to per-

'ceive curioſity was no more than a pretence, in 'order to have an opportunity of practiſing over 'again all thoſe artifices, which had once been 'pretty near captivating me in good earneſt: but 'I am now grown too much experienced in the 'ſex, to be caught that way; and if I ever reſign 'my heart, it muſt be only where native ſimpli-'city is the greateſt charm.

'I added this only to convince the ladies, 'that nothing ſo much deprives them of that ad-'miration they are ambitious of, as taking pains 'to attract it.

'Once more, good *Female Spectator*, believe 'me as above,

'*Yours*, &c.

Had this gentleman deferred the favour he has done us to the publication of our laſt eſſay, he would have ſpared that part of his requeſt relating to the coquetry of our ſex; having ſufficiently teſtified our diſapprobation of that indeed too reigning foible.

We cannot but agree with him, that there is nothing more truly baſe and unjuſt, than encouraging a plurality of lovers; and as a coquetiſh humour renders us contemptible in the eyes of all men of common ſenſe, ſo a jilting one, for it can be called no other, makes us juſtly hateful.

Both theſe diſagreeable propenſities will be avoided by a mind devoted to obedience, and which, as I have already ſaid, is determined to liſten to no overtures of love, or marriage, till made to her by thoſe who have the power of diſpoſing of her.

But

BUT while I ſo readily condemn my own ſex, in this particular, I cannot think the men are to be wholly abſolved.—If they truly love, and have no other aim than honour, wherefore do they not aſk permiſſion, to make their addreſſes, of thoſe perſons, whoſe conſent alone can give a ſanction to them?

SUCH a manner of conduct would infallibly prevent the evil *Veritatus*, with ſo much reaſon, complains of; ſince no parent, or governor, would permit his charge to entertain any man in quality of a *lover*, but who he thought proper to recommend to her for a *husband*.

UPON the whole, therefore, it ſeems to me to be greatly owing to themſelves, that rivalſhip is ſo common. Every man has an equal right to make his court to the woman he likes; and where none are authoriſed to do ſo, and all have an equal claim, it is no wonder, if among a multiplicity of admirers, her heart may fluctuate ſometimes in favour of one, and ſometimes of another, according as they happen to pleaſe the humour ſhe is in.

BESIDES a train of lovers all dying, or pretend-tending to do ſo, at our feet, ſo feeds the vanity of a young girl, that it is a thouſand to one if ſhe is capable of feeling any other paſſion; but when thoſe to whom ſhe is obliged to ſubmit, join in preſenting her a heart they think worthy of her, ſhe will doubtleſs, unleſs a natural antipathy prevents it, make both him and herſelf happy, in a conſtant and unproſtituted affection; as I remember ſomewhere to have read:

When fix'd to one, love ſafe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the wind and tides;

But loſing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
It drives at will, to ev'ry wave a ſcorn.

WHERE the lady indeed is entirely her own miſtreſs, by being a widow, or out of the ſtate of guardianſhip, and has only her inclinations to conſult, a gentleman who is at firſt encouraged, and afterwards diſcarded by her without any reaſon for it, has a very great cauſe to think himſelf ill uſed. —Whether this was the caſe of *Veritatus*, with any, or all his miſtreſſes, he has not thought fit to explain, ſo I cannot ſay whether he is excuſeable or not; but will venture to affirm, that whoever makes his addreſſes to a woman, not at her own diſpoſal, without previouſly conſulting thoſe who have the power over her, is guilty of a folly which merits the treatment he complains of.

HE is not, however, much prejudiced by the diſappointments he has received, as he himſelf acknowledges, and perhaps his rivals were not more ſo. Few men, now a-days, break their hearts for love, and it muſt be owned the ſexes are pretty even with one another in this article. If ſome are influenced by their vanity, others are by ſelfiſh views; and a true and perfect paſſion, on either ſide, is a find of prodigy, in this laughing, hoydening, careleſs age.

ONE is almoſt tempted to believe, that for ſome crimes committed by our anceſtors, and which, it may be, we perſevere in, and inherit, as it were, with their eſtates, that Heaven has curſed us with a ſtupidity, a blockiſh ſenſeleſſneſs, that will not permit us to diſtinguiſh what is for our own advantage, nor that of the world we live in. —All ſeem eager to purſue their intereſts, yet all run counter to what is truly ſo: and as was ſaid by Mr.

Mr. *Dryden* of his times, but may, much more properly, be applied to the preſent,

All ſeek for happineſs, but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.

Time and deſtruction can only open the eyes of thoſe devoted to their own undoing; but when affairs are irretrievable, a late repentance but aggravates the evil.

It may be judged, that on the buſineſs of love I am too ſerious; but I know nothing more concerns the happineſs of mankind than that by which their ſpecies is to be propagated, and which by being ill conducted, makes all the miſeries of civil life.

A man who is diſcontented in himſelf, and uneaſy with thoſe at home, is an unfit member of ſociety elſewhere.—He is indeed incapable of ſerving either his friends or country. — He is peeviſh, perverſe, and takes a pleaſure rather in promoting diſcord, than unity and peace.

I would not therefore have the men encourage any thing in the *miſtreſs*, which they would not wiſh her to purſue when ſhe becomes a *wife*; and as much as I am an enemy to vanity in my own ſex, I am no leſs angry with the ridiculous flatteries of the other, which often inſpire it, where it had no root before, and where it is, cheriſhes and rears it often to an enormous ſize.

I know very well how harſhly this will ſound in the ears of our fine ladies; nor will thoſe gentlemen, who have no other merit to recommend them, than a few ſtudied compliments, which

ſerve for one as well as another, reliſh it much better; but it has always been a maxim with the *Female Spectator*, not to ſooth even the ſmalleſt error, ſince often what we moſt neglect, and think a matter of no moment, leads us into perplexities, from which we cannot, when we would, extricate ourſelves.

I am pretty certain of one thing, which is, that whatever reſentment I may happen to incur, it will be very ſhort-lived; becauſe thoſe who I may be happy enough to touch, ſo far as to make them reflect what it beſt becomes them to do, will eaſily forgive the friendly call that wakes them from a ſlumber might be fatal to them; and thoſe who, reſolute to perſevere, deſpiſe for the preſent all friendly warnings, I dare anſwer will feel miſchiefs, which will convince them which of the two, their own caprice, or the *Female Spectator's* advice, it moſt behoved them to purſue.

Many of the ſubſcribers to this undertaking, I am told, complain that I have deviated from the entertaining method I ſet out with at firſt; — that ſince the ſecond or third book I have become more ſerious; — that I moralize too much, and that I give them too few tales.

To the greateſt part of this accuſation I muſt plead guilty; but as all criminals are allowed to make their own defence, I do not doubt but I ſhall give ſuch reaſons for my conduct in this point as will ſufficiently juſtify me in the opinion of moſt of my readers. In the firſt place it was neceſſary to engage the attention of thoſe I endeavoured to reform, by giving them ſuch things as I knew would pleaſe them: tales, and little ſtories to which every one might flatter themſelves with being able

to

to find a key, ſeemed to me the moſt effectual method, and therefore began that way, and proceeded by degrees to more grave admonitions. As *Taſſo* ſays in his *Godfredo*, *canto* the firſt, *ſtanza* the third;

Thither thou know'ſt the world is beſt inclin'd,
Where gay Parnaſſus *his ſweet ſhade imparts;*
And truth convey'd in words of ſoothing kind,
When read with care will touch the dulleſt hearts;
So we, if children young diſeas'd we find,
Anoint with ſweets the veſſel's foremoſt parts,
To make them taſte the potion ſharp we give;
They drink deceiv'd, and ſo deceiv'd they live.

I WAS willing to treat them with the tenderneſs of a mother, but not, like ſome mothers, to continue my indulgence to their ruin. — The examples I gave of *good* and *bad* behaviour, was not meerly to *divert* them, but to inſpire them with an ambition of *imitating* the *one*, and a care to *avoid* the *other*.

FOR this end it was that I choſe to aſſume the name of the *Female Spectator* rather than that of *Monitor*, as thinking the latter by diſcovering too plainly my deſign, might, in a great meaſure, have fruſtrated it with the gay and unreflecting, who are indeed thoſe for whom this work was chiefly intended, as ſtanding moſt in need of it.

BAD as the times are, I am fully perſwaded, nay convinced, that there are no inconſiderable number who approve this undertaking, for the very reaſon that ſome others are diſpleaſed with it, and that ſeveral of thoſe laſt mentioned have even been the better, and throwing aſide their vanity and affectation, have dreſſed themſelves in the

glaſs

glaſs of nature, and become that amiable character which Sir *William Davenant* deſcribes in theſe words:

Stranger to courts, but courts could have undone,
With modeſt looks, and an unſpotted heart:
Her nets the moſt prepar'd could never ſhun;
For nature *ſpread them in the ſpite of art.*

This I make no doubt will ſerve as a vindication for my having ſeemed to ſwerve from what was miſtaken for my firſt intention; and when it will I hope appear more generous and public-ſpirited then it had the ſhew of, rather gain ſome new friends, than create or exaſperate any enemies.

I shall however oblige the lovers of amuſement, with one more ſtory before I conclude theſe lucubrations; and would have the young ladies take particular notice of it, as it is a kind of perſpective which ſhews the pride of blooming years and beauty, in ſo ſtrong a light, as will make every one endeavour to vanquiſh it as much as poſſible in themſelves.

ARIANA was the daughter of a dignified clergyman, was perfectly agreeable in her perſon, and had a good ſhare of wit. — All this ſhe, to her great misfortune, knew but too well, ſince her vanity roſe to ſuch a height as to obſcure every good quality ſhe had received from nature or education.

She looked upon herſelf as a little goddeſs, and imagined ſhe was formed for univerſal adoration. — Whoever did not flatter her beauty ſhe hated, and deſpiſed all thoſe who did. — Neither birth, wealth, nor any kind of merit had the leaſt influence over her. — She thought no man capable of

of deſerving her, and though every new lover ſhe attracted, gave her an exquiſite pleaſure, ſhe felt yet more in uſing him ill.

HER father happening to marry when he was of a very advanced age, was almoſt ſuperannuated when *Ariana* began to be taken notice of, and her mother was weak enough to humour her in all her affectations and vanities, which indeed ſhe had no ſmall ſhare of herſelf. — Both of them only laughed at the old gentleman's admonitions, and would frequently compel him to go to bed, while they went together to court on a ball-night, to a maſquerade, or ſome other party of pleaſure, whence ſometimes they returned not till morning.

I WAS very intimate with *Ariana*, and ſhe profeſſed a more than ordinary regard for me, yet could I never prevail with her to be ſerious, or to enter into any improving converſation. —All her diſcourſe was on her lovers, and I never ſaw her in a compoſed humour but once, nor could that indeed be juſtly called ſo, but rather a fit of the ſpleen, and happened on an occaſion, which all my readers, that are not ſuch as ſhe was, muſt think pretty extraordinary.

SHE told me, that having been in a diſpoſition to make trial of the paſſion of *Dorimant*, one of her admirers, ſhe had bad him never ſee her more, on which he had vowed not to outlive ſo cruel a ſentence, and ſhe expected no leſs than to have heard the next day that he had poiſoned, ſhot, or ſtabbed himſelf, but inſtead of doing any of theſe, ſhe had juſt then met him in the *Mall* with two or three of his companions, and a countenance as gay and ſerene as ever.

THIS

This was a mortification ſhe could not ſupport with patience, and ſhe confeſted to me, that for a long time ſhe had wiſhed to have a man die for her. *What avails it*, cried ſhe, *that a thouſand of them tell me they cannot live without me; the real death of one of them would more eſtabliſh my reputation than all the fine ſpeeches they can make.*

Another time I happened to be with her when ſhe was dreſſing in a new ſuit of very rich, and, I muſt own, well-fancied cloaths; after having aſked my opinion over and over, concerning the colour, the making, trimming, and every particular, ſhe ſtarted up on a ſudden, and ſwam round the room, as if leading up a courant; then turned to the looking-glaſs, and ſpreading her petticoats, repeated in a kind of rapture, theſe lines from an old poet:

With what an air ſhe ſpreads her ſplended train,
And ſwept the youths along the green.

Ah, my dear, added ſhe to me, *it is not dreſs alone that captivates; it is the air of the perſon that does all.—Now do you think any body elſe would look ſo well as I do in theſe cloaths?*

I had often rallied her on this extravagant ſelf-conceit, but without any effect; and beſides, was not at that time in a humour to do it, ſo only told her, as I was not a *man*, my opinion of the matter was of no great conſequence; on which ſhe burſt into a loud laughter, and cried, *that is true indeed!*

It would be endleſs to recount half the impertinencies I have heard from the mouth of this poor girl; yet all I was witneſs of were infinitely ſhort of what I have been told by others.—She was,

it

it is certain, a very prodigy of vanity, and, without being a fool, was thoughtleſs, giddy, and unmeaning.

OFTEN has it thrown me into the moſt melancholly reflections, to ſee a young creature, who really wanted no one requiſite to be perfectly agreeable, taking pains to render herſelf ſo much the contrary by her affectation, waſting all thoſe precious hours in admiring her face and ſhape in a looking-glaſs, which ought to have been employed either in working, muſic, painting, or reading ſome improving books, and perverting that capacity nature had formed for the moſt uſeful ſtudies, into thoſe beneath the dignity of a reaſonable being of what ſex ſoever.

BUT I will not detain the attention of my reader with a too tedious deſcription of this fine lady; let any one only remember whatever various follies the whole ſex has diſcovered, and then to ſay to himſelf, they were all collected in *Ariana*.

THOUGH the number of thoſe who pretended a paſſion for her, exceeded perhaps what any woman in the world could boaſt of, yet not one of them ever gratified her pride ſo much as to lay violent hands on himſelf on her ill-treatment, or even to come to the point of marriage on her more favourable behaviour to him; and from fourteen to near four-and-twenty, ſhe continued the general toaſt, without being the object of any particular attachment.

BUT now began the ſad reverſe of her condition. — Her father died, and that income which had ſupported her mother and herſelf, in the greateſt extravagancies of dreſs, and the pleaſures of the town

town, being dead with him, they ſoon experienced thoſe wants they had never known to pity in others.

Still inconſiderate however, and as thoughtleſs as ever, they went on in the ſame wild way they had done, purchaſing, and laviſhing money on things they had no occaſion for, till what little ſtock the old doctor had left behind him, being quite exhauſted in trifles, they were obliged to make away with their jewels firſt, then plate and houſhold furniture, and at laſt their very wearing apparel for the common neceſſaries of life.

As their conduct had never gained them any reſpect from people of underſtanding, ſo their calamities excited but little compaſſion. — The greateſt part of thoſe with whom they had been moſt intimate, took all imaginable care to avoid them, neither viſiting, nor admitting any viſits from them, and yet a far greater number treated them with contempt. All *Ariana*'s lovers forſook her, and ſhe had now ſufficient leiſure to make thoſe reflections, which had ſhe done before, ſhe might perhaps have been happily married, it is certain at leaſt not have fallen into thoſe misfortunes ſhe was now involved in.

A worthy prelate at laſt being informed of the old lady's diſtreſs, allowed her a ſmall penſion for life, on which ſhe and her daughter ſubſiſted, though in a very mean way; but on her death, which happened in leſs than a year, *Ariana* was left wholly deſtitute. — The biſhop defrayed the charges of the funeral, but withdrew his pittance, telling this poor unhappy creature, that as ſhe had youth and health, it would better become her to get

get her bread by ſervice, than to live a lazy life by charity.

Doubtless this ſeemed at firſt a very hard ſentence to one accuſtomed only to command and be obeyed; but ſhe took his advice, and went ſoon after to wait on a lady, who, like too many others, uſed her the worſe for being well born; though the excuſe ſhe made for her harſhneſs was, that knowing in what manner *Ariana* had lived, it was neceſſary to keep her under, ſince too great encouragement might make her forget the duties of her preſent ſtation, and relapſe into her former follies. —As if ſervitude was not a ſufficient mortification, without the addition of ill-treatment; but I am ſorry to have obſerved, that there are ſome who take a kind of pride in the afflictions and depreſſions of ſuch who have been once their equals.

ARIANA was now looked upon to be grown as abject in her notions, as ſhe had before been elated, and ſubmitted to every thing with a patience which, ſome imagined, came pretty near ſtupidity; but I am of a different way of thinking, and call it reaſon and reſignation to the Divine Will. — Not her own choice, but an accident that happened in the family, ſeparated her from this firſt miſtreſs, but ſhe found not much more indulgence from the ſecond ſhe lived with, and her condition was extremely to be pitied, till providence having, by its chaſtiſements, brought her to a due ſenſe of her former miſconduct, thought fit to put an end to the hardſhips ſhe had for more than eight years ſuſtained, and caſt her lot among thoſe who treated her with as much kindneſs as the others had done with ſeverity.

A PERSON who had been witneſs of ſome part of her ſufferings took pity on her, and recommended her to the ſervice of a widow lady, who among her other excellent qualities, has that of taking a pleaſure in the happineſs of all about her: With her this new reformed coquet ſtill lives, and is likely to do ſo till the death of one of them enforces a ſeparation. — Thoſe few who are not too haughty to ſee *Ariana* in this reduced ſtate, will own that her converſation is now infinitely more worthy eſteem, than when ſhe ſhone in jewels and all the pomp of dreſs, and was the *belle* of the town.

THE ſacred writings tell us, that it is good to be afflicted; but happy are thoſe, who by well bearing their calamities, convert them into bleſſings. — *Ariana*, by throwing off all her former vanities, and retaining no pride but that of reſerving her chaſtity and integrity amidſt many temptations, proved, more clearly than ever it could have been in her power to have done without this change in her condition, that ſhe had not only an excellent underſtanding, but alſo that the ſeeds of virtue and religion were thick ſown in her ſoul, though both had ſo long been obſcured, and laid dormant as it were, oppreſſed by flattered follies, and the prevalence of ill example, from her who ought to have ſet only the beſt before her eyes.

THE motives which induced me to give this little narrative, were various. — I could not take leave without an attempt to ſhew the ladies how ridiculous all kinds of vanity and affectation make them appear, and that even thoſe who moſt flatter their foibles, are often the firſt who expoſe and contemn them. — I had alſo a view of hinting to careleſs

careleſs parents, the juſt cenſure they incur, by not cultivating, as it is their duty to do, the genius they find in their children; and laſtly, to give an inſtance of the beautifulneſs of patiently ſubmitting to thoſe puniſhments our errors have juſtly drawn upon us.

I DARE anſwer *Ariana* finds a great deal of comfort in having acted as ſhe has done ſince her misfortunes, and that nothing but miſery in exceſs could poſſibly have attended a perſeverance in that impatience of temper ſhe once fooliſhly teſtified, in the diſappointment of not finding a man weak and wicked enough to lay violent hands on his own life on her account.

I AM told ſhe has now not only *religion* enough to make her ſincerely penitent for having laviſhed away ſo much of the prime of life, in a behaviour ſcarce conſiſtent with *Chriſtianity*, and yet more blameable in a daughter of one of the paſtors of the church, but alſo philoſophy enough to relate and make a jeſt of thoſe follies in herſelf, which were leſs worthy of condemnation.

WHEN any one ſeems to condole her misfortunes, ſhe always ſtops their mouths with aſſuring them ſhe is perfectly eaſy, and as ſhe ever was a great lover of poetry, frequently repeats to them theſe lines, I think they are out of Sir *Richard Blackmoor*.

Content alone can all our wants redreſs,
Content, that other name for happineſs.
'Tis equal if our fortunes ſhould augment,
And ſtretch themſelves to the ſame vaſt extent
With our deſires; or thoſe deſires abate,
Shrink, and contract themſelves to fit our ſtate.

OR

Or theſe more elegant ones, from *Dryden*'s tragedy of the *Indian Emperor:*

We to ourſelves may all our wiſhes grant;
And nothing coveting can nothing want.

I could wiſh mankind in general would ſet this as a leſſon to themſelves; it would in a great meaſure prevent the growth of all thoſe vices which are pernicious to ſociety, and create ſo much diſturbance to the breaſt that harbours them.

Content is the offspring of reaſon and religion, and the parent of all the virtues. No wicked man can ever be poſſeſſed of it, and no man can poſſibly be good, who is an entire ſtranger to it.

The ſerene and perfect pleaſures this charming quality affords, are ſo obvious, that methinks nothing is more amazing, than that any one ſhould quit them for uncertain wild purſuits, which, if obtained, often prove the greateſt curſe could be inflicted on us. As the poet truly ſays:

Ah! what is man when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundleſs in his will!
With tyrant paſſions preying in his breaſt:
Still craving, ſtill deſiring, ne'er at reſt.
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire.
Some aim at riches, riches they obtain,
But watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain.
Some pray from exile to return, and come
From climes more generous, to fall at home;
Murder'd by thoſe they truſted with their life,
A favour'd ſervant, or a boſom wife.
Such dear-bought bleſſings happen every day,
Becauſe we know not for what things we pray.

But

BUT I am very ſenſible that few are capable of taking this advice; there is a reſtleſs appetite in moſt of us, which will not permit us to enjoy the good things we poſſeſs, through an impatience of acquiring others, which to us ſeem better.

YET what we can, we ought to do: it is in every one's power to uſe their beſt endeavours to reſt ſatisfied with the lot aſſigned them, ſince all our ſtruggles againſt fate are vain, and ſerve only to render our condition worſe than it would otherwiſe be, never to make a change in it for the better.

THOSE who, like *Ariana*, have by their own ill conduct brought on themſelves the misfortunes they complain of, may indeed be allowed to look back with ſome remorſe on the miſtakes they have been guilty of; but then they ſhould not repine, and be ſullen, or peeviſh, under the puniſhments they have juſtly incurred, but thank Heaven that they are no worſe.

BUT thoſe who happily, on the ſtricteſt retroſpect, cannot tax themſelves with any groſs error; and either through meer caſualties, or unprovoked ill-treatment from the world, fall into a depreſſed and low ſtate of life, have great reaſon to comfort themſelves with an aſſured hope of being relieved from it; that is, if they do not, by their own impatience of temper, avert the good which Divine Providence intends them.

NOTHING certainly can be more oppoſite to reaſon, than to add freſh weight to the load we feel, and weakening ourſelves by fruitleſs ſtruggles under it; ſince whatever is, muſt be. So juſt are

the

the poet's words, that I cannot forbear quoting them on this occaſion.

The pow'r that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what he foreſees;
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds, and makes
its way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour:
For ſure whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above.

There is no one virtue that more demonſtrates a truly noble ſoul and fortitude. — It is, indeed, the utmoſt dignity of human nature, and brings it very near angelic.

On the other hand, there is nothing ſo much betrays a mean mind and weak capacity, as to repine and fret ourſelves at every little event that may happen to croſs our inclinations, or expectations.

The one commands the reſpect of all who know us; — the other expoſes us to their contempt: — The one ſets us above ill fortune; — the other renders us unworthy of *good*.

I know very well that this is a maxim much eaſier recommended to others than put in practice by ourſelves; yet as there have been inſtances of perſons who labouring under the moſt ſevere calamities, have brought themſelves to ſuch an evenneſs and ſteadineſs of temper, as not to diſcover any dejection, every one ought to exert their utmoſt reſolution to imitate the model.

Monsieur

MONSIEUR the *Abbé de Bellegarde* ſays, that in ſcorning to do a baſe action, and in being above ſhewing ourſelves moved at thoſe done to us, conſiſts the only laudable pride of a reaſonable being.

THAT great author himſelf met with many things, which would have ſhocked any man of leſs philoſophy.—He was ill-treated by his father, who gave away, to a ſon he had by a ſecond marriage, that patrimony the *Abbé* was born to inherit. —He was coolly looked upon by a prince whom he loved, and from his youth had ſerved with the greateſt fidelity, and was moſt cruelly deceived by one he took to be his boſom friend, to the ruin of almoſt all his little fortune; yet monſieur *de Pont*, who wrote his life, tells us, that he was never ſeen with a clouded brow, nor heard to complain of the injuſtice he ſuſtained; and it is for this greatly bearing his misfortunes, that he beſtows higher encomiums on him, than for all his other virtues, and a ſtock of wit and learning which very few men of his time could equal, and, if we may depend on character, none be ſaid to excell.

WHO would not therefore endeavour to attain that happy compoſedneſs of mind, which renders us ſo eaſy within ourſelves, ſo much endears us to our friends, and makes our enemies aſhamed of being ſo.

IT is a very great reflection, and, I am ſorry to ſay, too juſt a one, upon the *Engliſh* nation, that we have more *Suicides* among us in a year, than in any other place in an age. — Whence can this unnatural crime proceed, but from giving way to a diſcontent which preys like a vulture upon our very vitals on every accident that diſpleaſes us, fills

us with black and diſmal thoughts, and at length precipitates into the utmoſt deſpair!

LIKE all other ill habits this muſt be ſuppreſſed in the beginning, or it will grow too mighty for controul if in the leaſt indulged.—To that end we ſhould never put the worſt colours on things, but rather deceive ourſelves with imagining them better than they are.

OF this I am perfectly convinced, both by obſervation and experience, that an eaſy and unruffled mind contributes very much to the preventing many ill accidents, and to extricate us out of thoſe difficulties we are often involved in. Whereas a perſon of a fretful and diſcontented diſpoſition is bewildered, as it were, amidſt his troubles. His thoughts are in a maze, and reaſon has no power to point him out the path he ought to take for his redreſs.

BESIDES, as I have already hinted, every diſappointment is not a real misfortune, though blinded by our paſſions we may think it ſo. I know a gentleman, who, by the ſtrangeſt accidents in the world, was twice prevented from going a voyage, which had the proſpect of great advantage to him: he thought himſelf the moſt unhappy man that ever was, and could not help complaining, in all companies, how averſe fortune was to his deſires; but in a ſhort time after, news arrived that both thoſe ſhips, in which he had intended to embark, were loſt, and every ſoul on board them had periſhed in the waves. This compelled him to acknowledge himſelf happy in the imaginary diſappointment, and bleſs the goodneſs of that Divine Power, he had ſo lately, under the name of fortune, accuſed of cruelty.

ANOTHER

Another, who was paſſionately in love with a very beautiful young lady, behaved himſelf in the moſt extravagant manner on his rival's being preferred by her father. — All his acquaintance trembled, leſt ſome act of deſperation ſhould enſue; and, it is much to be feared, they would not have been miſtaken, if in two or three days after the loſs of all his hopes on her account, he had not providentially diſcovered ſhe had been made a mother two years before, by one of the helpers in the ſtable.

A lady of my acquaintance, who was brought near the brink of diſtraction for the death of a husband, to whom ſhe had been married but two months, and tenderly loved, ſoon found a conſolation for her loſs, in the diſcovery that he had been an impoſtor, had not an acre of land in the world, though he pretended himſelf in poſſeſſion of a large eſtate; and what was yet worſe, that he had been contracted to a woman, who was about to ſue him for half the fortune he had received with her; and that if he had lived but a very little time longer, ſhe muſt have been inevitably ruined.

The leaſt obſervation may convince us in daily inſtances, that what we moſt deſire, is in reality our greateſt happeneſs to miſs; but though all ſee and confeſs it in the affairs of others, few can be perſwaded it is ſo in their own, till time and accidents open the eyes of reaſon.

Blind to our own good, as to our faults, we hurry on precipitately to whatever phantom fancy ſets before us, — adore it as a deity, — ſacrifice our all to it, and puſh from us with vehemence and contempt, the friendly hand that aims to pull us back, though by Heaven itſelf directed.

I AM not inſenſible that to be of a diſpoſition not over anxious nor eager in the purſuit of any thing, is looked upon to ſavour too much of the *ſtoic*, and by ſome is accounted even dulneſs, ſtupidity, and ſluggiſhneſs of nature; it may indeed betray a want of that vivacity which is ſo pleaſing in converſation, and renders the perſon who poſſeſſes it, more taken notice of than otherwiſe he might be; but then if thoſe, who argue in this manner, would give themſelves the trouble to reflect how dear ſometimes people pay for exerting that vivacity, ot rather, as the *French* term it, a *bruſque* behaviour, none would wiſh to exchange the ſolid, ſerious, and unmoved temper for it.

I AM always extremely concerned, when I ſee people place their whole happineſs in the attainment of any one aim. — I ſcarce ever knew it to ſucceed without being productive of great miſchiefs. — We are ſo little capable of judging for ourſelves, that when the Almighty, offended with our preſumption, gives his fiat to our wiſhes, they ſeldom come uncharged with ills, which we then pray as earneſtly, and with much more reaſon, to be delivered from.

UPON the whole, therefore, we ought to look on all the little calamities of life as things unworthy of wholly engroſſing our immortal part. — *Virtue* and *wiſdom* are the two only purſuits where ardency is reconciled with reaſon: for the acquiring theſe, we cannot indeed be too eager; all the zeal, all the warmth we teſtify for them is laudable; the more we are poſſeſſed of *them*, the leſs we ſhall feel of any *other* wants: beſides, we have this reflection to encourage our endeavours, that whoever is happy enough to arrive at any degree of perfection

perfection in the *one*, cannot fail of being in a great meaſure poſſeſſed of the *other* alſo.

OUR inimitable *Shakeſpear*, who of all the dramatic writers, in my opinion, ſeems to take moſt pains to inculcate thoſe ideas, which alone can make us truly happy, adviſes us to remember,

Our lives are ſhort, but to extend that ſpan
To vaſt eternity, is virtue's work.

BUT now it is time to quit the *Spectatorial* function, and thank the public for the extraordinary encouragement theſe lucubrations have received; to thoſe who have favoured us with their correſpondence, and who expreſs a deſire of having the work continued yet a longer time, our gratitude is particularly due: though on a conſultation of our members, it is judged more for the advantage of our reputation, to break off while we are in the good graces of the town, than become tedious to any part of it.

As we have more than once expreſſed our intention of concluding with this book, the authors of ſeveral ingenious letters, which came too late to be inſerted, will not, we hope, think themſelves neglected; ſince, as the number of our correſpondents has every day greatly multiplied, it is likely the *Female Spectator* might be prolonged till we ceaſe to be, if a *Finis* to the undertaking were not to be put, till either matter failed us to write upon, or kind aſſiſtance to it failed from other hands.

BUT though we think convenient to drop the ſhape we have worn theſe two years, we have a kind of hankering inclination to aſſume another in

a ſhort time; and if we do ſo, notice ſhall be given of it in the public papers, flattering ourſelves, that thoſe who have teſtified their approbation of the *Female Spectator*, either by their ſubſcriptions, or correſpondence, will not withdraw their favour from the authors, in whatever character we ſhall next appear.

Close as we endeavoured to keep the myſtery of our little cabal, ſome gentlemen have at laſt found means to make a full diſcovery of it. They will needs have us take up the pen again, and promiſe to furniſh us with a variety of topics yet untouched upon, with this condition, that we admit them as members, and not pretend to the world, that what ſhall hereafter be produced, is wholly of the *feminine* gender.

We have not yet quite agreed on the preliminaries of this league, but are very apt to believe we ſhall not differ with them on trifles, eſpecially as one of them is the husband of *Mira*.

In the mean time, ſhould any one, from this hint, take it into their head, to publiſh either book or pamphlet, as wrote by the authors of the *Female Spectator*, it may be depended on that whether we do any thing ourſelves or not, we ſhall advertiſe againſt whatever ſhall come out that way, and lay open the impoſition.

End of the Twenty-fourth *and laſt* Book.

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Fourth and Laſt VOLUME.

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